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fall 1963



ethos

Emmanuel College Boston, Mass.





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James Baldwin's Affirmation of Love

Mary Alessi, '65

Modern Negro authors are sometimes criticized for racial loyalties that seem to conflict with and control their creative efforts. Their fictive interpretations of human experience are then termed "protest-pieces," focusing on environmental influences rather than on character delineations. James Baldwin's fictive theory and practice provide an ideal starting point for the examination of this charge.

In a seminar on "The Negro in American Culture," Baldwin asserted that a Negro author is as free as any other to pursue his artistic vision, that his limitations are imposed by art alone. Baldwin declared:

As a writer you have to decide that what is really important is not that the people you write about are Negroes, but that they are people and that the suffering of any person is really universal.

The Negro author need have no conflict between art and racial loyalty, for in serving the former, he necessarily fulfills the latter by widening the area of inter-racial knowledge. Thus, in theory, although Baldwin admits a "mission," he views it as one to be subordinated to and controlled by artistic responsibility.

Given this aesthetic yardstick, the next step in examination of the "propaganda" charge is application of it to his own works. Does Baldwin's fictive work present universalized experience or does he assume such an obviously narrow and polemic attitude toward his material that aesthetic value ceases to be his controlling force? Analysis of Baldwin's novels, Go Tell It on the Mountain and Another Country may provide at least a partial answer to this investigation.

It is not surprising that these two novels, though disparate in approach, have many similarities. Both have the same subject: a search for identity in a world that is at once both hostile and receptive, evil and good. In each, the characters are involved in a process of change in which they must re-assess their lives in relation to a given perception of reality. Each protagonist is led to an examination of values. Each realizes the complexities of the choice he must make. The individual's function in an ambiguous world becomes the dramatic problem for each character.

The chief concern of Go Tell It on the Mountain, Baldwin's first novel, is implicit in the title he extracted from the spiritual:

Go tell it on the mountain, Go tell it on the mountain, Go tell it on the mountain, Jesus Christ is born.

It dramatizes the incarnational entry of God into adolescent John Grimes's life and his affirmation of the insight he achieves in the novel's dénouement. Thematic stress is placed on the religious experience of the characters and on their varied degrees of involvement in the novel's dominant setting, the Harlem Pentecostal Temple of the Fire Baptized.

This initial intention is reinforced by the novel's thematic extensions. It is more than the fictive mono-biography of a Harlem adolescent. Through flashback technique, it simultaneously pictures the dynamics of good and evil in the past experiences of John's parents, Gabriel and Elizabeth, and his paternal aunt, Florence. From the outset, the novel assumes this duality of good and evil in man which deepens the implications of each

episode. On the literal level, Go Tell It on the Mountain is a tripartite presentation of an adolescent's rejection of childhood values and his move toward salvation through grace. But the final conversion and the circumstances which surround it are metaphorical. The real subject of the novel is the symbolic significance of John's life and the lives of his family group, as revealed through his maturation process.

Part I is called "The Seventh Day." Dramatic tension, beginning with the initial presentation of John's tender relation with his mother, is built up as he witnesses his father's brutality toward his mother. Each subsequent episode displays John's own internal eonfliet and elieits his impressions of the members of his family group. The depths of his feelings of love and hatred are completely exposed when Gabriel's violence precipitates an unexpected wish to murder.

In his vehement rejection of Gabriel, his father, John also rejects the Church which he identifies with Gabriel's ministerial status. Yet the Church he renounces through his father is valued through his friendship bond with Elisha, a seventeen-year-old "saint." John now faces a dramatic choice. The perceptual frame he chooses (Gabriel's or Elisha's) will determine his acceptance or rejection of the potential source of his identity, the Church.

Implemented by reverie and flashback, Part II, "Prayers of the Saints," opens with a recapitulation of the lives and characters of John's family group. Gabriel, in this section, achieves dramatic relevance by the strength and universality of the lust-love, knowledge-ignorance conflict in his personal life. There is a eyelic fluctuation between both extremes in his conscience and memory. First he achieves heroic stature in his salvation: "He was . . . bathed and blessed and glorified in the blazing sun, so that he stood like God all golden, and looked down, down at the long race he had run, the steep mountain he had climbed."

In his new-found innoeence, Gabriel avoids the slightest adulteration of his vocation and renounces the apparent sensuality of elder fellow-preachers. This renunciation becomes the dominant ironic correlative as his prayer continues: he later violates the moral precepts he has pretended to espouse. As a sinner, he achieves sexual fulfillment but refuses to relinquish his titular claim to "sanctity." Gabriel's flaw is less adultery than it is an Oedipus-like distortion of reality. He stubbornly clings to the faet of his rebirth although its ramifications have long since vanished from his life. The eompounding of cruelty on eruelty—arising from and explaining his inner nature—consistently prepares for his *nemesis*: spiritual and social isolation.

The structure of Part III, "The Threshing Floor," is essentially a series of descriptions of John's spiritual rebirth in the community of the saved. This resolves the problem of his identity. ("'The Lord done wrote his new name down in glory.'") His new spiritual perception and the fulfillment it implies unify his total personality. Vitalized by the spirit of mystery and wonder, he emerges with a clearer, more affirmative knowledge of the good-evil tension in the world and in himself.

It is my conviction that Baldwin's choice of Negro characters and a Harlem ghetto setting in Go Tell It on the Mountain fulfills the artistic norm of verisimilitude. He conforms to the principle of fidelity to deepest experience. The behavior of his characters is an analogue for the Negro experience in American society and the omnipresence of certain kinds of social pressures. The love affair of Richard and Elizabeth, John's parents, ends tragically because a social pressure, police brutality, ineffectualizes Riehard's natural hostility to injustice. Consequently, Elizabeth "hated it all—the white city, the white world . . . she hoped that one day God . . . [would] grind them utterly into humility." But the novel's dénouement transeends this bitter protest. After his baptism and rebirth, John, in a prophetie insight, identifies himself and his people with the Old Testament Hebrews; this makes the anxiety and frustration of non-acceptance meaningful: "the earth was not their home. Job bore them witness and Abraham was their father." Baldwin has developed these particular expressions of human suffering into a theme of universal significance.

The major theme of Baldwin's fietive work and the rationale for his choice of matter is his belief that man ean only attain and reinforce self-identity by submission to love. Another Country carries this theme to fulfillment in the sexual life of each character.

Certain symbolic qualities of Go Tell It on the Mountain become quite literal in Another Country. The setting is alternately Harlem and Greenwich Village where isolation, indifference, and cruelty are natural. The narrator observes:

They [New Yorkers] seemed . . . to be at home with, accustomed to, brutality and indifference, and to be terrified of human affection. In some strange way they did not seem to feel they were worthy of it.

The first protagonist, Rufus Scott, a Negro drummer, becomes the novel's pivotal point for the explication of the other characters. His love affair with Leona, a Southern poorwhite, is doom-ridden from its outset. He cannot completely submit to passion nor accept the knowledge of her love. It conflicts with his tradition of hatred for whites which is reinforced by a shared memory of deprivation. Yet he loves her and the poignancy and depth of his fragmentation lead ultimately to his tragic recognition of her insight: "'Rufus don't think he's good enough for me." His awareness of this increases the self-hatred he has internalized through his minority status. His mental cruelty to Leona causes her insanity. In an agony of chagrin and remorse, he commits suicide.

Rufus's death unites two of his survivors, his sister, Ida, and Vivaldo Moore, his white-liberal friend. In the person of Vivaldo, the quest for identity is resumed. He wants to love, to possess the "other country" of Ida's being, but his efforts result in a "sense of loss." He has a keen awareness of being ignorant, "out of touch," and away from "the center of things." Like a contemporary Gulliver, he is a frightened stranger in a land he cannot understand. His progress from "darkness" to "light" provides the subject and drama of the rest of the novel.

The illumination which comes to Vivaldo is a gradual shedding of ignorance. In the beginning, he witnesses Rufus's and later Ida's alienation with unknowing confusion. He ultimately realizes, through Ida's revelation, that the love-union is only complete when there is a total, empathetic equality of experience: "I don't want you to be understanding," Ida explains. "I don't want you to be kind." But the recognition demands a total, terrifying renewal. In their final em-

brace, she "stroked his back and he began, slowly, with a horrible, strangling sound, to weep, for she was stroking his innocence out of him."

The theme of racial injustice is overt in Another Country, but it is subordinated to the broader affirmation of the necessity of love. Baldwin's character-roulette highlights the uniqueness of the Negro situation in America and the failure of the white community to understand it, but only because he has chosen raw material which demands the witness of his total cognition. Ida's statement: "Some days, honey, I wish I could turn myself into one big fist and grind this miserable country to powder. Some days, I don't think it has a right to exist," can scarcely be considered an ultimatum spoken in the name of Negro people. It is Ida's realistic response to the hostility and viciousness of her world. The other expressions of protest in the novel are credible, given the imaginative circumstances that evoke them. The characters do not seem to be mouthpieces of Baldwin, but individuals speaking in their own right.

There are many flaws in the book. Baldwin uses sexual abnormalities without artistic justification or preparation; he fails in verisimilitude in his presentation of a homosexual's sudden conversion to normalcy. Structurally, the novel is shapeless; much of the dialogue is obviously manipulated and circumstantial repetition is annoying. But these flaws are indicative not of "political intention," but of a certain illogic and a slackening of architectonic control.

Another Country lacks the penetrative insight and structural equilibrium of Baldwin's first novel. Nevertheless his characterizations are perceptive and life-like. His language carries the reader, envelops him, and makes the narrative a disturbing but pertinent actuality.

These two novels, Go Tell It on the Mountain and Another Country indicate that Baldwin's practice reinforces his theory. His prime concern is art, not propaganda, and reality in its disparate forms and manifestations. They demonstrate both the problems and potential of the Negro artist in American society and vivify the nature of his experience. Coordinating knowledge and vision is James Baldwin's task. This he does with singular skill and sensitivity. He is an interpreter of life and its generative force, love.

Out of the Shallows

There are not many places to retreat to, any more. Sometimes I think that we have seen the final passing of silence out of the world. This is the time we eall the still of the night; I have stopped the loud reverberating elock; the horrible little voices of static are briefly re-contained in the radio; the horrible booming voices of the sales pitch observe this necessary brief truce and have retreated, in all their ghastly inhumanity, from hearing, as their ghastly inhuman faces have faded from the screens. Even the dogs have forsaken their wearisome empty barking at strange noises in the thickening deepening night. But overhead another plane roars by, and underground another train. The ears hum along the expressway, pass in flashes of headlight, slashing into this flawed darkness. A certain disquieting whirr of machinery persists interminably to undermine this sorry silenee clocks, and the system that chills the food, and the system that warms the house. . . .

I cannot raise my eyes to this room without falling into some loud advertisement;
I reach to turn over the *Post*, to put out of sight Billy Graham's full-page face, parody of protestants, squinting fanatically and with desperate intensity after his own private vision hovering upward to the left—or his own private helicopter:

over.

—but another full page ad of course on the back page prime space—shall I tear it up and burn it? and the two that will come Tuesday by mechanical mistake,

those and the newspapers? and all the unlovely ugly hideous advertising atrocities that are shouting down my mind, drowning out this precarious quiet discourse of reason madness the only silence left

Here is this erstwhile splendid earth, littered with beercans, billboards, cigarette butts, gum wrappers, kleenex from pole to pole—even under the ocean stagnates the sewage, and the air malignant.

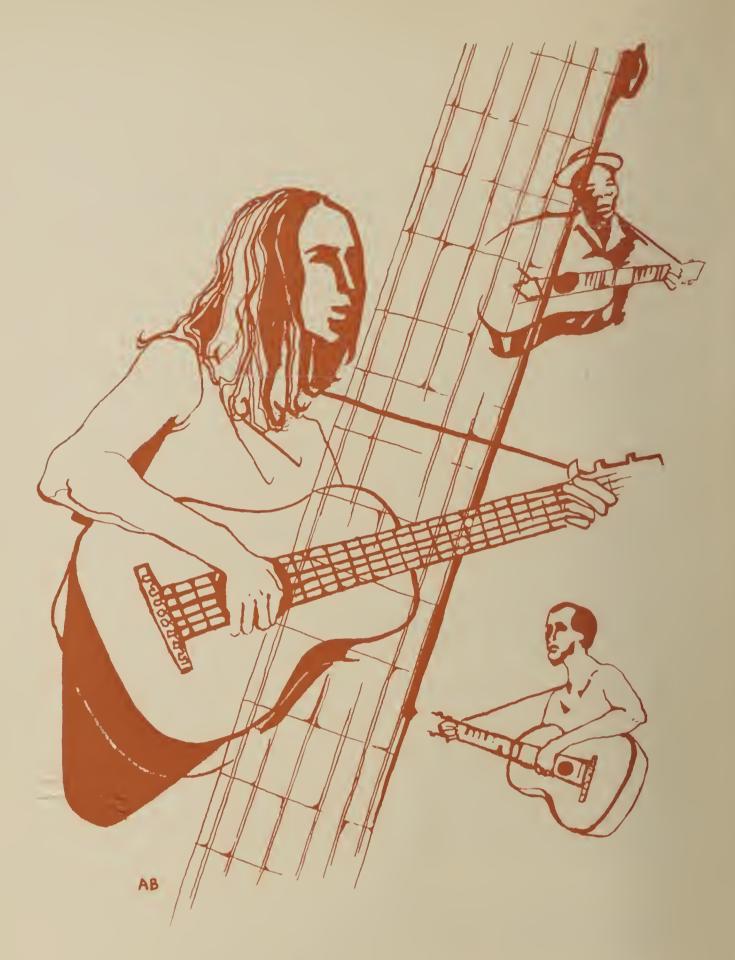
This only one planet over its vilified crust sustains but a mile or so of noise-osphere before the perpetual and enduring silence is.

All this vast unenveloped universe
that everywhere evolves in voluminous silence
does not avail to absorb our horrid din
and I cannot avail to find the stillness
beyond this wretched little chaos of ours
wherein I sit like Job upon my mound of swill
deaf to the voices of my witless brothers,
longing to stand on high and speak—

and speak-

I begin to come apart in the stress of sound like the emulsified garbage in the inescapable commercial.

I prided myself, not on being wise, but on recognizing wisdom's voice in the streets; in all this deafening din I am not deaf, but soon I may be hearing even more strange ugly little voices than are talking.



Sources of Song

Sheila Poleselli, '64

Now that the guitar serves as a social wedge on campus, everyone wonders where the songs and singers came from and why we echo the strums of back-country guitars and the notes of sour voices. Folk music has survived its commercial mutation to become the accepted form of expression for thousands

of students with or without musical talent. After the surface approach of the Kingston Trio and their ilk, students attached an academic interest to music that could scarcely appeal to middle class tastes. The paradox of intellectualized folk music is not new to the campus. It came from the campus at the

beginning of this century, from doctorates in English and Folk Literature and from John Avery Lomax.

In 1910 Lomax published his Cowboy Songs And Other Frontier Ballads and began to educate the public to its indigenous musical heritage. In 1933 Lomax became the first curator of the Archive of American Folk Songs in the Library of Congress. The following year he was joined by his son, Alan, in a unique scavenger hunt. The Lomaxes ambled through the southern hills and Mississippi delta in search of the songs preserved by the "Crackers" and the Negroes. Stopping on porches in Kentucky and following the chain gangs, the two men recovered a forgotten culture and ignored art. Perhaps their most important discovery was a social hellion in the Louisiana State Prison-Huddy Ledbetter. Legend insists that "Leadbelly" sang his way out of the Texas Penitentiary. The Lomaxes insist that the old Negro's raw, sly style of blues convinced the warden that New York entertainment was missing something.

Continuing his father's work, Alan Lomax still scavenges the South for the songs that compose the major part of the repertoire of the young folk singers. In fact, most of the familiar songs are compositions written by John and Alan Lomax and Charles and Peggy Seegar. Recently Lomax was joined in the research and recording field by Professor Harry Oster of Louisiana State University. Oster brought a Ph.D. in English and Folk Literature to the canebreaks. Specializing in both the white and black music of Louisiana, this professor of English has discovered remnants of 16th century French along the Mississippi and distinctly African instruments in the backwoods Negro settlements. Oster's albums of prison songs recorded at Angola Prison vie with Lomax's Southern Heritage series as the best contribution to folk albums in recent years. The song books and albums of the researcher give the student a written and definite source of song, but the people singing are more instructive.

Before he died in 1949 Leadbelly passed his blues legacy to Lee Hayes, an itinerant minister, and Pete Seegar, an ex-Harvard student. That same year the Weavers: Hayes, Seegar, Ronny Gilbert, and Fred Hellerman, packed Carnegie Hall on Christmas Eve with a concert of Leadbelly songs—"Easy Rider," "Cotton Fields Back Home," "Good Night"

Irene," and "Rock Island Line." Initially alone in the commercial field, by the late 1950's the Weavers were joined by an onslaught of college groups. These new groups, however, were thieves of the legitimate sources rather than tributes to them. The many streams of folk music—blues, bluegrass, ballad, social protest—all have their giants.

Leadbelly's contemporary was a raw-voiced rambler, Big Bill Broonzy, who "talked" his blues. Broonzy's earthy style contrasts with the sophisticated sex of Josh White whose sour guitar picks its way through "John Henry," "Strange Fruit," and "Birmingham" with a rarely matched intensification. The new voices in the blues field—Sonny Terry, Odetta, Ralph McGee, Tom Rush—are forced to compete with Josh White and Josh White, Jr.

The bluegrass idiom of the Appalachians, preserved by the Carter Family, Jean Richie, and Peggy Seegar, was revived by Joan Baez, the purist from the city whose interest and twang have popularized the music of Lester Scruggs and Earl Flatt, the Foggy Mountain Boys, and the Jug Band. The minstrel tradition of Richard Dyer-Bennet, while echoed by Baez's extensive use of Professor Francis J. Child's *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, lacks a dedicated protegé.

The folk song as social protest dates from the Revolution. The bulk of musical commentary, however, is the compositon of Woody Guthrie. Traveling the "Dust Bowl" in the Thirties, Guthrie wrote most of the politically tinged songs currently in vogue. Immortalizing the Robin Hood of Oklahoma in "Pretty Boy Floyd," and the builders of the Grand Coulee Dam and migrant workers in "Pastures of Plenty," he stylized social protest so effectively that Bob Dylan patterns most of his songs after Guthrie. The revival of the slave songs by Odetta and the Freedom Singers has identified folk music with the integration movement, and Pete Seegar's "Where Have All the Flowers Gone?" with the Pacifist persuasion.

The intrusion of the city has changed folk music; the intrusion of the campus has often turned message to entertainment. As an art form folk music is subject to the scathingly honest conscience of *The Little Sandy Review* and as entertainment to the taste of the American campus. The legitimate, indigenous sources of folk music, people, have to decide what it all means.

EPIDEMIC: NEW YORK, 1798

Jeanne E. Paradis, '64

July 29

Today Mr. Melaneton Smith died of the malignant fever. Mother sent over some ealves-foot jelly to Mrs. Smith but she wouldn't let me go to visit Ginny. I don't know what they are going to do now without Mr. Smith to take eare of them. Perhaps they will sell the store and go back to Albany to live with her mother's folks.

Mother says she hopes the epidemic isn't eoming here from Philadelphia.

Tomorrow we're going to take out all of Mother's best china that she got at her wedding and wash it.

August 12

It rained off and on all day. The house was dreary what with Father off to the doeks and Joshua drilling with his regiment on the Green. Mother has gone for a visit to Mrs. Lenard's so I'm all alone.

I finally finished knitting Ben's muffler. Mrs. Smith and Ginny have left for Albany. Father is seeing to the sale of their store for them.

A ship came in yesterday from the West Indies and pumped some of its putrid hold-water into the harbor. The smell lingers in the air so strongly that we have kept the windows closed. Lord! It is hot, even with the rain.

August 14

It was pouring when I woke up at six this morning and didn't stop once until nine. I have never seen such a downpour. The thunder was so frequent and loud it has given me a fear-some headache.

Joshua came in about eight and shook water all over the hall. He had been out since

five to tie up some business or other for Father.

"Great Maeabeas!" he shouted (he seems to be at the age where he can't talk in a normal tone of voice). "Jove, what a day! You can't even walk down the street without stepping into water above your ankles!"

Mother promptly told him not to use such language in the presence of ladies. Josh made a face. Boys are so tiresome at that age.

Our cellar is almost full of water. Father is furious but Mother says at least it will purify the air of disease.

August 17

Our neighbor, Sarah Lenard has come down with a terrible cold. She has always been sickly.

Ben and I have set the date of our wedding for December 20th. We are going to be married in Christ's Church by the Reverend Riehardson. It seems like such a long way away.

August 18

Father sold Smith's store today. Ginny will be down for the wedding. I am going to wear Mother's lace veil and the dressmaker is eoming soon to begin fittings for my gown. It is to be of eream satin eome all the way from France.

August 21

Sarah Lenard died today of the yellow fever. Last night she worsened and her mother finally sent for the doetor.

Mother is hysterical. She wants to leave the city right now. Father says it is a lot of womanish nonsense and he can't leave his business at present. Besides, where would she go? Her only other living relative is in England.

August 25

Many new cases have been reported in New Slip and Cliff-street. In Eden's-alley a whole family is dead.

The city has panicked. Almost our whole street has left. Mother says she is going to leave but Father won't allow it.

Ben called yesterday and asked when we were going to leave and Father just about turned purple. He wanted to know what kind of a milk-sop Ben was anyway. Father is a very stubborn man. Ben lost his temper too, and now Father is talking about calling off the wedding. Mother says not to pay any attention; she'll talk to him.

August 30

Ben's family left yesterday. He remained in the city to be near me. He wanted me to go with his family but I couldn't leave Mother.

The number of victims grows each day. The newspapers say that half the population has left.

September 3

Mother died three days ago and Father is in the first stage of the disorder. I haven't even had time to feel any grief for her death. God help me.

The city is full of disease. Today 38 people have died. The Vernons across the street have lost three of their four children and Mr. Vernon himself is laid up.

I must go make up a cat-nip tea for Father.

September 4

Ben brought Joshua home with a fever. I put him to bed with Ben's help and gave him castor oil and warm tea. I fear he, too, has succumbed.

Ben said he was going to stay with us until the epidemic is over. I protested. After all, what will people say? But he's right, they are too busy to talk now. I'm glad he's here. The servants have long since departed and without Josh to help I couldn't do the heavy work.

September 7

Father has been delirious off and on today. I have been frantic trying to get a doctor but they are all over-wrought. Dr. Stone himself is in bed with the fever.

September 8

I went to Christ's Church today. It has been turned into a hospital. Strange to think that only a few weeks ago Ben and I came here to ask Reverend Richardson if he would marry us. Oh, God, have you deserted us?

The smell was nauseating. In the same corner I once had Sunday school lay piles of dead. One of them was Frank Wagner, Josh's best friend.

I asked Dr. Wright what I could do to treat Father and Joshua. He told me to apply hot ashes wet with vinegar and spirits to raise a perspiration. If Father and Joshua have good constitutions, they may pull through. Other than this we can only pray.

I spent half an hour trying to find the spirits. Father kept them hidden because Mother never approved of drinking. I finally found them behind the Chinese vase in his study.

Ben is a great comfort to me.

September 9

Father went through some hours of alternating delirium and black vomit last night. I gave him the applications and he developed a slight perspiration. Yet he sickens steadily. All we can do is trust in God.

Joshua has grown a bit better and insists on sitting up in bed.

September 10

Josh suddenly died during the night. Little Josh. How can he be dead? Just the other

day he was stamping and shouting about the house. He had even begun to eall on Linda Evans over on Fair-street. But she is dead too, I think.

Last night I eried for the first time since this pestilence beset us. Ben held me to comfort my sorrow. Our grief became united and in this unity we made love. I am no longer a virgin. I know poor Mother would be saddened by it but I am glad. I cannot think it is wrong in the eyes of God. I'm glad.

September 13

Today I married Ben and 63 people died. The eity stinks with vomit and death. There is no escape.

Poor Mother, how hurt she would be if she knew I was not a virgin when I wed. But that kind of life is all long ago in a time when the world was upside right.

Anyway, we're married at last. Mrs. Benjamin Underhill. That's me; Elizabeth Brogan Underhill.

September 14

Father is getting well at last. I can't help thinking that we would all be safe and well if he had not been so stubborn. I try not to think it but every now and then it pops into my mind when I hear the death bell go by in the street.

Worst of all, I think *he* feels he is to blame. He doesn't say much but his eyes. . . .

September 20

The epidemic seems to have run its course. The city is exhausted. Many people are coming back into the city although the newspapers advise against it.

Today for the first time in months I went into the front parlor. It is indeed a sorry sight. It had never before looked so dusty. Father's pipe lay long unused on the end table; one of Joshua's boots stood solemnly in the middle of the room.

Soon, I thought, I will be able to have teas here again just as Mother did.

September 25

Oh my God, how long must this affliction visit us? New eases of a particularly vicious nature have broken out among the two families who have returned. I hear it is the same with others who have come back. I would have gone over to help them but I am so terribly tired. . . .

October 12

I am still very weak but at least I am alive I ean remember very little of my illness except for the darkness and heat. It seemed as though I would never again see light. For what seemed like ages all I wanted to do was see the sunlight and when I finally did, it hurt my eyes so that I had to close them again.

Ben looked rather silly—he had a beard. When I woke up and found him beside me I didn't know who he was. He eried when I finally recognized him and said his name. It was the first time I ever heard a man cry. Somehow it was terrifying.

I hope I never again hear him ery, yet I am glad he did. It was as though he was erying for all the poor eity, for all the world, and, most of all, for us.

October 30

It is over at last. Ben's family has eome home and our front parlor is elean.

Tomorrow I am having a small dinner party for Father; it is his birthday. Poor Father, he is very old. He will soon die. In three months he has beeome an old man.

December 20

The day Ben and I were to have been wed. It is snowing heavily, hanging in still eurtains from the sky.

Tonight I shall tell Ben I am pregnant. I have known for a few days but I wanted to keep it to myself for a while. Soon there will be ehildren to fill the empty houses and to place flowers on the rows of unknown dead. So many died—2086: men, women, and children.

THANATOS

"If we are to take it as a truth which knows no exception that everything living dies . . . we shall be compelled to say that 'the aim of all life is death.'"—Sigmund Freud

"And when I saw him, I fell at his feet as one dead. And he laid his right hand upon me, saying, 'I am the First and the Last, and he who lives; I was dead, and behold, I am living forevermore; and I have the keys of death and of hell. . . . "—St. John

This is Winter that moves the crystal earth to a white and altared place equal with the sky.

This is ice like insects' veined wings, like lace,

like glass,

like a blown-out candle.

What do you see in a wintered place? Just snow and brown reeds broken at angles with their shadowed rememberings of Spring?

Do you see the tackings of an unknown time pinned to frozen trees? Do you see birds stopped in clouding air?

What do you feel
in a wintered place?
Do you feel
the cold
of snow on your face,
the cold
of ice in your hands,
the cold
of stars?

What do you hear?
Do you hear
snow stilled to a steeple-roar,
or
nothing, like many winters
shouting at once?

Did you come at a pitiful age, old as ice, or were you young, young as snow,

young as blue flame?

If you see If you feel If you hear

Then you are blessed.

Blessed are the wintertimes. Blessed are the winter people. Blessed are the dead.

Welcome

I Am Lethe Or I Am Dry

I Am Burning Chariots Or I Am Not

I Am Zeus Or I Am Mortal

I Am God Or I Am Not

This is beauty never known through all of life; but only when a moment's unbending

Stick-like grasp

unleashes love

like snow

on a wetted face.

This is truth of a whited-world; all things come to a winter sun when it's coiled at the top of the world,

time-high.

Dorothy Lynskey, '64

A Special Time

Diane Allenberg, '64

Everything was ready. Linda always had supper waiting for Mike when he came home. She always waited for him, too—at least until 6:30. If he wasn't home then, he wasn't coming home.

They had been married for a year now. He was away a lot. Yet they had been terribly happy. Their apartment was average, in a neighborhood close to Mike's home office, yet alien to Linda. They had been almost completely alone since their marriage, preferring to spend their free time together.

Supper was always a special time. The warmth of the kitchen and of being together smothered out the cold annoyances of the day. They laughed a lot: at their unbalanced budget, or his novel salespitch or the strangeness of being together. With each other, they had a whole world, rich and beautiful and complete.

It was different now. Gradually the apartment was losing its newness, the conversations, their intimacy. Mike stayed away longer, too. Linda tried adjusting. She went shopping more often, visited the few friends she had made. Yet wanting only to be possessed entirely by her husband, she felt a shallowness, an inadequacy in everything.

Tonight, though, Mike would be home. He had called from the station at noon. And tonight, she thought, tonight they'd pretend they were starting all over, like the honeymooners in the flat upstairs.

The odor of chicken seeped from the oven. She had cooked it specially; it was Mike's favorite meat.



Maybe . . . , Linda started to think again. But she was tired of hearing *their* gossip, of feeling *their* stares. . . . If only Mike could talk to her, tell her where he was. She trusted him. That wasn't it. It was just the not knowing, just always being on the defensive.

But he wouldn't. He'd come in tonight and stick the late edition in front of him. If she were witty or clever, then . . . but why complain? It was good to have him home. The timer rang. Her chicken had been roasting for hours, slowly, just the way Mike liked it. Linda pulled down the oven door and pricked the crunchy skin with her fork. The tender meat splattered its juice, hitting her hand.

The sting came a second later. Feeling suddenly childish as well as weary, she scolded herself, "Stupid!"

Methodically she rubbed the soothing grease across her knuckles, relieved as the irritating stiffness eased up. Later she would cover it. Now it was 5:00, and she didn't want to be fussing when Mike came in.

A tenseness suspended her. Restless, she traveled back to the dining room. Her red dress glowed in the big buffet mirror. Smoothing her hair, she smiled uncertainly at the sophisticated *Mademoiselle* face. Her black hair had always hung loose. Now the upsweeping waves of her new hairdo emphasized her long neck and high cheek bones.

With an air of guilty pride, she looked away toward the table. Napkins, silver, shakers—all set. Mike would be surprised. She hadn't used the linen napkins or the English china since the first week . . . a year ago . . . funny how time, not use, could make things look older. The napkins looked gray despite the bleaching and even the farmyard scene had faded on the china. Maybe she'd use her nice things more often now. After tonight perhaps the Martins could come down occasionally.

The Buick gunned into the driveway. Linda listened, heard the car door slam, then turned on the porch light.

"Hi, Honey!" Mike entered the kitchen, pecking Linda's cheek politely. There was no change. He had done the same thing with so little show of feeling for weeks now. Linda turned. It hadn't bothered her, the monotony of his gestures. Tonight, though . . . nothing changed with him anymore, for better or worse.

"What's for supper?" Linda watched him as he automatically went to the refrigerator and pulled out the orange juice.

"Something good, I hope," he mumbled, drinking the juice in long, thirsty gulps. An irritating feeling returned to Linda and she resented it.

"It's a surprise," she offered.

"Ya, well, hope it's ready soon. I'm starved!"

"It's all ready. Just has to be served." And Linda set the platters on the table.

Mike sat down heavily, watching her and emptying the juice pitcher.

"Chicken?" he asked blankly as she salted the platter of legs.

"Yup." Linda sounded cheerful. "Happy?"

But Mike's quick nod left her feeling as empty as the oven.

"O.K. We can sit down," Linda suggested. "Just want to turn on the coffee."

The chicken was good. Mike didn't say so, but he was eating fast. Linda watched him as he raised and lowered his paper alternately with the fork and guessed he liked it.

It was the time to ask, she thought. Everything was nice. He wouldn't mind talking

"You know, Mike, you must have been busy this time. You didn't send me any news. I don't even know where you were." She paused. "Was it an out-of-state job, Hon?"

"Mmm?"

"Where did you have to go this time?" "Oh, just to Lincoln. Didn't I tell you?"

"That's what I just said, Mike, I didn't hear from you at all." Linda twitched her fork nervously. She had never questioned him before and now she suffered under her own fire.

"Mike."

"What, Honey?" His tone was brisk.

Linda stuttered over her words. "Mike, you're not even listening to me . . . Mike!"

Mike sat up. He looked startled.

"What?" he demanded.

It was a splintering glare. Linda looked back at the plate. She pulled self-consciously at a chicken leg. She'd have to change the subject. She'd ask about tonight. That was a good idea.

"The Martins are going downtown tonight to see that new picture, the one playing at the Royal. They asked me if we'd like to go with them. I thought it'd be fun. They're young and they don't get out much either. You'd like to go, wouldn't you? I mean, you wouldn't mind." Her words came flying out. She felt sick.

Mike straightened up in his chair. The newspaper fell, and the chicken was forgotten.

"Yes, Hon, as a matter of fact, I would mind." Mike's voice rose, sounding almost spiteful across the table. "What do you think? Here I've been away a week and I come home and find you wanting to go out. We've got to start having a home sometime, Linda."

Suddenly his presence was unbearable to her. She felt like a child who had been slapped. She wanted only to ery out, to hurt him . . . or wrap herself so completely in him that his words, his nearness, his power were her oneness.

"O.K., Mike, I'm sorry. I just thought . . . I was hoping you'd like the idea."

"Well, now you know. I don't!" And he retreated to the living room with his paper.

Linda moved with foolish restlessness trying to clear the dishes. She stacked them slowly. Chicken was messy . . . so many dishes. It even used to be fun washing them together. Now the flat monotones of the wet dishes annoyed her. But then, Mike was probably right. He did work hard. And what was there at home . . . a new hairdo? . . . silly . . . what did she have to go nagging at him for . . . that was no way to keep a man . . . she'd accept it in the course of things. . . . a man is made strong and practical and unreasonable . . . a woman . . . is a woman is a woman

The last frying pan had just bonged on its hook when the doorbell rang. Linda went

to answer it. She knew just what she'd say. "Hi, Janet. Hi, Tom." She felt very calm.

"Hi, Linda." Janet's voice held a continuous gaiety. "You folks all set?"

"No, you see, my husband and I—well, we want to spend an evening together. You know."

"Aha!" Tom spurted. "So that's how it is. See, Janet, take a preview. Thought the honeymoon couldn't last forever. You folks seem to be doing all right."

Linda was uncomfortable. She could feel Mike listening. "Well, have fun. Tell me about it tomorrow, O.K., Jan?"

"Okeedoke, see you then. Good-night. Night, Mike." And they were gone.

Linda looked around. The room was getting dark. The curtains looked faded and the cushions a little more worn. Nothing really changed, though. Mike was still reading his paper. Linda touched the back of his chair.

"I love you, Mike."

DEGAS' DANCERS

They move whole, low-turning, stretching, bowing like blown jonquils with insteeped precision . . . soft-spoken as cats, stepping in pear-stretches—supple, sure through lime layers of unraked grass.

Art means to men open and free: a tense of moment sustained by love, rod-firm . . .

below dipping bumble bees in wells of grass . . . or sparks up for the catching.

But form only is entirely communicable in this ever: lamps of window in the shut-off of the day become night for the afraid of black

(is the dark a dying . . . always?).

For dance is the harmony of everything and nothing, up-sliding the parabola of now and infinity.

Winifred Welch, '64

Marie-eléna and the Epic Search

Mary Ann McCarthy, '64

Once there was a girl with jade green eyes and a little snippet nose who was looking for Happiness. Her name was Marie-eléna and she lived in Wherever-it-was (that's where she began to look for it). She searched low and high, in the far corners and in the near corners of her own small house but she didn't find it there; so she put on her old gray bonnet with the blue ribbons on it and mosied off to town.

In Wherever-it-was there were no wise old men. In fact, the old men were quite naïve, at least in the eyes of the young. Instead, there were wise young men, the Village Youngers, and Marie-eléna went up to one of them.

"Wise young man," she said, "I would like to know, if it is possible without causing any trouble to you or to any of your friends who, I notice, are standing around doing nothing in particular at the moment, for you to tell me, if you have any information on the subject and if you would be willing to impart some of it to one who is, indeed, eager to obtain it, where I might be able to locate Happiness.

"Wow!" said the wise young man, staring at Marie-eléna in very intense amazement. "That was a mouthful, sister." And he continued to stare.

"Now, concerning an answer, sir . . . ," hinted Marie-eléna.

"Gee," said the wise young man, "I'm awfully sorry but I don't have any information on the subject. You see, I'm the youngest of the Village Youngers and I'm still wet behind the ears, hot off the presses, fresh as a daisy and so forth."

Marie-eléna strolled over to another Village Younger and asked him her question. When she finished breathlessly, he said, "What'd you say, honey? The old hearing aid's on the fritz."

"Oh bosh!" shouted Marie-eléna right into

his ear and she stomped over to a third Village Younger. This one looked bright. His sharp, interested eyes peered at her from beneath a thick thatch of brown hair. Her question didn't faze him in the least. He had a ready answer which he imparted to her, gesticulating wildly with his right index finger the whole time.

"Let me say this about that. I do have information on Happiness. Happiness is a fluffy, white cloud that settles over your head and surrounds you with an aura of joy and good will toward men—and women. In addition, I will add that many people search for Happiness and that few find it. And finally in closing I will say that you must remember, it is not what you can do for Happiness that is important but rather what Happiness can do for you. Now go, child, and seek it out with vigor."

Being a Praetical Girl, Marie-eléna decided to have a good night's sleep before beginning her voyage in search of Happiness. She trundled off to her trundle bed and before long she was in the midst of a dream. She saw herself gaily scattering pomegranate seeds in her garden when, behold and lo, there appeared before her a pouf of smoke. When it eleared, she saw standing in its place a very beat character. He wore bluejeans and a Beethoven sweatshirt and sported on his chin a droopy little goatee.

"Yawn," he said, reclining against the garden gate, "I'm beat—tired, that is—and bored."

"If you don't mind my asking," Marie-eléna asked, "and I eertainly do hope that you don't—mind, that is—I am more than just slightly interested in finding out a few partieulars in regard to yourself and your, I must say, rather amazing arrival here in my garden especially at this time of day, month, and year when I was least expeeting any visitors whatsoever in any way, shape, or form."

"Snore," said the very beat character who

was by this time in supine position on top of the American Beauty rosebed.

"Land sake!" exlaimed Marie-eléna. "He's asleep and I have to wake him because it is the early bird who catches the fattest worm and all that sort of thing." With these words she began to prod the beat character gently with the pointed toe of her shoe.

"Yipes!" he screamed as he jumped up out of the rosebed after the first gentle prod.

In a few moments he calmed down and returned to the state in which he had arrived, eyes three-quarters shut, body limp and rubbery on the point of total collapse.

"I missed the question, kiddo, but I'll brief you on the necessaries. I'm Boredom Personified—B.P. for short—the natural enemy of Happiness. It boils my blood to see anyone gay for long so I eome along, fliek a few flakes of my magic dirt onto the happy lad or lass and zip!—away flies that little cloud of Happiness. I just dropped by to fill you in on the details before the bon voyage. See you around."

And he vanished into thick air.

In the morning Marie-eléna woke up, as was her usual practice. In the middle of her yoga exercises, with feet crisscrossed around her neck and arms tied in a square knot, she began to recall her dream of the previous night. Oh fiddle, she thought, he couldn't be real. He must have been a figment of one of my internal senses, most likely that sense within me which is the source of my power of forming images. And she put the whole matter out of her mind.

After fortifying herself with several gulps of homogenized nectar and a few spoonfuls of processed ambrosia, the fame of which two products has put Wherever-it-was on the map, Marie-eléna set off hopefully on her travels.

First she went to the Big City where, immediately, she became caught up in the feverish bustle of urban life. "Whee!" she said as she flew from breakfast at Tiffany's to lunch at Twenty-One to dinner at eight. How enlightening and fun-filled my nights and days are, she thought. There are theatre dates and shopping trips and cocktail parties all of which activities, no doubt, are both developing my character and giving me a well-rounded personality.

As a matter of faet, one night, a week later, while eating an hors d'oeuvre at a faseinating

party, Marie-eléna looked up and saw a cloud of Happiness forming above her head. But suddenly—she yawned—and looking across the room she saw—B.P. leaning on the mantlepiece.

"Just a flick of magic dirt does it every time," he said and disappeared quieker than a wink.

Marie-eléna looked up again and saw little puffs of Happiness floating away toward an open window, like rings of cigarette smoke. For the rest of the evening she yawned and was as bored as if tired blood had taken over her system. The following morning she set off on her travels again, headed this time for faraway mountains and a spot of skiing.

Up on the slopes, surrounded by natural splendors, Marie-eléna felt vibrantly alive. She whizzed and whirred over hill and dale in gleeful abandon. How refreshing and exhilarating, she thought. I have that zest feeling. Back at the lodge she out figure-eighted everyone else on the skating rink and was chosen Queen of Winter Sports.

After the eoronation, crown on head, snow-shoes on feet, Marie-eléna strolled out to survey her queendom. Up she looked into the sky-blue sky and saw right above her a slowly forming, full and floating cloud of Happiness. And then a chair lift squeaked by overhead obscuring her view of the eloud. Draped over the lift was B.P. and he said, "Fliek." A few dark flakes landed on her head and though she covered her mouth, blocked her ears, and stamped her foot, it was inevitable—she yawned. Boredom closed in on her and once again she decided to travel on.

Settled comfortably on a delightful tropic island, Marie-eléna tried her hand at leading the peaceful life. Each day, sketch pad in hand, she meandered through leafy glades, beside clear pools, along sandy shores, sketching flora here and fauna there. How blissfully content I am, she thought, here on this quaint, charming island communing with nature.

One day as she was sketching by the shore and feeling particularly blissfully contented, she felt the presence of another. She tiptoed over to the nearest palm tree and there behind it, lying in the shade, was B.P. He was surprised in a bored sort of way, at being discovered. "Oh, hi," he said.

"Aha! We meet again," said Marie-eléna

menacingly," and this time I've found you out."

"And what do you intend to do about it?" he drawled.

"Now there's a good question," said Marieeléna and she paused, pondering. "How about having a good, old-fashioned heart-to-heart talk? What makes you so mean and cruel, always working to dispel the Happiness of others? Were you neglected as a child, confused as an adolescent, bothered as a "

"No, no, no," he said miserably. "You don't understand. I am compelled to be mean and cruel, unfunloving and abrupt, a dispeller of joy and gaiety. It's really not in my nature to be this way at all. If you only knew how miserable I am, flicking this magic dirt all over the place."

He looked so forlorn that Marie-eléna took pity on him. She walked over to him and patted the top of his head soothingly, murmuring, "There, there, I'm indubitably sure that things will once again begin to display their rosy side to you in the very near future." With the first pat of her hand on his head, an amazing thing happened. Pouf! B.P. was enveloped in a cloud of dust. As Marie-eléna watched, the dust cloud rose and molded itself into a white, fluffy cloud. And when she looked beneath it, there stood B.P. transformed. Gone was the straggly, little goatee; gone were the Bcethoven sweatshirt and rumpled, grey slacks; gone was the discontented slouch. Instead, he wore a dazzling smile and a grey-flannel suit.

"How happy I am," he said. "Your kind touch has broken the spell placed on me by the Great Boor and once again I am my former self, P.H.—Permanently Happy. Come marry me and be my own, Marie-eléna."

"How happy I am, likewise," said Marieeléna as she scooted to his side under the happy cloud. "Let's go and settle in Wherever-it-was and live on love, along with homogenized nectar and processed ambrosia, the two products which have put my home town on the map.

So they did.



Karen Caruso, '64

Ed looked out the window. He dragged uneasily at his cigarette. The ward had quieted down some; once the trouble-makers were put into seclusion, the rest of the boys had subsided into their customary, ill-tempered lethargy.

Things had started to pop even earlier than usual this morning. He had come on at seven to find most of the kids up and griping. The night nurse had handed him the report and made no bones about wanting to get away.

"They're all yours," he had said, "every last one of them," and walked off the ward.

Ed checked the time chart. Mike Arigo was due in at seven, too. Mike wouldn't be in before eight—at least he never had been before. Ed went back out of the office onto the ward.

"Okay, you guys, let's get a move on. You've got a half hour to get things cleaned up before breakfast."

Groans and smart remarks came from

every side, the usual reaction. Ed went into the big dorm. "Come on, let's get moving."

"Like we're comin' already," retorted Johnny Parrish. He got up from his bed and began to gyratc slowly toward the center of the room.

Jimmy Wilson, a tall, stringy looking boy, jumped up and started toward Ed. Johnny bumped against him.

Jimmy screeched. "Watch who you're

shovin', you goddamn crazy nigger!"

In a second Johnny had him against the window frame, forcing his neck back against the sill. "Who you callin' crazy? Huh?"

Ed dragged them apart.

"You saw him, Mr. Murray—I didn't do nuthin'—he started it," Jimmy whined.

"Look, you guys. Stop fighting and get

ready to go downstairs."

By now, the rest of the boys were excited. They began to chant, swaying back and forth against the bed boards.

"Nigger, nigger, crazy twisting nigger!"

"Knock it off!" Ed shouted. "The next guy who starts anything in here goes into a room." He turned and headed for the door. Then he heard a snicker and looked back in time to see Johnny make an obscene gesture at Jimmy. "All right, you first."

"Uh uh. I'm not goin' in any room," Johnny

mumbled.

"Guess again."

"I said I'm not goin' in a room!" Johnny jumped up and ran toward the door.

Ed tried to stop him but he was too fast. He raced down the corridor, through the open ward door to the stairs. Ed let him go. At the stairs, Johnny smashed into Miss Ellis, the supervisor.

"Where do you think you're going?" she snapped. "Get back on the ward." She seized Johnny's arm and marched him back onto the

Ed, watching, smiled in spite of himself. At fifteen, Johnny was at least a foot taller than the supervisor. Still, she unmistakably had him in hand.

Back on the ward, she pointed out a scelusion room. "Go in there and sit down." Johnny went meekly into the room. Miss Ellis turned and looked sharply at Ed.

"I couldn't go after him. There's nobody clse on the ward," Ed explained.

"Well why didn't you call someone?"

"I didn't have a chance."

"If you can't handle things, you should send for help." She turned and stalked away.

Ed locked the seclusion room and went back into the office. He lit a cigarette and stood looking out the window, wishing he were somewhere—anywhere—else. Outside, the early fog was beginning to break up. Here and there the sun streaked through, orange and white shafts of light turning the groundfog pink and silver, making a window flame, blindingly bright.

He stooped and squeezed the stub of his cigarette out against the side of the waste basket. Hell, he thought, this'll probably be the longest day in the whole summer. He laughed to himself. Are you kidding? The longest day of the summer was two weeks ago. That was the longest day of your whole damn life. He looked back out the window. He liked watching the sunrise from up here or at least he used to. Now it didn't really make that much difference. Why the hell did you mess it up? Why? The whole thing . . . everything you tried to do . . . gone in one day . . . because of one stinking little j.d.

It had been one of those really hellish days that come in the middle of August, hot and muggy. He was doing the relief shift and came on at two-thirty. The ward was a mess; the noise was unbearable and the heat was worse. The ventilation system was practically useless, and naturally, none of the windows opened; the place was like a Turkish bath. Ed looked into the living room. Most of the boys were there. "Hey!" he called, surprised. "No picnic today?"

"Hi, Ed." "How was your day off?" "No, the bus broke down." "Want to shoot some pool?" "Hey, good! Bob's on tonight, too. Think we can have a dance?"

Ed laughed. "Hey, one at a time. Let me go see what old Simon Legree has up his sleeve. Then we'll see if we can shoot a little pool. I'll be back in a few minutes. Got to find out what happened while I was away." He left the room and went into the office. Bob Creagh, his best friend, was there, reading the day report. "Hi," Ed called. "Where the hell is everybody?"

"Staff," Bob answered. "And Marge is out sick. The whole hospital's short-staffed."

"Oh that's great. And such a happy bunch of boys we have here today."

"A comic in our midst," Bob laughed. "Bless us! Well keep the cheer 'til tonight. You're going to need it. They'll all be high as kites and you'll really have your hands full."

"Not I, we. What have I to fear with big brother Bob at my side. Together, we present a most formidable front."

"Well not tonight, m'lad. I'm going down to Ward C for the evening. It seems everyone down there is out siek, practically an epidemie."

"And you're helping out. Isn't that good of you. How'd you swing it?"

"Hey! You want to go up instead? Be my guest. It'll do you good. Give you whole new insights. Bring you to a new appreciation of good old 'D'."

"No, thanks. You go ahead. Autistics are out of my line. I'll stay here with the niee normal schitzos."

"Okay," Bob laughed. "But don't ever say you didn't get your chance."

"I won't. What time are you going up? The kids want to shoot some pool."

"There won't be time. I'm going at three-thirty. By the way, what do you want for supper? You're not going to get a break. I'll bring something up."

"Oh, sirloin—what else?"

"Hamburger it is. See you later."

Ed went back into the living room. Some of the boys were watching television. There were at least three transistor radios going, all full blast, all on different stations. The tinny screech of static was constantly ripping across the thick room, tearing holes in the skin and seratching at nerves. A disc joekey kept announcing severe weather warnings, electric storms and a possible tornado.

"Oh, my God," he groaned, then shouted, "Hey, we ean't go down to the teen center. Bob's got to go down to C at three-thirty."

"Can't we have a dance then?" Johnny Parrish asked.

"Afraid not. Maybe we can go outside, though. Anything good on T.V.?"

"Just the weather," came the ehorus. Jimmy Wilson ran to Ed and tugged at his arm.

"Mr. Murray, are we really going to have a tornado? Roger says that it can tear down buildings. I don't like tornadoes, Mr. Murray."

"I doubt very much that we'll have one, Jimmy," Ed assured him. "There's never been one around here before." He spotted Roger Amond across the room at the big table, busy with pen and paper. "Hey, Roger," he ealled. "What are you doing?"

Roger looked up and waved the paper. His voice was loud and shrill. "According to my calculations, a tornado travelling at seventy-five miles per hour and making four hundred and fifty revolutions per minute, approaching this building from the southwest, could completely demolish it in one minute and thirty-eight seconds."

"I'm scared," wailed Jimmy, still at Ed's sleeve.

"Don't worry, Jimmy. Uh, look, Roger. Why don't you go play ehess or something with Johnny?"

"Johnny becomes very impatient with me because I play so slowly. One must always proceed only after the most careful and eomplete deliberation in chess, you know. However, I can take a hint. Imagine, a fourteen year old crybaby and a fourteen year old genius in the same institution. I think that I'll go and listen to my radio. Perhaps I ean detect evidence of the approaching storm. It should produce some interesting static variations." He paddled out of the room.

Jimmy began to whimper. "I don't like tornadoes."

"Don't worry about it, Jim. There won't be one. Try to put your mind on something else. Let's play cheekers."

Roger waddled back into the room, his blubbery body oozing sweat. He approached Ed. "If, on the other hand, the storm strikes from the northeast, the element will vary from. . . ."

"Roger, that's enough," Ed eut in. "Why don't you go tell Bob. He's in the offiee. And while you're in there, you'd better get a shirt from the closet." A few of the boys looked up at Roger's flabby torso.

"Amond is a girl. Roger Amond is a girl," they chanted.

Roger lunged for the nearest offender.

Ed grabbed him. "It's too hot for a seclusion room today. So no fighting. Go get a shirt, Roger . . . hey, look you guys—quiet down if you want to go out after showers."

That did the trick. The prospect of getting off the stifling ward and maybe having a softball game was too good to miss. They went through the rest of the afternoon and evening in a state of suspended detonation. After supper, as soon as showers were over, they went back to work on him. "Let's go out now, Ed . . . everything's done . . . it's hot up here."

Ed pieked up the last of the towels from the shower-room floor, eame out of the dripping room, and shut the door on the steam. "All right," he shouted down the eorridor. "Let's go out." He went into the office to get his eigarettes; his eye eaught the notice on the bulletin board. Lennie Bowes was on a one-to-one. That meant he eouldn't go off the ward unless there was a special counselor to wateh him. "What next?" Ed thought. He cheeked the ward record-book. The restrietion had been put on two weeks ago-for running away. Sinee then, Lennie hadn't tried anything. Ed phoned the supervisor's office. She wasn't there. He tried the wards; no one had seen her. Finally, he ealled Bob.

"Ward 'H' for hell. Which one of the little devils do you want?"

Ed told him the story.

"Don't take him," Bob said immediately.
"Well what the hell else am I going to do with him?"

"Let Cloherty take eare of him."

"I tried that. She's not around."

"Then wait 'til she eomes baek."

"Are you kidding? You never know what time she'll deeide to come baek. She's probably holed up on M & S, steaming elams in the sterilizer or something. Bob, these kids are climbing the walls. If I don't get them off the ward pretty quick, all hell's going to break loose."

"It ean't. I've got it up here with me; and the door's loeked."

"Funny boy!"

"Seriously, Ed. The kid's a little bastard. I wouldn't trust him for a minute. Leave him behind."

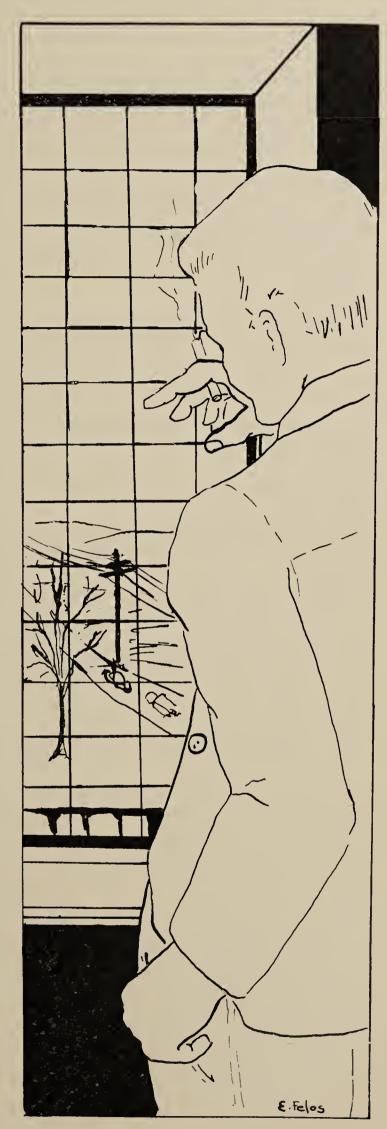
"Look, Bob, I've got to get these kids out, or what they'll do to this ward will make that damned tornado look like an antielimax."

"Well, look . . . use your own judgment . . . but I'd wait."

"Yeah, well thanks, Great White Father."
Bob laughed. "Any time. See you at eleven."
Ed hung up. The boys were standing at the door.

"Come on, Ed. Stop wasting time. It'll get dark soon."

Roger's voice shrilled. "Actually, we'll be



safer out of doors. The tornado will be attracted to larger subjects."

"Then I guess *you* won't be safe anywhere, Amond," Johnny jeered. They started to scuffle.

"Hey! Quiet down, or nobody's going anywhere," shouted Ed. He tried again to locate the supervisor; she wasn't around. "Oh, what the hell!" he muttered. "I'll take him to the courtyard . . . it's fenced in."

"Come on, you guys, let's go."

He led them out. There were eleven boys, but most of them wouldn't give him any trouble. He'd just have to keep close to Bowes. He laughed. It was hard to believe that little red haired guy was the most troublesome kid on the ward. They went into the courtyard and the boys decided to play softball.

"I'll play left field," Lennie shouted. Ed stopped him.

"You're umpire. Get behind the plate."

"Drop dead," Lennie snarled, moving back to the plate.

"Watch it, boy," Ed warned. The game started smoothly. A few minutes after it had begun, the Ward A door opened and Cliff O'Neal came out with three of the little boys.

"How's it going, Ed?"

"Not bad."

One of the little ones ran up.

"Can I play ball too, Ed? Please. I know how."

Ed laughed. "Sure Chip. Get in behind Tommy." Chippy tripped over his shoelaces. "Hey, Chip, let's fix your shoe first." He stooped to tie the sneaker.

Lennie saw his chance and raced to the fence.

Cliff yelled, "Hey, Ed. Watch it. One of your kids is taking off!" Ed turned. Lennie was half way over the chain-link fence.

Ed ran towards the fence. "Get the rest of them back inside," he yelled to Cliff. He unlocked the gate and raced after Lennie. He could see him ahead, running towards the street. Ed sped across the field after him.

The sharp stubble cut through his sneakers as he ran. He shouted, "Stop, Lennie, don't be a jerk!" It was no use; the boy wouldn't stop. He was headed straight for the highway. Ed heard a roar and saw the huge coach coming down the hill. Lennie was still running. He didn't seem to see it.

"The bus," Ed screamed. "Watch the bus!"
But it was too late. There was a thud,
squealing brakes, and finally a sharp snap
as Lennie's body was smashed against a telephone post.

"Oh, God!" Ed moaned.

The driver burst from the bus. "Where did he come from? He just ran out from nowhere!" The man looked sick.

"Mr. Murray—Mr. Murray!"

Ed looked. The supervisor was coming toward him. Her uniform was so starched that only her legs seemed to be moving. Ed laughed sickly. Miss Cloherty stopped and stared at the broken boy. Even from a distance she could see he was dead. She gasped, "How did this happen?"

"He ran. He didn't see the bus," Ed explained.

"But what was he doing outside? He was on a one-to-one!"

Ed tried to explain but his reasons didn't make much sense. ". . . and I couldn't find you to leave him anywhere," he finished limply.

Miss Cloherty reddened. "Go back and call the main unit. They'll send down an ambulance. I'll wait here for them."

. . . .

That's how it had been.

There was a hearing, of course; they said it wasn't really Ed's fault . . . it was an accident. But everyone knew he was finished at the Unit. He had put in his resignation and no one had given him any argument.

Today would be his last day. That was good . . . it was all over now. From the window, he could see part of the post that Lennie had hit.

Seven Times Infinity the Tide Goes Out

just before the Turning of Adam in the grass the tide

went

out

shadows splintered on the rocks
shadows of grey gulls
while they stilted damp crannies
that the sea abandoned

steaming rivers threaded the swollen mud and green crabs sulked on the hot hissing rocks

The Sand Was Waiting. For Adam's first print upon it?

No, Waiting for the tide to turn like it always has

then Adam woke and watched

the sea

and the coast was silent and empty as a room

with no one in it. . . .

Falling Tide

A fish on sand
without a sea
has time to see the distant sun,
rolling up
and under
(does he know that a sun
is motionless in motion?) . . .
time to listen for the far kiss
of wave on wave,
time to watch the wafting
of his dying.

Why? the young man asked, and the old one—Ask the sun. Smoke shivered through the whiskey then, and I listening. The young voice sprung— What should I do? She is my life. Like the howl of a wincing sea, and I hearing. I remember—the old one slowly he came in the later light of summer—autumn is the dying time you know winter is for burying. I told her in September she could stay in spite of it, even though I knew. Or else, go with him, I told her. Gobecause you cannot be my wife and know him too. But in the going, I said, in the going, there'll be no coming back. Not ever, because that's what going means, you know. Then young words struck the empty glass-How could you say that to your wife? Like parched doves screeching to an arid beach, and I knowing.

A fish on sand without a sea knew once in sun the slide of a white tide in—as free as doves are . . . flying, falling,

lighting
in a wash of feathers together
with an ease deceiving, too infinite
for leaving—
then immutable, inexorable,
the straining of tide going,
towing sheared wood and water-weed
to open sun and sea.
Flinching the fish turned,
frighted by the swell,
toward shore-ward stones and settled shells,
toward cinder-sand smoking in a lingering flare
of remote sun silenced.

At last the old man answered, soft as the fateful quiet of falling sea—Love comes easy, but sometimes sometimes boy, you have to let it go as easy as it comes.

Winifred Welch, '64

Berta the Brain

Eileen Sullivan, '64

Once upon a campus there was a Berta Bookworm. None of her bouffanted, sunglasséd classmates would condescend to notice her, for Berta would not be so mundane as to tease her hair, freeze her complexion with blue magic, or expose her knees to the public. To top it all off, Berta was a Brain. This made her an undesirable, so she became an outcast in places like the glamorous coffee shop and the smoke-filled smoker. To substitute for her lack of friends, Berta surrounded herself with pages in the library.

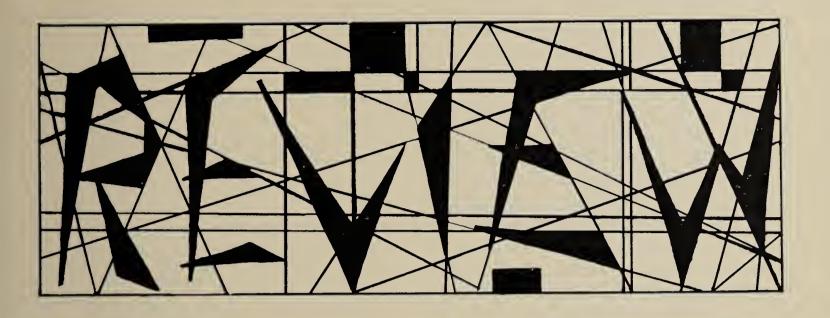
One day, a nice young junior, unschooled in the ways of her classmates, for she had just transferred from a hick college, took pity on Berta and said to the girls, "We really must do something about Berta Bookworm; she's a disgrace to the class." The girls moaned and groaned, but Betty Naïveté calmed them down and they all decided to pool their hard learned tricks of the trade for Berta's

benefit.

At first, Berta was a bit skeptical, for hadn't Keats said, "Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty?" And wasn't she truthful? And weren't these artificialities false? Finally she gave in and they carried her off to the soundproof third floor of the dorm. They poured "Cleopatra's Secret" in her bath to smooth her scaly knees and elbows, cut off her braid, kinked it, pricked her scalp with brush rollers, painted her lips, her eyes, her cheeks. When they finished ten hours later, Berta couldn't believe her eyes; they were so big and flirty. She couldn't bear to put on her glasses again. So she ran into halls, walls, dolls and became the most popular girl on campus. She dated every night and smoked up a storm. The library became her nemesis. How could she bear to cloister her exotic eyes, fluffy teased hair, and secretive perfumes within those musty hallowed halls?

Soon one ardent admirer proposed. The next night, another, then another, and another. . . . Her dilemma over which diamond best suited her new personality provoked hours of profound thought, so much so that Berta flunked out that term. Shortly after, she married and now she wears her hair in a braid, glasses on her eyes, and she surrounds herself with pages every chance she gets.

Moral: Brains and braids before, then beauty in bottles, lead to marriage and regression to Keats.



Anti-intellectualism in American Life. Richard Hofstadter. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1963.

Richard Hofstadter's Anti-intellectualism in American Life is an interpretation and an historical discussion of a force that the author believes is "pervasive" though not dominant in our society and culture. Hofstadter has used "the idea of anti-intellectualism as a device for looking at various aspects, hardly the most appealing, of American society." Although there is a danger inherent in the application of such a "device" upon historical fact, nevertheless, through a scholarly presentation (his footnotes and allusions supply ample cross-references), Hofstadter has brought a new and valuable dimension to the historical study of American society.

Anti-intellectualism in Hofstadter's view is an attitude and an idea which is basically "a resentment and suspicion of the life of the mind." It is, he notes, influenced and to some extent determined by economic factors, social roles, and political power. A note of wry humor appears in Hofstadter's listing of "the ideal assumptions" of anti-intellectualism:

Intellectuals are pretentious, conceited, effeminate, and snobbish; and very likely immoral, dangerous, and subversive.

In discussing the "pervasive" nature of antiintellectualism in our culture, Hofstadter describes the ambivalent American attitude toward the words "intelligence" and "intellect." Intelligence is regarded as something of a practical asset that "works within the framework of limited but clearly stated goals" and generally avoids areas of thought "that do not seem to help in reaching them." Intellect, however, is believed to be more speculative in nature (and thus eminently impractical), without immediate goals, but tending rather toward the meaningful understanding of a whole situation. This basic dichotomy in American life and thought is the foundation of Hofstadter's analysis.

This study of American life is both disturbing and provocative, for it suggests that the historical movements and institutions most closely associated with our culture are also the chief sources of anti-intellectualism. Tracing its evolution from the Puritan era to the present, Hofstadter indicates that the American clergyman, aristocrat, reformer, businessman, "expert," and even the American teacher have contributed to anti-intellectualism in our society. Of particular interest is Hofstadter's analysis of "The Religion of the Heart: Evangelicism and the Revivalists," for its description of the twentieth century "inheritances" from American Protestantism. "The feeling that ideas should above all be made to work, the disdain for doctrine and for refinements in ideas, the subordination of men of ideas to men of power or manipulative skill" has culminated in a contemporary American idea that religion is valuable as a means to life-adjustment, self-confidence, and material success.

Throughout the work Hofstadter's style is, as usual, far from pedantic as readers of his earlier works, The American Political Tradition and The Age of Reform, will remember. Some may find him biased against the groups he considers anti-intellectual, although he has attempted an objective and heavily documented "inquiry." His point of view may rightly be questioned, however, in the concluding section of the book where his treatment of "The Intellectual" is obviously based on personal opinion. Whether in our age "the avant-garde itself has been institutionalized" might be argued. The assertion that "the large, liberal middle class audience" is characterized by "bland absorptive tolerance of the work of intellectuals" is at best generalization.

Yct, Hofstadter in these final pages poses timely and valid questions about the position and role of the intellectual in today's American society. As professional critic and as expert, the intellectual has been accepted in our society. Will the levelling influences of democracy render him silent? Will he lose that independence of thought and spirit so necessary for a valuable contribution to humanity? However, in Hofstadter's opinion, if he is to be heard at all, he must shun "the cult of alienation" and risk social acceptance. He must, Hofstadter believes, reconcile within himself the opposing forces of creativity and social acceptance. Static answers and "comfortable" acceptance are not possible in a true intellectual for whom "the meaning of the intellectual life lies not in the possession of truth, but in the quest for new uncertainties."

Winifred Welch, '64

"Lord of the Flies." Peter Brook, Director.
Allen-Hodgdon Production (screenplay based on the novel by William Golding).

Peter Brook has adapted William Golding's novel Lord of the Flies on film in black and white. Over recent years a great deal of attention has befallen Golding's novel, especially with respect to his descriptive thesis, in which he proposes that Lord of the Flies is an allegory or illustration of the evil in-

herent in human nature. Under pressure of a real trial, like shipwreck and ungoverned isolation, men will readily dispatch with the gilt, the game of civilization, and pander ruthlessly to their instinctive greed and savagery; so goes the thesis.

Accordingly, the boys in the story are considered to embody human nature pure and pristine, since as children they have necessarily undergone less civilization than grown-ups have. They are mostly human nature, and only a little civilization. The challenge of the initial situation, then, is something of this sort: Will the boys be able, by virtue of their small hoard of civilization, to cling to law and order in the face of the seductive tropical disorder of the island and the internal yearning for chaos inherent in human nature?

Since almost everyone has at one time expressed sympathy for this cause of preserving civilization, it is interesting to scrutinize the characters to whom, for the time being, civilization is entrusted. Surprisingly enough, even though all the boys purportedly exemplify human nature, each is readily distinguishable from the others. They are even stock characters. Jack is England's traditional Machiavellian king. Simon is the Western contemplative; falling in with bad companions, he becomes sacrificial lamb. Ralph is English only at one remove—the American. Piggy is the traditional British Empiricist. Jack's choir is a plurality of what used to be called "the slave," then "the vassal," and currently "the conformist" or "the otherdirected." Roger is the accomplice or henchman. The rest have many names also-the rabble, the uncommitted, children, people, world opinion, the kids. Ralph observes about them, "They don't count," and as usual he is partly right.

The craftsmanship evidenced in Golding's novel stands well its translation into film. The soundness of narrative sequence, the mobile summer-swift pace of the story, the authenticity of the characters, triumph in their film realization. One major factor of the novel entirely fails in the film. It is what drum and bugle corps term "G.E.," general effect, overall impression on the audience. In the novel, the total emotional effect is that of classic dramatic tragedy; mounting dread of evil and dismay at the progress of events strain against recognition of the impersonal inevitability of the action; conflict and tension swell, build to

a pitch, climax, and resolve into the aftermath of catharsis. Such is the course of the novel.

But in the film, in the course of the same events, something else happens: not the culmination of chaos's coming again, but the disintegration of an order. The attempted society of the boys comes apart. This seems unfortunate; it is even a terrible disaster, but it is not tragic. Strictly, tragedy is a fatal network or sequence of events; disaster is a fatal accident.

The film is not weaker than the book, in being delightful rather than oppressive. The film is more true to life. It redeems Golding's story from the moral pretentiousness of his novel's tone and message. The beauty of nature working herself out is less maligned in the film; accordingly, and by virtue of skillful camera work, unerring dialogue, and generally excellent production, the film is very much more beautiful.

Kathleen Marotta, '64

The Fire Next Time. James Baldwin. New York: The Dial Press, 1963.

James Baldwin's *The Fire Next Time* is more than a brilliant polemic essay; it is a portrait of one man's living coordination of insights, wrought with passion and simplicity. The book's two essays, "Down at the Cross" (which appeared in The New Yorker earlier this year) and the introductory "Letter to My Nephew," are more than topical reflections on black racism. They present an acute analysis of race and religion, conscience and guilt, humanity and freedom. As such, they command a reader's deep attention. They explore a disturbing theme that concerns the present condition of American freedom.

The book focuses on two experiences in Baldwin's life: first, his often-recounted, traumatic conversion to "sainthood" in the Pentecostal Church he knew in his Harlem youth; then, more centrally, his encounter with Elijah Muhammad, leader of the Black Muslims, and his heir apparent, Malcolm X. To readers of his earlier essays Baldwin's evaluation of this last episode is somewhat surprising. His own prescriptions for the American "racial"

nightmare" are compounded of white atonement, Negro realization of decency, and mutual love. Despite the evident conflict between his view and the Muslim ultimatum, Baldwin does not dismiss Muhammad as a dangerous racist impostor. Instead, he presents him as a lucid, warm, and highly intelligent prophet whose declarations are unanswerable in their own terms.

While remaining detached, Baldwin is obviously sympathetic. He resists Muhammad's call, but not the urgency of his prophecy. His warning is at once anguished and direct:

I... see ... a vengeance [for the white community] that does not really depend on, and cannot really be executed by, any person or organization ..., historical vengeance, a cosmic vengeance based on the law that we recognize when we say, "Whatever goes up must come down."

As in his early works, Baldwin again penetrates the myth of the white liberal. This is the least understood of all his themes but the most relevant for this stage of the racial crisis. The practical conduct of most white "do-gooders" demonstrates a considerable amount of self-delusion. Vague gestures and slogans about brotherly love are not enough. In fact these tokens are dangerous; they release the "liberal" from meaningful involvement and blind him to his own need for selfpurgation. The result is a curious attitudinal defensiveness. Turning from introspection, the liberal points the finger of blame at the unwashed mass of unconcerned whites. The irony is that he can only blame; he cannot significantly change the status quo because he has scarcely begun to address himself to the problem he feels he is solving. Simply and directly, he has become the symbol of hypocrisy to the Negro and an automatic generator of suspicion and hostility.

The thematic thread controlling and uniting both essays is a vivid sense of the present which fires Baldwin's predictions and reflections with the immediacy and pertinence of revelation. It is a theocentric present which makes a moral imperative of the sudden, spontaneous conviction of Christian destiny: we must realize what *all* human creatures really are; with this cognition, we must create or demand the "transformation [that] contains the hope of liberation" and so "change the

history of the world." Hence, the book ends on a strangely contradictory note, at once pleading and hopeful and hearteningly affirmative.

The entire book is characterized by an unusual depth and intensity. Baldwin's prose is, like his description of jazz, "tart and ironic, authoritative and double-edged." The episodes, the digressions, the skillful subordination of narrative to polemic, give the book a quality of informal artistry. But the message is Baldwin's prime intention. Its simplicity and power define and index the effort.

Mary Alessi, '65

The Pooh Perplex. Frederick C. Crews. New York: E. P. Dutton, Inc., 1963.

This series of tongue-in-cheek satires on modern literary critics' methods of critical analysis is more readily savored by "gobbets" straight "from the text" than by paraphrase or content summary. Below are a few excerpts from this "Freshman Casebook."

The Critics and Pooh

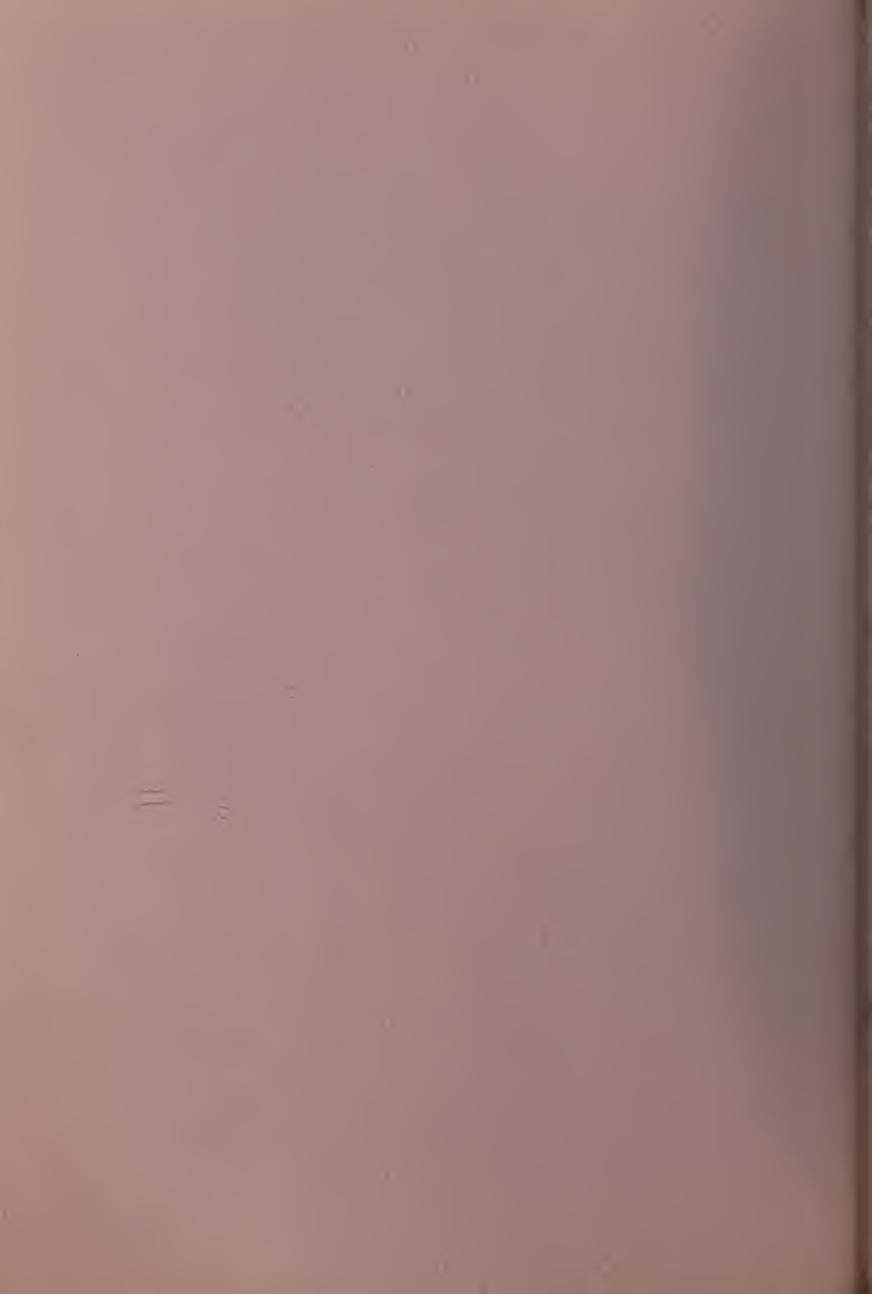
Let me proclaim at once that, although there are few overt citations of Holy Writ in Winnie-the-Pooh, the subject of the book is nothing other than the central drama of our faith: the Fall and Redemption of Man. We Christian critics learned long ago not to be put off by a secular or even an impious tone in literary works. If one is convinced that a particular book contains greatness, and if that book persists in refusing to come out forth-rightly and preach to us, the only answer

must be that its dogma is communicated allegorically. This, by the way, was exactly St. Augustine's principle in recommending the study of ancient classics, and gentle Chaucer expressed the same sentiment: "al that writen is/ To oure doctrine it is y-write, y-wis." When we return to Winnie-the-Pooh with the exemplary tradition of Spenser, Bunyan, and Milton in mind, we perceive without difficulty not one allegorical plot, but many—and all tending, I need hardly say, to the moral education of the Christian gentleman, the very purpose that guided Spenser unflaggingly through 3,850 thrilling stanzas of the Faerie Queene.

Now let us touch upon the question of moral seriousness. A work of fiction should, I believe, inculcate sound moral values (hatred of the Establishment) by seeing to it that the deserving characters crush the undeserving ones—or, in more concrete terms, that the vital, potent, incorruptibly moral lower-class characters, like the gamekeeper in Lady Chatterley's Lover, get the better of the effeminate leisure-class characters, like the cringing Chatterley. It is not hard to see that, with these absolute canons of taste in mind, we must give Pooh a zero for moral seriousness. Quite simply, there are no deserving characters, and there's an end to the matter! This is not to say, of course, that Milne neglects to inculcate values; he simply reinforces all the wrong ones.

Of course the most revolting part of it all has not yet been told. It is apparently not enough that Milne try to impose his Establishment values on Christopher Robin; he must see to it that Christopher Robin absorbs the lesson so well as to become a hypocrite himself with regard to Pooh. Pooh, the poor Falstaff to this methodical Hal, is bought off with an illusory knighthood.





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John Updike's Drama of Impotence

Marsha Madsen, '65

"The motions of Grace, the hardness of the heart, external circumstances." With this singularly descriptive extract from Pascal, John Updiķe indexes his aesthetic effort in Rabbit Run. In this novel he presents his delineation of an undisciplined young anti-hero, whose efforts to relate himself to the real world are thwarted by the demands of society as well as by his own egocentricity. Updike's characterization may be seen as a satiric portrait of the twentieth-century misguided, selfcentered "mystic." Through loosely ordered narrative, Updike presents Harry "Rabbit" Angstrom as a former high school basketball star whose activity since that time has evidenced no marketable talent. He is, thus, a non-productive member in a society which demands productive contribution. His defense is voiced in his comment, "I'm a mystic, I give people faith."

Updike flashes back to childhood experiences, to Rabbit's strong desires of love and hatred in his interpersonal encounters. In one scene, Rabbit, in his feeling of compassion for a stranger, parallels Walt Whitman's spontaneous experience of love in Song of Myself. Stopping at a filling station, Rabbit "gives two dollars for gas to the attendant, a young but tall colored boy whose limber lazy body slumping inside his baggy Amoco coveralls Rabbit has a weird impulse to hug." There is a sense of the organic in Rabbit's every response. He remembers playing basketball with "the crowd . . . right inside you, your liver, and lungs and stomach." He perceives the "warm bulbs burning in kitchens, like fires at the back of caves." While making an

abortive attempt to escape from the pressures of his experience, Rabbit wants to go South, "down, down the map into orange groves and smoking rivers and barefoot women . . . right into the broad soft belly of the land."

However, Rabbit lacks the capacity to translate his spontaneous impulses into terms meaningful for those around him. He is vividly, frighteningly aware of the intricacies that confine him, "old wounds (opening) like complicated flowers in the night." The city itself is ominous. He attempts to escape, to flee in his automobile: "He accelerates. The growing complexity of lights threatens him. He is being drawn into Philadelphia. He hates Philadelphia." But the tension that causes his flight is only heightened and intensified by his action. "The further he drives the more he feels some great confused system, Baltimore now, instead of Philadelphia reaching for him." Ultimately, fearing pursuit, he turns back. "He feels that faded night he left behind in this place as a net of telephone calls and hasty trips, trails of tears and strings of words; white worried threads shuttled through the night ... an invisible net."

Another dimension of Rabbit's impotence is revealed in his inability to direct his interest and warmth toward conventional objects. Neither his parents, wife, mistress, nor career can exercise any decisive influence in his life because he has failed to internalize either their traditional value or even the nominal significance to which they have been reduced. Updike's imagery succinctly demonstrates this. Rabbit's parents' home is characterized by the bright shiny objects which he perceives

as he passes by the kitchen window. The kitchen is a "clean object . . . (with) cups and plates and chromium knobs and aluminum cakemaking receptacles on shelves scalloped with glossy oil cloth." Even Mr. Angstrom's glasses "glitter." Thus, in the imagery of bright, cold, clean things Updike artistically presents the substitution of material for human values and prepares the reader for perception of the lovelessness and human isolation that pervade the house.

Updike is more brutal in his delineation of Rabbit's wife. Janice's singular facial feature is a "mouth (which) hangs open in a dumb slot." This "dumb slot of a mouth" image forms a repetitive leit-motif throughout the novel, becoming nearly synonymous with Janice's name. Her parents personify the interfering forces that disrupt Rabbit's life because of their attempt to "enmesh (him) in their web." This initial characterization of Rabbit is modified and qualified as the narrative continues. Sporadically, he exhibits bursts of affection for his mistress, Ruth. She is a prostitute when Rabbit meets her, but the strength and quality of their passion leads him to say, "I made you bloom." From her contact with him, Ruth emerges with a recognition of the meaning in her life and a conscious resolve to order her existence. By the end of the novel, the symbolic is made literal -Ruth has "bloomed" into motherhood.

Updike presents a vivid portrayal of his hero's egocentricity by his catalogue of the pressures that ineffectualize Rabbit's efforts to relate to others. The external demands threatening his freedom are dominated and controlled by his self-centeredness. This is precisely where his "motions of grace" are seen as "external circumstances." Rabbit refuses to consider anybody's needs other than his own. There can be no real love, and certainly no real Grace where there is no commitment. The hero cannot communicate meaningfully because he does not involve his total being in his encounter with his fellow man. The deficiency is more subtly defeating than the hero himself can recognize. In this portrayal, Updike's satire is most clearly effective.

Even the songs that Rabbit listens to with deep empathy are artfully operative: "'Turn Me Loose,' 'Rocksville, P-A' (Rabbit loves it), 'Fungo' (great)." These songs and the avidity with which Rabbit enjoys them symbolize his immaturity. Even more revealing is the graphic scene in which he sings, "Oh, I'm just wild about Harrr-ree," while walking down the street. This line, repeated several times in the one chapter, becomes a refrain voicing Rabbit's simplistic animal drive.

In his encounter with the wife of a minister who attempts to befriend him, Rabbit displays his readily stimulated sense of power. "At once, absurdly, he feels in control of her, feels she likes him." This experience typifies and defines his relation with women. The women in Rabbit's experience are not direct objects of his desires, but vehicles for the expression of his potency. He seeks recognition of his virility, recognition that he is a great lover, and therefore a great man. This establishes his masculine identity and justifies (for him) his excessive egocentricity. Ironically enough, one aspect of his impotence is his failure to respond to his women as meaningful others. His dominant concern is his own self-expression. Woman, therefore, becomes meaningful in as much as she provides opportunity for him to perform. Rabbit's assurance that his performance will be outstanding is part of a self-concept characterized by braggadocio and conceit.

One may also detect Rabbit's philosophy in his statement, "Somewhere behind all this . . . there's something that wants me to find it." When the minister suggests that "all vagrants think they're on a quest," Rabbit is deeply offended. In his resultant feelings of chagrin and fear, he equates his search with that of Christ. The last scene in the novel evidences Rabbit's inability to choose, even when confronted with a crisis situation. When his mistress asks him to marry her, he says he'd "love to," but the thought of losing his wife fills him with doubt; he loves "being married to her too . . . (he'd) love being married to everybody."

Updike's imagery clarifies and reinforces his meaning. Even a prosaic street scene is perceived, through the hero's hypersensitivity, as illustrating a fundamentally dynamic principle inherent in all nature. The very fact that the perception is instinctive testifies to Rabbit's basically animalistic nature. The

"mysticism" thus delineated resembles that of Walt Whitman. Whitman's self-conceived role was that of a seer intuitively comprehending the truths which, in his opinion, most men cannot or do not see. The following passage illustrates Rabbit's intuitive awareness of the organic forces which are universally operative even in a mechanically controlled world:

Tall two-petalled street sign, the cleatgouged trunk of the telephone pole holding its insulators against the sky, fire hydrant like a golden bush: a grove.

Another passage showing the same tendency reads:

The yard (was) a junkheap of brown stalks and croded timber that will in the summer bloom with an unwanted wealth of weeds, waxy green wands and milky pods of silk seeds and airy yellow heads almost liquid with pollen.

Here is the insight, symbolized by nature and fertility images, which is the hero's only justification for referring to himself as a mystic.

In this intensely imaginative work, Updike has explored "the motions of Grace." Implicit in this phraseology is his belief that the form of Grace is being observed without the total, joyful participation of the whole man. He has also defined "hardness of the heart" as an "external circumstance." Updike suggests that Rabbit's perception of the network of complexities threatening him (and therefore hardening his heart) is an integral part of the novel's meaning. More than "motions of Grace" are required of him who would truly love. Therefore Rabbit, reluctant to commit himself to the responsibilities of complex relationships with individuals and society, chooses the animal's response to challenge, flight.

"If I should die, think only this of me"

Dorothy Erpen, '65

Tina switched on the television. Dick Clark had just put on Bobby Darin's newest hit; the kids started dancing in the ballroom. Tina hummed along. They were doing a new dance. O drat, she thought. Not only have I got to go over Lucille's so she can show me how to do my hair like Sandra Dee's, now I have to go over Webby's and learn this new dance or I'll look like a fink at the record hop tomorrow night. Tina twisted with the music, trying hard to sway her hips back and forth, her tiny chest hardly bobbing up and down. "Hell," she growled. "I hate, I hate, I despise like ichor that old Mr. Adams. I hope he tumbles down a hundred flights of stairs and lands on his bald pink head." She spit out the words. "'And girls and boys,' he said," Tina mimicked sassily, "'for tonight's homework memorize Rupert Brooke's "The Soldier."' Tina ranted on, "The Sissy Stupid Snoopy Soldier by Puke Brooke. . . . 'If I should die, think only this of me/ That . . . That . . .' Tina grabbed her ninth grade poetry book and slammed it shut. Her father appeared.

"Tina... Tina, what's going on here? Turn that TV a little lower ... that's better. Now Tina, why don't you say hello to your Mama and me like a civilized daughter and not like a wild selfish bear when you come home"

Chimes sounded. Her mother's voice broke in. "Tina, please go answer the front door bell. Tina, it's Gertie and Micky, I told them to come for supper tonight. And Tina, wait! Before you open the door, please try to be nice and cheerful. Remember Micky's brother was buried last week. How would you like it if you had a brother who just died? Well, just don't yawn and act bored or try to excuse yourself to go over Lucille's."

"But I'm doing my homework. I can't sit with them after supper and listen to Gertie talk about how sad she feels and death and bodies and all that bunk," Tina shouted as she scuffed slowly over the hall carpet to the front door.

"You weren't studying now, Tina, you were watching that ballroom show on TV," added her father. "Be honest, Tina!"

"I was too," cried Tina in quick shrill defense. "I was reciting the poem 'If I should die, think only this of me!"

"Open the door, Tina, go on. Hurry up." Tina stared as she let them in. Gertie was so short and dumpy, smiling there in a soft black wool coat that made her look like a fuzzy black baby chick. Micky stood behind her, two heads taller than his mother. What a group, Mutt and Jeff! He's bending over to smile a hello to me with that so sure superior air that big boys have. "Hello Gertie, how are you? . . . hi, Micky . . . come on in. . . ." Tina spoke curtly, "I'll go tell Mama you're here." She went off to the kitchen.

"But Mama," Tina whined, "I have here fourteen lines of poetry to memorize and if I don't go to Webby's I'll flunk out socially for good tomorrow."

"Be generous tonight, Tina, we have company and I have to go talk to them. Now please set the table." Mama was annoyed.

"'If I should die before I wake' . . . O hell, that's not it. 'If I should die, think only this of me/ That there's some corner of a foreign field/That is forever England. . . That there's some corner of a foreign field/That is forever England.'" She rambled on shrilly. Five plates clattered to the table. Knives, forks, spoons clinked in a pile beside them. Cups tottered on saucers, the bread landed with a thump, the milk carton started to leak on the table cloth, the pickle bottle felt sticky. Tina repeated, "There shall be in that rich earth a richer dust concealed.'" The busy noises stopped. The five sat down, the supper began.

Tina saw her parents serve the guests, sit and remain in deadly silence.

Gertie spoke, "I really enjoy this dinner, Mary, you don't know, but I just can't cook. I have so many sympathy cards and gifts to answer." Gertie's voice was smiling, low, quick. "Fred," she addressed Tina's father, "nobody can make meat loaf like Mary."

Tina's mother answered softly and consolingly, "Gertie, when everything is all settled I'll go over your house and show you."

"This is perfect to take for your lunch, Micky. Isn't it?"

Micky agreed. The food was swell. He looked at Tina and asked, "How's school? Is freshman year hard?"

"Oh yes," she answered mournfully. "I have a fourteen line poem to memorize tonight or I'll flunk a test. I have three lines done and eleven to go. Excuse me, may I go?"

"No, Tina!" returned her mother firmly. Tina continued boldly.

"I have a poem called 'The Soldier' to learn. It goes like this. 'If I should die, think only this of me:/ That there's some corner of a foreign field that is forever England,/ There shall be in that rich earth a richer dust concealed.' That's all I know," Tina spoke in the same sing-song and sassy tone.

Everyone pretended not to hear, not even to see Tina. Her mother gasped, "Oh dear." She sighed. Tina meanwhile beamed. She had succeeded in memorizing more than three lines. She counted on her fingers how many were left to learn. Still no one spoke. Her mother hurriedly started to cut up some more meat loaf. It dawned on Tina that the meat loaf in its rectangular glass baking dish looked like a closed casket! It looked like the one they carried Micky's brother in, dark, so weird lying between all those tall white candles like the meat loaf in between the milk bottles.

Tina started in again on the poem. It woke everybody up. "There will be . . . ,' oops, I made a mistake," Tina added, "There shall be in that rich earth a richer dust concealed;/ A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,/ Gave . . . gave' That's all I can remember. Can I go study the rest?"

Everyone started chattering, the meat loaf was discussed. How good it was for lunches. . . .

Tina sat silent. She could see everybody had happy faces. Gertie and Micky looked just as cheerful today as they did at the funeral. She thought about that day, that whole lost Saturday. She had to wear her best dress, she missed seeing Hootenany Hoot with Webby. And then when her family arrived at that spooky place. They were so early, stepping speechlessly from one room to the other in the dark chilly funeral parlor. The room the boy was in was long and narrow, the poor little body of the six-year-old crowded one end, surrounded by masses and bunches of flowers. She had to sit opposite the casket respectfully praying her rosary. It had been torture. She remembered Papa had whispered, "It's a heartbreak to see them die so young." And Mama had mumbled, "He looks like an angel."

Then Gertie had come in, barely looking at the coffin, noticing the visitors, praying quickly and rushing over there greeting her Mama and Papa. What a goof Gertie was! Tina remembered asking her father why Gertie didn't cry or fall down and faint. It had been confusing. Gertie had smiled and told her father that her little son had fed Wilbur his cat food!

Tina's mother had burst out crying. When she had controlled it, she asked Gertie, "After the funeral, you and Micky come over our house, and have supper. You'll feel better. It will help you keep your spirits up."

And now there they were, all together eating supper. But Gertie and Micky ought to have long faces. Only they didn't! In fact, they were laughing. They were doing all the talking. They were even joking. Tina felt they were happy because of what she'd done. She felt happy. They didn't look as if they were sad any more.

"Did you hear the story about Eichmann. . ." began Micky.

It was a joke! Tina looked at her mother to see if she should laugh. She tried to smother the titters when she had heard the complete joke. Tina was shocked. Gertie laughed, giggled; Micky laughed and smiled his smug grin. She really didn't want to study the poem. Maybe she didn't even want to rush over to Lucille's. This is fun right here, she thought.

Epitaph For a Tombstone Day

Loraine DiPietro, '65

glompf
It was that sort of day . . .
Slushed and splattered in a weather-whirl.
With students

Hushed and in

in a rational curl—

battered

You know-

(that sort of day) | |GLOMPF!

Rudolph Bultmann: Myth and the Christian Confession

Mary Alessi, '65

Contemporary theology, in tone, content, and inspiration, contains within it the elements of a basic polarity: a deepening respect for contemporary rationalism coupled with a growing emphasis on the somewhat Kierkegaardian nonrationalism of Christian belief. When this divergence is translated into hermeneutic directives, when it is made the basis of the methodology for Biblical interpretation, it becomes, to some extent, comprehensible if not wholly resolved. Protestant theologian Rudolph Bultmann, integrating in his writings the principal trends of post-liberal German religious thought, provides a fairly representative introduction to that aspect of contemporary Christian originality, widely-discussed in theological circles throughout this country.

Precise definition of Bultmann's theological position creates an initial problem because his multi-directed interests, although logically consistent, seem to defy systematization. At once an exegete, a philosopher, and a historian of religion, Bultmann creates his influence in the fusion of these roles. Jean Daniélou perceives in his thought a unique combination of the exegetical tradition of Dibelius and Cullman, the Christian existentialism of Tillich, Marcel, and Guardini, and Bultmann's own interpretation of myth and revelation.

The nature of myth and its relation to religion presently provides one of the central problems of modern Biblical research. Although emphasis upon one aspect of Bultmann's thought may result in the relative neglect and distortion of his other areas of interest, his statements about myth and revelation, along with Tillich's, constitute the

center of debate and deep disturbance in the theological emphasis of Protestant thought in the United States. Hence, they warrant thoughtful examination.

Before beginning this investigation, I think it will be pertinent and helpful to consider the concept of history which shapes and defines his criterion of authenticity. For Bultmann, a valid historical statement demands and is produced by reflection and subjective pattern-imposition. Dominantly concerned with a reasonable explanation of perceptible evidences of human activity, the historian must express it in terms of the totality of the present experience. Hence, historic validity can only be predicated of human deeds; supernatural referents, when placed in the historical narrative, can be dismissed as nonhistory. Ramifying this in his approach to the Gospels, Bultmann is logically compelled to demonstrate the temporal evolution of the formed tradition exclusive of non-historical influences.

With these general assumptions in mind, we may begin to outline Bultmann's position as revealed in his principal works, Kerygma and Myth and Essays: Philosophical and Theological. Bultmann's concept of "demythologization," consonant with his theory of history, seems to be a deliberate, liberal attack on the historicity of the New Testament. He admits that Jesus of Nazareth lived and died on the cross: "His (Jesus') life . . . is a human life which ended in the tragedy of crucifixion;" but this fact is the limit of authentic evidence of the life and personality of Christ. Other New Testament revelation,

such as the Incarnation, miracles, the redemptive death and resurrection, may be defined as the non-historical myth in "the use of imagery to express the other worldly in terms of this world and the divine in terms of the human." As such they immediately alienate the scientifically-conditioned modern mind and no longer proclaim sharply enough the decisive and true event of God in Christ.

Bultmann's creative response to this condition is an attempt to demythologize the New Testament in order to elicit from the graphic, quasi-historical background, kerygma's essential significance. According to his interpretation, even St. John and St. Paul had recognized and begun the extensive task: St. Paul, by perceiving faith as a readiness to take up the cross whether convinced of redemption through the historic activity of Jesus or not; St. John, by focusing his evangelical vision on the advent of Jesus as the decisive event. Bultmann concludes that in the New Testament itself, narrative is overshadowed by the pressing imminence of encounter with the Christ-event which is the only source of true self-knowledge. In this context, the whole pattern of the New Testament becomes an elaborate presentation of the essentially simple truth—the significance of Christ as the revelation of God. The only central and important concern for Bultmann is the subjective perception of Christ as God. Whether the perception has any absolute correlative is unessential and unstated in the New Testament. In a somewhat free paraphrase of John 1:1 ("He is the Word and as such He is God."), Bultmann finds confirmation of his opinion. Christ may or may not be literally God: what is significant is that He contains the answer to man's inadequacy which can only be "justified" by faith in Him.

The conceptual direction of the Lutheran tradition of justification by faith alone is evident here and explains, in part, his definition of faith. For Bultmann, faith is not an attitude, but an act—trustful obedience to the Divine Person. Framed in existential categories, the ethical ramifications of this formulation are experientially derived from concrete human situations. The life of faith is also characterized by eschatology, for the demythologized kerygma proclaims the ab-

solute presence of salvation and glory. Divine judgment is not an apocalyptic expectation but the timeless concomitance of indicative and imperative in the fact of Jesus and His call to faith. Christ, encountered in the New Testament, is the revelation of the love of God enabling man to live in total surrender to faith and love.

The question forced on Christian consciousness by this line of reasoning is obvious. Is the history of Redemption the essence of the Christian faith? Is the Christian proclamation merely the existence of God, or does it essentially include His approach to man in living and vital communion established and maintained in Jesus Christ? Using Bultmann's own norm of fidelity to Scripture, we may provide a tentative answer to these questions while structuring a critical judgment of his position.

The whole New Testament is pervaded by a deep sense of history and implicit cherishing of the historical facts (which Bultmann terms "myths") as integral elements of its message. The Synoptic Gospels pointedly present the Christ of history; the Acts, the Epistles, and St. John's Gospel display a vivid, apostolic awareness of the preaching mission of the Church and its distinct role as timeless witness to the historic facts of God's revelation in and through Christ. The New Testament witnesses seem to be motivated by a deeper intention than providing man with a fresh self-concept. In fact, for the Evangelists, man's image rises or declines only in relation to the reality of the Christ life. Myth, according to Bultmann's definition, enters into their teaching to some extent, not as a substitute for history, but as a definitive symbol of suprahistorical truth. Even in the Old Testament the Israelite religious tradition saw creation and the history of election as the salvific movement of God to man which awaited fulfillment. Christian teaching shares this historical consciousness, emphasizing the full realization—in the person of Jesus—of the continued prophetic promise of initiative.

But the divine dimensions of Jesus' life are and will always be, in a certain sense, inexpressible. Figures of speech and analogy must characterize and limit any consistent witness. In this context, Bultmann's statements are

somewhat pertinent. However, myth and Christianity, while parallel, are essentially dissimilar. One expresses the ahistorical in historical form; the other employs figures to express the deep significance of transcendent but actual fact. It is this fact, the essence of sacred history, which Bultmann rejects; "scientisme" forces him to deny the perceptible influence of God in the world. "In the end, then, Bultmann rejects the history of the redemption in its totality. His enterprise really consists, not in 'disengaging the history of salvation from the mythical representations which are its ephemeral vehicle' but in disengaging 'the essential Christian message' from a history of Redemption treated unreservedly as myth." (Oscar Cullman, Numen, May, 1954) Yet this history of Redemption is the essence

of Christian faith. Its rejection reduces Christianity from a faith to a philosophy.

Despite its unacceptable elements (from the standpoint of Christian dogmatics), Bultmann's thought constitutes a highly significant contribution to modern theology. In his formulations, one finds a keen sense of God's transcendence and man's dependence, an emphasis on the God-given dignity of the creature, and a theology of freedom defined in absolute bondage to God. One discerns also a strong affirmation of Christianity's uniqueness as a religion which surpasses rational demands and simply witnesses the authoritative revelation of God. Beyond this intrinsic value, Bultmann's intellectual courage and integrity compel and reinforce one's admiration.

ENNUI

Like cows in a summer pasture lulled by the hum of bees in the clover they doze as oppressive boredom pulls each eyelid slowly shut. Hands incline to hold heavy heads, abstract, Picasso-like figures they sit all eyes

or no eyes

and perhaps no ears
while pencils trace patterns on their paper.

Sounds drone on and sun drones too upon backs that slide further

and

further down in the chair.

Like the fetus in the dark warmth they yawn—and sleep on—and are not impatient to be born for birth and awakening shatter the world of dreams.

THE TITLE

Linda McCarriston, '65

Benny Campbell sat in the principal's office blowing fat, lazy smoke rings at the "NO" in the "NO SMOKING" sign hanging over his lordship's latest posted degree. The straightbacked chair reserved for errant students stood empty on the other side of the desk, looking rather sheepish even without an occupant.

Benny Campbell, aged eighteen years, possible June graduate of Southwood High, truant, discipline problem and phenomenally intelligent young man, was in no hurry for the "old man" to arrive and relocate him in the obviously guilty straight-backed chair. The swivel chair was comfortable, and the reflection of his shoes on the glass-topped desk amused him, and heaven knows, if it amused

him, Benny indulged.

"Damn!" Benny's host had forgotten to put an ashtray out for him today, and now he had to move. Dropping his cigarette to the floor he swung his lean, chinoed legs over the smiling faces of Mrs. Martin and family and ground the glowing stump neatly into the rug. (Southwood High was prosperous, all

the offices had rugs.)

Still thoughtfully disposing of his cigarette, Benny was disturbed by a tiny "Ahem" from the doorway side of the thick cloud that hung, hammock-like, across the room. It was obviously Mr. Martin. Squat, bald, nervous Mr. Martin. And he was trying to say something to Benny.

"My dear boy . . ."

Benny swiveled around, back to the desk and Mr. Martin, and watched the guys leaving the side door of the school. They were going to the Green and Yellow; everyone did after school. His mind slipped through the slats of the blinds and the sun sidled in, striping his close-cropped blonde hair silver and gold.

"I'll be right out."

He sent a message through the closed window to the guys, reminding them to wait for him, but his mental telepathy wasn't even necessary. They always waited for Benny, especially when he had been called down for something. The stories he told about these times were grand and the best part was that they were true. Sometimes teachers slipped and were heard relaying one of his exploits, Benny jokingly overcoming his superiors; witty Benny, too bright to treat harshly, too exuberant to smother. And Benny, smiling, walked all over them.

"I'm over here, Chief. I'll let you have a seat now. You know, I may just be a principal someday. I like the extras."

Benny stood up slowly, stretched, put his cigarettes into his shirt pocket, replaced *Theories of Secondary School Curriculum* in Mr. Martin's expansive bookcase, and rounded the desk in a step. Excusing himself, Mr. Martin trundled to his desk and, much to Benny's amusement, filled the broad leather chair with more than slight audibility. "Like a fast ball hitting a catcher's mitt," Benny



commented. But Mr. Martin either didn't hear or thought it better to let it pass, as he hadn't planned on it beforehand.

Benny began to contemplate the possible repercussions that would be involved in heisting the chief's chair. He liked the idea, he'd have the squat man hopping around like a toad in his rage. But now Martin was about to speak so Benny relegated the idea to his "Thoughts in Progress" department. Doc, as his students had dubbed him, began.

"Now Benjamin, you do know why you are here this afternoon . . . don't you?"

Benny grinned and his cheeks squeezed the sparkle of his eyes into tiny, baffling half moons, crescent chuckles in his face, teasing the poor fat man. As usual, Doc rose to the occasion by raising his voice a few octaves.

"Mr. McGuire doesn't find quite so much humor in the situation!"

Doc had worked up a genuine scowl by this time; with the light from the window forming a frame for his face Benny couldn't help picturing a flaming sword in his hand and a flowing robe over which the rotund Saint Michael might trip.

"If we ever put on 'Paradise Lost,' would you like to play Michael?" Benny asked. "I'll play Adam. You'd be a natural for the part, driving me out, I mean. '. . . to remove thee I am come, and send thee from the garden forth to till the ground whence thou wast tak'n. . .' Milton had you in mind, Mr. Martin."

Benny took out a cigarette in the silence that followed, not bothering to notice whether or not Mr. Martin was still rooted to his chair. Looking at the closed door he imagined the empty corridor on the other side, the long line of deserted classrooms, the hollow echo of the janitors clattering back and forth through the maze of quiet halls. And naturally, a thought came to him. "Come be educated, nine A.M. to two-thirty P.M., appointment necessary." And naturally, Benny laughed and naturally, Doc didn't. . . .

"Y-young m-man!!!" Doc was irate and Benny managed a reasonably sober expression.

"Okay, okay, I'm sorry. So tell me about poor Mr. McGuire and what the nasty boys did to his car."

Doc began again, punctuating his speech with a half-eaten pen.

"Mr. James McGuire, principal of Water-ford Senior High School, our traditional rival in FAIR PLAY AND TRUE SPORTSMAN SPIRIT, informed me this morning in no uncertain terms that he was more than slightly disturbed to find his new automobile adorned with a GREEN AND YELLOW STRIPE STEM TO STERN shortly after the annual Thanksgiving Day football match last week. You, Benjamin, are named to be the culprit."

With that Doc sat back comfortably, secure in the fact that he had done a complete job of upbraiding an overly energetic young genius. So confident of his success was he that he allowed himself the luxury of placing his feet up in Benny's heelprints. And Benny upbraidedly dropped an ash on the floor, no doubt a penitent ash, but nevertheless an ash, and turned his head to hear the janitor, Jimmy, outside sloshing water on the sneaker-

scuffed corridors. Painting the car had been a good gag. He'd do it again. Doc just didn't appreciate the humor in the situation. "Does he ever?" Benny asked himself. He smiled again, a private smile, because Doc just wouldn't grasp it. Poor Doc, poor teachers, poor everyone. They just didn't grasp it.

Benny got up to leave. Doc decided on

having the last word.

"Another offense of this nature and you may be put on probation, Benny, as much as I don't want to. I am in a position to punish you, you know!" He almost gave the impression of asserting himself until he dropped his feet from the desk and leaned forward intently, pleading.

"Benny, try to behave, PLEASE? I don't

want to have to. . . ."

Standing at the door, the last glint of sun gilding his face, Benny turned and tossed

some slight encouragement to Doc.

"Okay, Saint Mike! I'll repent, the way I always do. And if I'm going to be driven out, I'll make sure you've got the contract. Bye Doc!"

With an easy motion, Benny swung out into the corridor, leaving both the office door and the principal's mouth slightly ajar. He'd wasted a whole hour in the office, but he'd make up for it at the Green and Yellow. Rounding the last corner in an easy lope,

Benny nearly fell over the janitor.

"Hey Jimmy! You'd better watch what you're doing. If you lose this job they're liable to make you principal." Benny laughed and Jimmy laughed back. He knew Benny; he liked him. Taking his engineer's cap off his head, the old man waved the boy out the door.

Out on the steps Benny felt the December wind slip an icy hand down his back. Winter didn't pull any punches with people. There was nothing half way about the season, you met it on its own terms and bowed to it. Benny smiled. He kind of liked the feeling. The sky was the color of moonstones, flecked with silver clouds. A few bright leaves flickered from the trees to the ground. You could measure the air in your lungs and Benny felt sure it was a day beautiful enough to die on.

The Green and Yellow was across the street from school and Benny could see the kids cramped into the dense, liquid looking smoke. Had they been older it would have stifled their laughter, but they were young and their voices slipped out as easily as the sun sifted in through the glass front of the small brick building. Up and down the street the monotone of naked, late fall trees stood stern against the brightness of the sky. No buildings, just the trees and a few cars parked in front of the Green and Yellow. The place just didn't belong here, the school did, but not that ridiculous little box puffed with smoke and people and threatening explosion at any minute.

The guys were waiting on the sidewalk for him to see how he had put the old man down. He was hardly inside before the kids began crowding around and closing in on him, muffling their anticipation so that they could hear the tale. The few still sitting in the booths were called to the gathering. "Hey everybody, c'mere! Benny's back. C'mon. Bet he shot Doc down good!" They were clustered around Benny to get all the details. They were laughing. "Doc's no match for our kid!" Now they were clapping him on the back. "Ain't no one around can sit on Benny, he's got too much smarts! So tell us what happened, wadja say?"

All the kids were waiting, waiting for Benny to give them a laugh. He always did. No matter what kind of stunt they pulled, Benny was always at the head of it and he always got off; it seemed no one could touch him. Today, as usual, the little gray faces around him were itching for the story.

"Benny, PLEASE?" The chorus was growing louder and louder. It seemed to Benny a sort of chant; please, please, please! A young girl, her brown hair caught in a bright pink bow, pushed to the front of the group. She was impatient.

"I'll bet you've been laughing yourself silly all afternoon at the old goat, Benny. Why are you taking so long to tell us about it? Come on! We've got a right to a good laugh, too. Please?"

Please . . . please . . . it's an awful word when it sounds that way, Benny thought. Excuse me, please or pass the butter, please, they're all right. But that single word, PLEASE? sent shivers through him. Doc had said it in that awful, pitiful way, that subordinate, dependent way, the same way the kids

were saying it right now. Only it was worse in Doc because he shouldn't have been saying it at all . . . not to Benny, no, not at all. It almost made him angry to think that the principal should be pleading with him, whimpering. Damn! Why doesn't Martin command a little respect, he thought. All these kids standing around laughing at him, what right have they got to be getting such a kick out of him. . . . Up to this point Doc had appeared laughable to Benny, but in that instant he became pitiful-helpless and foolish and pitiful. It's my fault, he thought, I've done it, they never would have thought Doc so funny if it hadn't been for me. Benny felt small and mean, selling out the old guy to kids who couldn't even pay the price. No, Doc wasn't Benny's to give away. He had a title, Benny didn't.

"Aw Benny, we been waitin' a long time." They began prodding him again. "Tell us what Baldy had to say, tell us what you did to him this time, c'mon!"

"Okay, but you're in for a shock. Sorry." In a slow, almost imperceptible motion, the group took a step backward, anxious and surprised by Benny's sudden seriousness. But he kept on talking.

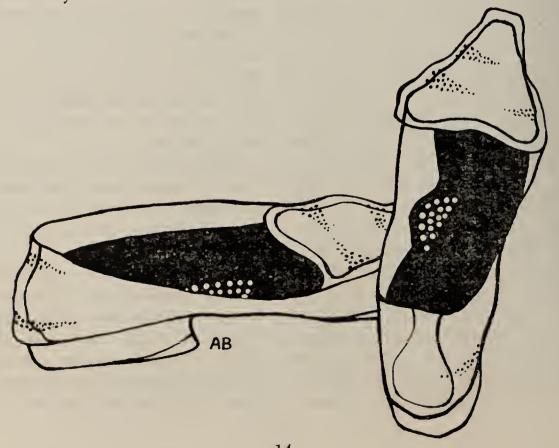
"Well, I was laughing it off as usual when Mr. Martin. . . ."

"What's this 'Mr. Martin' bit?" one of the boys broke in. Benny started over. "Okay, I'll make it quick . . . I was bugging Mr. Martin and he sat on me. I couldn't get a word in edgewise, and even if I could have, it wouldn't have done me any good. He had me and I knew it, we went too far this time. I'm on probation for a while, guys, that's it."

The Green and Yellow was still with smoke and silence. One by one the faces around him slipped back into the booths, a few low whispers of disbelief filtered though the shadows and the soft, slow shuffle of feet dragged across the floor. Some of the guys still stood by Benny, mouths half open, a thoroughly perplexed look on their faces. If anyone else had said what they'd just heard, they would not have believed it. The old man was in the driver's seat now and there was nothing to do but go his way. Benny had bowed to Doc.

He was the first to break the silence.

"Hey, no tragedy! I'll sweep up the pieces and build a new man. Cigarettes on me!" Benny fell into the nearest booth and threw the pack of cigarettes on the table. Four others tumbled in with him; another six or eight gathered around the booth, helping themselves to the pack. Soon a pebble of laughter, Benny's, slipped from the booth and rolled around the tiny room until it filled it and bounced from wall to wall, from the jukebox to the open door and out into the dusk, gathering now like friendly opaque ghosts in the trees and cars.



The train is coming . . . noise . . . now, stop. Doors open, the people come out—old men and women, fat ladies, dirty children. I sit here on my bench and hope that the girl beside me with the ugly knees will get up and take this train, leave me alone in this filthy station with its peeling posters and ooz-

ing grey walls.

The girl gets on; the train leaves. People hurry from the station—up the stairs to the buses, out to the parking lot. For a little while it is quiet enough to hear the wet, dripping from the cement all around me. Then, up above, another bus stops, and again the people come down into the station. A few talk, but most are quiet, waiting. The station is a place to wait; no one comes here to be here. These people come to go somewhere else. They stand and watch for the trains, and when they see the red lights far down

here. The old man stands at the very edge and leans far forward over the pit. He is the last person here, except for me. Maybe he'll fall in and the two o'clock train will roar blindly through the station. Would the driver know? (Do these trains have drivers-or are they giant robots, screaming mindlessly through the tunnels, coming and going with inhuman accuracy?) There might be a thud, but who would notice? The trains are very heavy. Far away in the dark, the sound is beginning again. Will he fall, will the train smash his head and slice cleanly through his yellow skin? Die, old man, you are useless. I will never be like you, old and impotent like you. The train is coming. Die now, stinking ugly old man.

Ah . . . no—he sees the train, steps back. He can still feel fear somewhere in his dried-

up old body.

TERMINUS

Ann L. White, '64

in the dim tunnel, they move with relief to the places where they think the door will open.

But I'm different. I won't take a train tonight. I've come here to stay for awhile. I
sit here, not waiting for anything to come—
except, perhaps, the quiet. I sit and watch,
and listen. My clothes are damp from the
heat fog that has crept down here from the
streets, so I sit very still. Another train comes,
the people go. It is quiet longer now. The
air doesn't move—it surrounds me, close. I
sit very still.

Someone is coming down the stairs. An old man, very drunk. He moves spastically across the platform to the edge of the pit. Ugly old man—his skin is all yellow, the strength gone from his body. Why doesn't he die? Only the young and strong have any right to live.

Two o'clock-time for the last train through

Now the train stands bright in the dark grey station. Almost all the seats are taken because it's the last train. And the people sit very still inside, staring straight ahead at their reflections in the window. They can't see me, back here in the shadows of the station, behind their reflections. Are they all mad, to sit so still and stare so fixedly? The old man gets in, sits down. He is one of them now. He sits with the rest, like a propped-up corpse. Someone should go in and close the eyes of those dead people. It isn't right for them to sit and stare while they slowly decay inside. The doors close. The train lurches forward; the wheels squeal, scream, and sparks shatter in the pit. Finally, down in the tunnel, the sound dies. I am alone again. Above me, they are closing up the station. In a minute, they'll be down to check the platform, to make sure that everyone is gone. But they won't find me. I came here to stay awhile. Footsteps again—they're coming. But I have a place to hide. Over the edge, into the pit. The platform makes a shelter over my head. They won't look here—I'm safe. I can hear them checking now—opening, closing doors. And now they're going. I'm alone—alone while the lights dim and the dripping sound gets louder. The station is shutting itself down for the night. The walls move closer; the air is heavier, more compressed. Just at the threshold of sound there are tiny noises. The station is renewing itself in this short time, in these three hours before things will begin again.

But now, just now, I'm alone. Underground —alone. Perhaps things won't begin again. The city, the world above me, is dead forever. I am alone with the dim yellow light making shadows in the tunnel. And the lights shine on the rails, curving in the dark, far and away —deadly rails. Where does the glimmering grey steel lead? Where do the rails go, beyond the curve, shining a mile down in the dim light? (Where did the train go, where did it carry those straight dead people, the last man I ever saw, where have they gone?) Perhaps I will walk for awhile along these shining dangerous rails. The tunnel goes on and on, and I am alone. I need something clean and lasting. The tunnel is clean, the walls of the pit are cool. So I will walk away from this ugly station.

Soon the yellow-grey pools of water, the crushed cigarette butts are behind me. Each light shines for a moment in my face, then disappears behind me. I thought them closer together than this. In the trains, the lights move past quickly, sometimes they seem to be a blurred bright line outside the window. Now, I pass them slowly, one by one, dark and light, dark and light. And always before me, the soft-shining rails, leading forward to the cool, quiet tunnel, away from the filthy stations, the leavings of other men. It's strange, and comforting—this quiet. My footsteps make no echo. I expected at first to hear one. But now, I'm glad there is none. It's better this way. I do not need to stop and listen and fear that I'm not alone. There is only the noise of my footfalls, I can feel this and know it is my own.

Time cannot be going on outside this tunnel. Surely there would be some sound. I'd know if the city were alive.

There is light beyond that curve aheadanother station. I can see it now. It's just as still and dead and dirty as the one I left. I don't want to go out into its light. It smells and it is ugly-more ugly than the last. But I have to go through it. It lies between me and my gentle darkness. Now my footsteps are echoing from the ceiling. It pushes down, heavy, grey-it wants to crush me. This must be what happened to the others. The train stopped here a while ago, and as it waited, the walls moved close, the ceiling pushed down. The dead people in the train were crushed, ground silently into fine grey dust. And now the dust is sifting softly through the empty station, covering everything with old age and gentle death. Soon the dirt and stink of mankind will be buried underneath the grey. There will be nothing left of life except me alone. Men will never come down here again. Because there is no life in the city above. And this stillness will never breed a new humanity.

The tunnel again. I am safe. The station, with its walls and ceiling heaving massively, slowly toward me, is behind me. The rails shine again, softly down into the dimness. One, two, three, curving all together with gentle harmony.

I have conquered death, here in the stillness at the end of time. I walk godlike in my kingdom of night, master of darkness and dim lights. I am the last of the living. And I fear no man, no mindless thing. I celebrate my victory here in the dark tunnels. The rails lie quiet at my feet and worship me.

Something is moving in the dark. Small and low and filthy—some creature has intruded in my halls! I will kill him—the usurper! A rat—it knows I'm here. It squeals, it fears me. It is running now, but I am young and quick. This intruder is old and fat. It will die because I wish its death. It fouls my chambers and now it runs. But it cannot escape. I trapped it. The eyes are gleaming in the light. Ah—it runs between my legs, across the rails—and now it dies. The fool—it did not know me, master of the shining rails. It did not know that they bow down to my will.

Everyone, every living thing is gone now. The lights throw shadow-scarves over my shoulders and I walk clothed in velvet darkness. The night caresses me, soft against my skin. Now, truly I have defeated all my enemies. I am the god of this world beneath the dead city. There is no one, no one left to try

to claim my place, to usurp my destiny of godhood. And beneath me, at last, the rails are trembling into life. They wake to sing the paean of my praise. And the singing grows and swells, and now it is a roaring triumph to my ears. Light and sound are shattering the tunnel. My victory is proclaimed!

Picasso's Actor

Toccata

and frailty struck red to chordal strength by formal variation in the making of the score. The pattern means—gestures mean, sharp in spotlight staccato then firing with fullness a sonority of shadow. His eyes full of hollow see all in unlit nothing. He knows—they hear him with their watching, waiting for a flash within the measure of a phrase. His voice grows still beyond the interval of fear to an impulsive cadenza on the theme inevitability. And the harpsichord responds.

Fugue

I know my part.
I must stand stark—
though fluid for the turn
as a question mark. My voice too
a player—in linear imitation
of perception in my mind.
I hear their voices:

—look
a red sequence of blood. . .
so stark upon the dark
and listen

his voice pulses higher than night's uncertain throbbing and his arm flows in light without a quaver.—

My red is form felt for,
the cadence of my pain, of my fear.
My voice and my arm are taut now—
firm as the strings of a harpsichord disciplined in hope
and glowing when an inner wash of fire
flames through fingers on the keys.
A variation on creation fills the stark of dark.
I know my part.
I stand.

Winifred Welch, '64

Autumn in Mason. Morning's milk-green light swallows the rains; hill-shrugged shadows pattern the meadows. An old woman walks the road alone. Down in marshes, folded under and under blue mists, a wild bird is crying. The sound shivers, suspends.

From behind the hill the great sun is cast into the sky to suck the tufts of ground fog rising from the arms of the pools. Its rays creep steadily along the road until brought up suddenly by the stolid figure moving ancient-gaited toward the cemetery. It glints momentarily on the clasp of the violin case she carries, then goes its way leaving her untouched.

Her face, rising from the dusted black dress, is laced in the contractions of time and flesh. She talks to herself in a rusted accent.

"Ah, how your knees ache, Old Woman, how they creak. If you do not die soon, you shall just crumple up and blow across the fields like a dead leaf. So many years have passed.

"Every day now since the child is gone the sun seems to rise sooner; the days pass so quickly. Was I really once young; and when I was, did the sun march funeral-paced across the sky? Ah, yes, Old Woman, a day was forever and tomorrow never. Ah, yes."

So saying, she reaches at last the familiar cemetery gate and passes within; the corrugated gate closes behind her. The old woman crosses the grass covering ordered graves, fertile over the dead, and stops finally at a small new headstone. The inscription reads:

SUSAN AMY SPINNARD b. 1955 d. 1962

SILENCE—AND A FINGER POINTING THE WAY

"Good morning, Amy."

Lowering herself by an old oak she resumes her vigil while around her drift frost-red leaves.

0 0 0 0

The sun shines high now in Mason; the town is awake. Mary Spinnard stands looking down at her husband's bent head.

"Ray, I must talk to you."

He looks at her, waiting. She turns away from his numb stare, nervously rubbing her hands on her thighs, bursts out:

"Its about the Old Woman, Ray. People are talking and—well, it is strange. . . ," her

voice rising to a scream, "I don't want her hunched over Amy's grave like Death itself! I won't have it! It's driving me crazy, I tell you!"

A silence curdles the yellow morning warmth in the kitchen. Ray replaces his coffee cup in the saucer with an irritated rattle. He stands quietly and faces her, his face stern.

"That's enough Mary. She's my mother and can come and go as she pleases in my house. She was always closer to Amy than any of us. She was the only one who could talk to her. You were always complaining about her being under foot, well now she's gone most of the day."

Grabbing coat and hat, he leaves the house and stamps unseeing down the walk. What was he supposed to do? Lock her in her room? Chain her to the bed? Besides, he hated the thought of shy little Amy alone up there among so many strangers. If only someone she knew had died first so she wouldn't have had to go down among the dead alone and afraid. Perhaps the Old Woman keeps her company during the day. Mary was just tired, besides, she had always been a bit jealous of the way the Old Lady could get through to Amy and she couldn't. Well, damn it, so had he been.

Meeting his clerk at the store porch he greets him absent-mindedly.

"Mornin' Ray."

"Mornin' Harry."

"Seen the Old Lady on her way this mornin'. Quite a trek for an old girl like her, ain't it?"

"She has nothing better to do," he answers shortly.

"Yup, s'ppose so," replies Harry and shifts his toothpick to the other side of his mouth.

Ray rolls up his sleeves and puts on an apron.

"S'ppose so," repeats Harry.

A fly buzzes angrily at the screen door. A car passes by full of youngsters going to school. Mrs. Carter comes in for eggs and milk on credit, as usual. Another day begins.

Out on the marshes the mists smoke and disappear into the mid-morning sky. The quiet stream flees down the same bed it always has, through the cat o' nine tails and past the marsh marigolds. On a low-hung

One

Day

in

Mason

Jeanne Paradis, '64



branch of the willow tree sits a strange wild bird looking at the world first out of one eye and then out of the other. Every now and then he cries out in a strange, harsh voice.

Going into the Old Woman's room to make the bcd, Mary mutters exasperatedly to herself. Why does the Old Lady live on, crouching so stubbornly on her life's ruins when my Amy had barely a—she pushes the thought aside in disgust. After all, it isn't her fault that the child died, nor that she was born a deaf-mute. Heaven knows, she loved the child —even understood her when no one else could. The old lady and the child had communicated like kindred-spirits from the very first. Not even my love, the love of her own mother, could cross the barrier of silence like the Old Woman.

Putting the final pats on the cover she starts, noticing that the stand where the Old Woman keeps her violin is empty. Why, no one had ever been allowed to touch it, not even Amy.

"Ach, no," she would say, looking darkly inward and shaking her head, "not yet, little one, not until you can understand what it has to say. Wait a little bit."

And Amy would look up into the Old Woman's secret face, her own tilted to one side and very grave. Then the Old Woman would put her hand on the child's head and look back from inside herself.

She had asked Ray once about that violin; she had never heard the old lady play it. His answering look had held his mother's secretness; his reply was just as strange:

"I heard it only once when my father died. I was fifteen at the time yet the sound lives with me still. It is something beyond words."

He had even had the ancient-ageless look of the Old Woman for a few minutes. It had frightened her. Shaking aside the memories, she returns to the kitchen and the endless proceedings of her life.

0 0 0 0

Up on the hill the Old Woman dozes in the mid-afternoon sun. Across from her on the little headstone sits a frail child of seven with great round cyes weighing down her head and a sprinkling of freekles on her nose. She wears a simple white dress with a few blue flowers embroidered on it and a blue sash.

Her hair falls in almost-white waves to her waist. She watches over the old woman as she sleeps, patiently, with love.

Only the Old Woman's rattled breath disturbs the peace of the afternoon. There is a slight chill in the air, a prediction of the coming winter, yet the child minds it not at all despite her light clothing. The Old Woman shivers unconsciously.

She sleeps unaware of the presence of any other than the dreamed past of the land of the great Black Forests where she was born beneath the whispering trees. In her ear sing the incessant murmurings of the winded branches and the scream of Alsvith through the shattered ravines. The wind, always the wind and the secrets of its whispering voices.

Drifting disembodied through the mists of the dream, the old gypsy smiles wickedly toothless, leaning over her child's past with the violin and the articulation of the wind's secrets on its strings.

She sees again the storm-torn black and white night, and herself standing over the ravine's abyss, instrument in hand. Alone, standing wind-bent and blown, she played her violin and the wind's dark secrets were made known to her by Alsvith herself. Wild under the galloping moon, she sang on the strings.

Muttering noisily she wakes herself, starts. "Well, excuse me, little one, I didn't mean to fall asleep on you but, you know, dreams are the life of the old, and I am very old indeed. Now, then, I have brought what you are waiting for. I knew you weren't going to rest until I fulfilled my promise to you."

Taking up the case beside her, she unclasps and opens it. An aged, musty odor rises, followed by the pungent scent of polished wood and resin.

"Ah, such a sweet smell, my little one. There is no other like it."

The child can hardly contain herself and hops from one foot to the other. But the Old Woman takes her time, smiling at her obvious impatience. She puts out her hand to place it on the child's head but Amy quickly dances away out of reach.

"Forgive me, child, I forget the restrictions of death. I am so close to it I forget."

She removes her instrument from the case

and holds it tenderly in the crook of her arm. The sun catches on the rich wood and casts a dark reflection into her eyes.

The child stands, her head to one side, her eyes never leaving the old woman's face. She seems to be in a trance.

"Come, my child, touch the fine old wood. Smell the scent of the strings. Take it in your hands and put it under your chin. Yes, you must play it, for my fingers are too old, and I will play on you."

The child, her eyes solemn and ritual, puts out her hands to take the dark-burnished violin. Then, commanded by the power of the Old Woman's will, she tucks it familiarly under her chin.

Out of the case the Old Woman takes the bow and cradles it, balanced between her two hands.

"Listen to me, little one," and as she speaks, her old voice grown full and young, a fire comes into the dark eyes, a power into her will. "Listen to the secrets the violin has to tell; out of the wood come the secrets of the great dark forests from which it was made. The wood whispers, as did the tree that bore it, the secrets told it by the wind, and such secrets has the wind of my land, my child, such secrets! Take the bow!"

The child takes the bow from her and with it a power; she bends intent inward, ageless, ancient, over the instrument made by the hands of man.

Up the slope to the cemetery strides Mary Spinnard, and she is very angry. She walks with her fists clenched and her chin forward. Her short legs are forced into the longest possible strides and her taut arms swing fixedly beside them. What can that old woman have gotten into her head to stay out here 'til all hours of the night? Does she think I have nothing better to do than chase around after her? She must be getting senile, sitting beside a grave all day long when she is too old to even walk the distance to the cemetery. How morbid a pastime can she find.

Into the last splayed sunlight swells a sudden sharp cadence of music, high and wild as the wind among mountain rocks—tearing the quiet air to shreds. Lonely, terrifying, inhuman, as from beyond the tombs of time, it pierces her everyday world and shatters it.

All around her the notes cascade faster and faster from some hungry soul that has kept them pent in too long. The world around lies subdued, conquered beneath it. At last, at last, it lets out the torment of days and nights of never-ending sadness and terror.

And then the wildness goes out of it and it grows round and soft, full of playfulness like the summer breeze that plays in the rose bushes beside the porch. A childlike sweetness murmurs between each note and caresses her as her own child had done not too long ago. On and on it sings, shifting from one mood to another, tumbling through an overflowing soul, through a knowing hand and cherished instrument into the somnolence of an Indian summer afternoon. Seemingly everwas and ever-will-be, it suddenly grows slower and fainter until it quietly fades away across the last rays of afternoon.

The world is very quiet for a few minutes, entranced yet by the echoes of that known song. It is like the calm after a wind storm when the earth gives silent acquiescence to the superiority of the gods. Then it again falls naturally back into the normal patterns. Twilight closes down the light of day.

Mary, too, starts out of her trance. Be-wildered, she looks about at the world, listening still for the echoes of the song. Then she hears it faintly within herself in the dark region of her soul. Searching, she discovers its meaning—love, the fullness of love in one song. She feels even more closely the love of her own child for herself and Ray as she could never have said it in words. No need to ask the source of the song—it was the violin and the Old Woman.

Walking more slowly now, Mary continues her way to the cemetery, enjoying the peace around her. There is no need to hurry anymore. She enters the gate and walks by the quiet dead.

The Old Woman is sitting almost obscured by the drifting mists of early evening. In her lap lies the violin and between her aged fingers dangles the bow. A wild bird cries alone from the distant marsh. Mary, hesitant, touches her black, bent shoulder:

"Time to go home, Old Woman. She sleeps now."

The Killing of Captain Nix

(after the legend of Nix's Mate Island, off Gallup's, Boston Harbor)

The cook's cat was funny;
she often liked to bear the storm
out on the rainy bow.
Her paw-pads would step softly
then stop when the wind waxed.
She'd scream
as her claws tapped on the metal deck
and she'd sweep
back and forth
with heave of the tide.
She was standing deck
this tormented night. . . .

The devil cuts bad men short, they say—Nix's mate was short with spare shocks of baby-brown hair that fared well for all the sea's misery at them. His brassy fingers were squared off from a slipped rope's quick-sting slash, but many's the handsome knot Nix's mate spun with his greasy stumps to stay the ship in port.

This night,

this one free-thinking night within the customed way, the steaming summerwind alternately spread and wrinkled the top-soil of the bay and the channel-buoys gonged damply

tottering

like ants on a broken mirror.

As the sea curled

round the ship's rusty edge,

Nix's mate

unlatched the Captain's door. . . .

They met in the room's quiet-truth like aging rats approaching one another

on an anchor rope; and, as on an anchor rope each had no second choice,

no second place to go

to stand and wait for judgment or neurotic shift, for an eye-lash to tell the crisis' end. Neither could back away: Nix's mate knew that one rat fallen to the sea

was victor

and left the other

whimpering

on the rope.

and told

The crew swore they heard

those long, cracking yells they listened all night to the crime's performance,

that between the wind's tearing howl and the squeamish cries of the cook's cat, they heard their Captain slain.

The Captain fell, and lay like a stretched leather doll on a wheeling rack.

One mistake: Nix's mate

thought they'd blame the cook's cat. . . .



SHERLOCK

Christine Wroblewski, '65

I won't describe Ennis as stupid—even though a lot of other people do. He enjoys being enthusiastic, that's all, and it just happens that other people aren't enthusiastic in Ennis's way. He wasn't enthusiastic about school when he started, so he flunked kindergarten twice. Then one day he got enthusiastic in the sand box and bombarded Miss Winkle. After that, there was no straightjacketing Ennis. He stuck with it until he

wound up in the same grade with me, even though I am a year younger.

It's bad enough having Ennis in the same grade with me, but he has to be my cousin! People automatically assume that what he thinks, I think. Just because Ennis likes grape-jelly-marshmallow-sardine-cream cheese sandwiches, with hot chocolate, they always serve them to me at parties. Ugh, do I hate sardines!

Well, anyway, Ennis's enthusiasm for school grounded to a halt September 6, 1951, when he met Miss Crumbwalker and learned about homework. Ennis is the type who has to have enthusiasm for something, so he whipped up enthusiasm for model airplanes, John Wayne, the Navy, baseball, railroad trains, Lyla Stutzheimer, sneakers, jets, erector sets, Lyla's sister Clementine, horses, pistachio-coconut ice cream, toy soldiers, chemistry—and me. I figured I could shake Ennis if I interested him in something, so I introduced him to Perry Mason. I rather fancied that Ennis might make a good lawyer, but he decided he'd make a better detective. He detected the vice-principal's girl friend.

"I saw them last night in Slutz's delicatessen. Buying kosher pickles. She batted her eyelashes a mile a minute at him over the hard salami. Next time he issues orders forbidding hand-holding in the hallways, I'll send him this anonymous note:

'My Dear Sir:

Beware! The Eye knows you have a lady friend.

The Eye'"

They'd been married for years. Everyone knew but Ennis. I told him so.

"Oh well, the note is still OK. Pretty good, isn't it?"

Cut out of the newspapers and pasted on a Precision Fixit Shop letterhead, the note was typically Ennis's handiwork. His father owned, ran, and staffed the shop, a real oneman operation. Everybody within fifty miles knew that only one family held title to it.

Since I introduced Ennis to detectives, I felt responsible for what followed. I killed myself keeping an eye on "The Eye," which is like trying to sop up the Pacific with one of those ratty bank blotters. I managed to keep the score at one lacing from his father and three detentions at school. But when it came to Mr. Factor . . . I shudder whenever I remember it.

Ennis and I went swimming every Thursday night. Our mothers' idea! I'm not that keen on swimming and I don't like to pay the quarter it costs to get in, but lately Mom's been giving me the money so it isn't so bad. Ennis nearly drowned the second time we

went, so he spent seventy minutes in the water the whole year.

Anyhow, we were coming home one Thursday night and I opened my big mouth and said I knew a short cut. We cut through to Woodmere Lane and started over Mr. Factor's "Genuine, Guaranteed, Unclimbable Fence." When we were at the top two seconds later, Ennis grabbed my arm and yelled, "Hey! Look. The front door is standing ajar!"

It looked open to me, but I didn't say anything. Ennis is sensitive.

He galloped to the front door. By the time I caught up with him, he was peering through the bay window into the parlor.

"What are you? Some kind of nut??! Let's get out of here before someone sees us."

"Boy oh boy oh boy! I bet there's been foul playmurdergetthepolicethisismybigbreak!" He bashed his hand against the window; I could just see it tinkling into slivers and spraying the shiny table under it.

"Ennis, get hold of yourself. Mr. Factor will hear you and call the cops and we'll get thrown in jail and they'll send us to Sing-Sing and we'll be jail-birds and have records and no one will hire us!"

But Ennis was beyond reasonable conversation. He marched right through the front door saying, "We won't have to worry about breaking and entering."

On the porch, I calculated if prison or cowardice were worse. The bomb exploded when I realized that Ennis figured this was a case. "Ennis, will you *please* tell me what you think you're doing."

"Ah-hah!" exulted Ennis, "here lies a broken clock. It stopped at exactly 3:54 and 7/8ths P.M. Tres important." Only when he said it, it came out "trees import-anti."

Ennis would get around to filling me in eventually, he always did, so I parked where I could both watch for Mr. Factor and make it to the door quick.

Ennis wandered from the parlor to the room next door. I guess it was the library—it was full of books. He yelled, "Yippee," and smashed into something.

"Blood! I found blood! Cummere quick." Sure enough, on the rug by the desk was a dark reddish-brown spot. While I looked at it, Ennis called the cops.

The sergeant is a good guy, but he'd never had any contact with my cousin before. I felt sorry for him. The poor man wasn't half out of the squad car when Ennis took a flying leap off the porch and slammed into the door so that it crunched the cop's leg. As they limped to the door (isn't it funny how you'll limp if you walk with someone who does?), Ennis tromped on the cop's toe.

In the parlor, the sarge started asking questions.

"All right, son, what's your name?"

"Ennis - Lismore - Mrs. Bagby - or - the - Dalrymple - mob - from - New - York - kidnapped - Mr. Factor - we - were - going - home - from - swimming - this - is - my - cousin - the - clock - stopped - at - 3:30 P.M. - approximately!"

"How do you spell 'Ennis'?"

The sarge led us to the couch and we all sat down. He must have had some good psychology courses somewhere because he talked to Ennis for a few minutes about how important it is to aid the police and how intelligent a guy has to be to do it right and could he slow down his answers some. At the end, Ennis's face looked like a Christmas tree.

"Now, how did you come to stop here tonight?"

"We short cut and noticed the door open. We couldn't find anybody so we got worried when we saw the clock and blood."

"Mr. Factor runs the town bank, right?"

Mistake number one; that gave Ennis an opening.

"You bet! That's why he was kidnapped. He sat in there at his desk and someone grabbed him. The kidnapper will send a note demanding all the money in the bank for ransom."

"You think so," smiled the sergeant.

"I know so. I've got this whole thing deduced. Mr. Factor refused to go along. There was a struggle. The kidnapper bashed him with a blackjack. Then, the kidnapper dragged Mr. Factor's body out to the car. On the grass, Mr. Factor was tied up, and then tossed into the trunk of the car. The kidnapper peeled out of here going a good hundred. It was Mrs. Bagby!"

Mrs. Bagby is ninety years old. But I didn't say anything.

Just then we heard a commotion at the front door. In walked Mr. Factor. By the time we coaxed Ennis out of the chimney, the cops found out that Mr. Factor had run out when he heard the ice cream man coming. I sure got an education that night; I didn't know bankers liked ice cream. I also didn't know that bankers used such effective ways of keeping it secret that they like ice cream.

But Ennis didn't learn a thing. The Eye found another case within a week—investigating Durinda Boswell's boy friend. Even after Moose broke Ennis's nose . . . well, what are you going to do!

The Joke

Come now! Face facts! We all know youth can't die, grow old perhaps, leap high

> then fall and

> > shadow-slip

away . . .

but never yield its yearning to a blunt-barbed death.

And you know, just as well as I, that God preserves the good.
We've heard it—worded many ways—it can't be murdered.
So please go away.

No reason for your being here, you know . . . foolish.

Night scarred, carved and riveted to horror . . . gargoyle glare and stare and music patriotic.

Laugh.

Some people swallow anything. Funny . . . they believe the strangest things, like fresh cut roses

pricked and bleeding red. Come now! Face facts! And go away.

And priests
chant somber jabber, black
in murmur-moves.
Tell them to stay in bed!
No reason
to get up and vest
so early.

And why that box?
That little box . . .
its lid grips close and suffocates inside.
A youth needs room

and air

to stretch

and live in.

So take the box away.

And by the way . . . tell all those people, vigil-lit and tallow dripping, melted close outside, to run along. Tell them to worry over tragedies that can occur. They'll find out soon, the box is really empty.

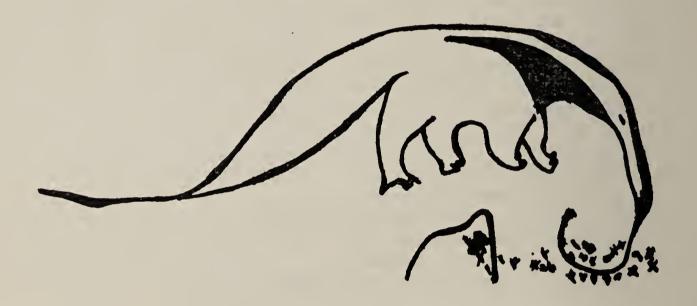
Go home.

Reality is hard enough to bear.

"A" is for "Aardvark"

Dorothy White, '67

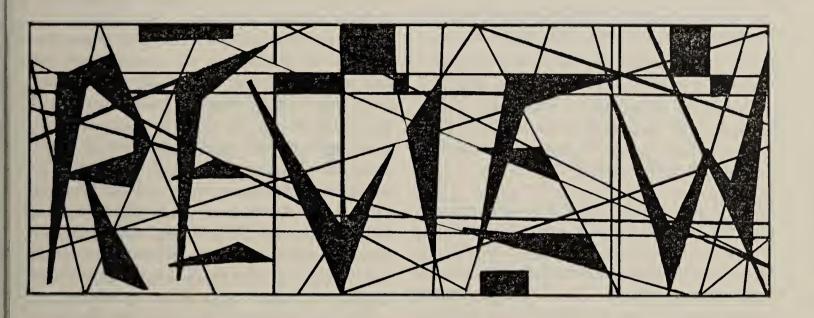
Of late, I've been doing some serious thinking about aardvarks. There is some question in my mind as to whether or not they are fully appreciated in modern society. (Perhaps a physical description would be in order. I've never actually seen a live aardvark, but I remember seeing a picture of one in The Big, Big Jungle Book and it looked like this:



Try to imagine one of these running along, hell-bent-for-leather, making aard-vark noises all the while. I think you'll see why I'm concerned.)

To get back to the main issue, aardvarks eat ants: black ants, white ants, red ant, all ants indiscriminately. And if the aardvarks didn't eat ants, who would? Would you? Would I? Would the Mwata Yambo? Someone would have to, else the Hymenoptera, either Isoptera or Formicidae, would overrun and enslave the world. I've read enough of *Science Fact and Fiction* to realize *that* danger. Yet, as far as I know, there is not a single agency for the preservation and glorification of aardvarks. Shocking? To be sure. *Ergo*, I have taken it upon myself to make this public plea:

IF YOU ARE AT ALL CONCERNED ABOUT THE FUTURE OF HUMANITY, YOU MUST EXPOSE THOSE IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD WHO WOULD EXTERMINATE AARDVARKS AND THEREBY SUBJUGATE THE HUMAN RACE. OUR HOPE LIES IN THE AARDVARK.



The Wapshot Scandal. John Cheever. New York: Harper and Row, 1964.

The Wapshot family, presented previously by John Cheever in The Wapshot Chronicle, is represented in his latest book by Aunt Honora and her nephews, Moses and Coverly. Each of these three main characters is involved in a different way of life. Aunt Honora lives amid the worn traditions of the decaying New England town of St. Botolph's, the Wapshot family seat. Moses and his wife, Melissa, are part of the wealthy set of Proxmire Manor, an upper middle-class suburb of New York City. Boredom and lust pervade their society, ruining a possible paradise. When she can take no more of suburbia, Melissa escapes to Europe with a teen-age grocery boy as companion.

Coverly and his neurotic wife, Betsey, are fringe members of the over-intellectualized, over-automated community of Talifer. In this isolated missile center old social amenities are obsolete. Even neighbors do not speak to one another, silenced by security restrictions and, more significantly, cut off from each other by complete disinterest. This is the tripartite world Cheever presents with its distinctions, of characters and setting, and its depressing similarities, greed, lust, and sterility.

The Wapshot Scandal is structured episodically; several of the chapters appeared in The New Yorker as short stories. Cheever achieves sharp, meaningful contrast by the sudden changes of scene afforded by the book's episodic structure. Shock sentences at the end of long, descriptive passages and repetition of a certain line throughout a chapter effect ironic contrast. The poetic phrase, "Oh the wind and the rain and to hold in one's arms a willing love," is repeated continually as the lust-driven Dr. Cameron, science director at Talifer, hurries to his mercenary mistress.

There is much ironically-edged humor in *The Wapshot Scandal*. Cheever presents a family so influenced by television that its members talk to one another in commercials:

"My!" the mother exclaimed. "Taste

those bite-sized chunks of white, Idaho turkey meat reinforced with riboflavin, for added zest."

"I like the spotless rest rooms," said the girl, "operated under the supervision of a trained nurse and hygienically sealed for our comfort, convenience and peace of mind."

Cheever pokes fun at another modern phenomenon, the questionnaire. Coverly's interrogation sheet contains such questions as:

Are you a college graduate? If you were forced to debase the American flag or the Holy Bible, what would be your choice? Do you love your mother? Do you believe John Foster Dulles is in Heaven? Hell? Limbo?"

Aunt Honora's old curling iron blows all the fuses on a massive, luxury, ocean liner, leaving this giant of modern civilization helpless in mid-ocean. At times Cheever's humor is downright grim. Gertrude Lockhart's frustrating adventures with her automatic household appliances are amusing but, by an ironic twist, they bring about her suicide. Cheever's humor does not allow hearty laughter because it contains an element of potential tragedy.

The author's vision of life is contained in his view of Aunt Honora, "imperishable goodness and evil." As he presents it in this novel, however, the goodness is much more perishable than the evil. There is an unrelieved atmosphere of strain and anxiety, of the senselessness of modern life, symbolized by grandiose television commercials, ridiculous questionnaires and, above all, by automation. The old senator, in his desperate, impassioned recollection of life as it had been, when inhumanities had been present but not allencompassing is a voice crying out in an automated wilderness. He recognizes that life has become radically, fearfully different than it was in his youth when he must beg the animalistic, immoral scientist, Dr. Cameron, to spare the world. "Please don't destroy the earth, Dr. Cameron. Oh please, please don't destroy the earth," the senator pleads.

In this novel Cheever emphasizes sexual immorality and views it as a thwarted attempt to bring some warmth into cold, mechanical lives. But everything that men touch becomes sterile. Allegedly attempting improvement of the natural scenery, they produce instead the stark landscape of Talifer, its huge, black gantries silhouetted against the skyline. In attempting to better their own human condition, they create the luxurious, immoral waste land of Proxmire Manor. In this dehumanized universe even religion becomes mechanized—identical religious medals drop from a vending machine.

The author's concept of the past is perceivable in his description of a trailer park for low wage earners at Talifer. He says, "There were street lights, gardens, picket fences and inevitably a pair of painted wagon wheels, a talisman of the rural and mythical past." It is this "rural and mythical past," St. Botolph's at Christmas time, which Cheever presents at the beginning of The Wapshot Scandal. He sees beneath the surface beauty traces of universal evils—drunkenness, pride and arrogance. But there is also a sense of dignity and value in the old community which is lacking when Cheever presents St. Botolph's at the end of the book. Once again it is Christmas and now Mr. Applegate, the minister, addresses a congregation of four people at Christmas Eve service. Drunken and despairing, he offers an agonized prayer which is a summation of the tragedies illustrated in the novel:

Christ have mercy upon us . . . let us pray for all those killed or cruelly wounded on thruways, expressways, freeways and turnpikes . . . for all those burned to death in faulty plane landings and mid-air collisions. Let us pray for all those wounded by rotary lawn mowers, chain saws, electric hedge clippers and other power tools. Let us pray for all alchoholics . . . for the lecherous and the impure.

In the last chapters, life in St. Botolph's shows that the decaying standards and traditions of the past are now dead. The hedonistic freedom of Proxmire Manor has replaced them. The sterile Talifer community is a forecast of worse things to come. It promises further development of science and automation and a further disintegration of the best

human qualities—self-respect, compassion and free will. This is the comprehensive view of the human situation that Cheever presents in his skillful, forceful and depressing novel.

Mary Ann McCarthy, '64

Tom Jones. Tony Richardson, Producer-Director. Screenplay by John Osborne, based on the novel by Henry Fielding.

Good satire begins in an artistic vision that is both whole and deep, a vision that is able to recreate the character of a civilization and define it through ironic contrast with stable values and norms of behavior. The vision is Henry Fielding's and its artistic expression is Fielding's triumph, *Tom Jones*. The movie version of the novel is itself a success. Highly enjoyable, it retains Fielding's marvelous realism, wholeness of vision, and even his ironic narrator's voice. Through staging and technicolor, the movie achieves a sense of immediacy which is beyond the power of the novel.

The extremes of English eighteenth-century life appear in the movie—the hunt engaged in with savage gusto by the local gentry, the masked ball where London aristocrats glide in splendor through a minuet, Tom's journey from fresh rustic surroundings to the squalor of a London slum. Although the book is episodic, the movie attains a kind of flexible unity through the sustained commentary of the narrator and through Fielding's continuing satire which progresses—now obviously, now subtly—through the entire movie, creating integrity of theme and point of view.

No institution of eighteenth-century English society escapes Fielding's satiric examination. Both scholars and clergymen appear as hypocrites, pompous and often immoral. Fielding's landed gentry have defined their own rustic pleasures—more sensual than wholesome—which they pursue with dedicated abandon. Squire Western's dinner and his periodic excursions into haystacks capture the rough, vital flavor of the often uncouth English gentry. Injustice seems to characterize English justice as Fielding presents Tom on route to

the gallows, falsely accused by two known criminals.

The character of the lovable, rakish, impulsive Tom is played with a boisterous, even gleeful precision by Albert Finney. Hugh Griffith, as the eighteenth-century country squire Mr. Western, is wildly and appropriately loud and ribald while his daughter, Sophia, played by Susannah York, is gay and demure as a young English lady. Indeed, all the members of the cast of *Tom Jones* appear to enjoy their roles with a mirth equal to the laughter of their delighted audiences. Their naughty asides, telling winks, and Tom's pranks with the camera contribute to the immediacy of the movie.

Artistically executed, the movie *Tom Jones* re-presents the eighteenth-century world of Henry Fielding's novel with its bawdy laughter and its suffering, its human goodness and compassion, while never losing the wholeness of Fielding's artist's vision. *Tom Jones* is distinctive for its artistic dimension. It should be recommended to all as a pleasure—*Tom Jones* is fun.

Winifred Welch, '64

Yoknapatawpha County. Cleanth Brooks. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1963.

Any attempt to probe fully the vast fictitious world of Faulkner's Yoknapatawpha County must necessarily fall short of its goal. Yet Cleanth Brooks, in his attempt, has made one of the more scholarly examinations of the subject to date. A reading of Faulkner's novels concerning the mythical county is a prerequisite to comprehension of Brooks's analysis. One must likewise be familiar with (or make a firm resolution to acquaint himself with) at least half of the various literary, historical, and sociological references with which Brooks implements his probe.

Being a conscientious objector to the "symbol-mongering" and "sociologizing" prevalent in contemporary literary criticism, Brooks takes great care to substantiate his interpretations of Faulknerian symbols and their sociological impact. In a true formalistic approach

to criticism. Brooks tries to consider each of the fourteen novels as a work of art, rather than as a "case study" or "moral treatise." He suggests that in describing a world—Faulkner's world—there is no "inevitability;" yet, it is almost impossible for even the well-intentioned critic to avoid discussing the typical Faulknerian problems which have been examined, re-examined, and generally overworked by previous Faulkner critics. Brooks himself cannot avoid incorporating some sociological opinion. He states, for example, "Faulkner is writing fiction, not sociology or history . . ." but in the next sentence he writes, "Still, the picture of the yeoman farmer and the poor white that emerges is perfectly consonant with the findings recorded in Owsley's study (Plain Folk of the Old South)." Brooks has done well to support his allusions to earlier critical methods by scholarly documentation.

In this study there are some new paths into Faulknerian criticism. As rambling as some become, they afford us new views, interesting examples of "tradition and the individual talent" as well as fresh turns of thought. Sartoris, for example, is presented by Brooks as Faulkner's "Waste Land" ("southern exposure" of course). The Reivers is called a "sort of latter-day courtesy book," and The Mansion is aptly presented as Faulkner's "Revenge Tragedy."

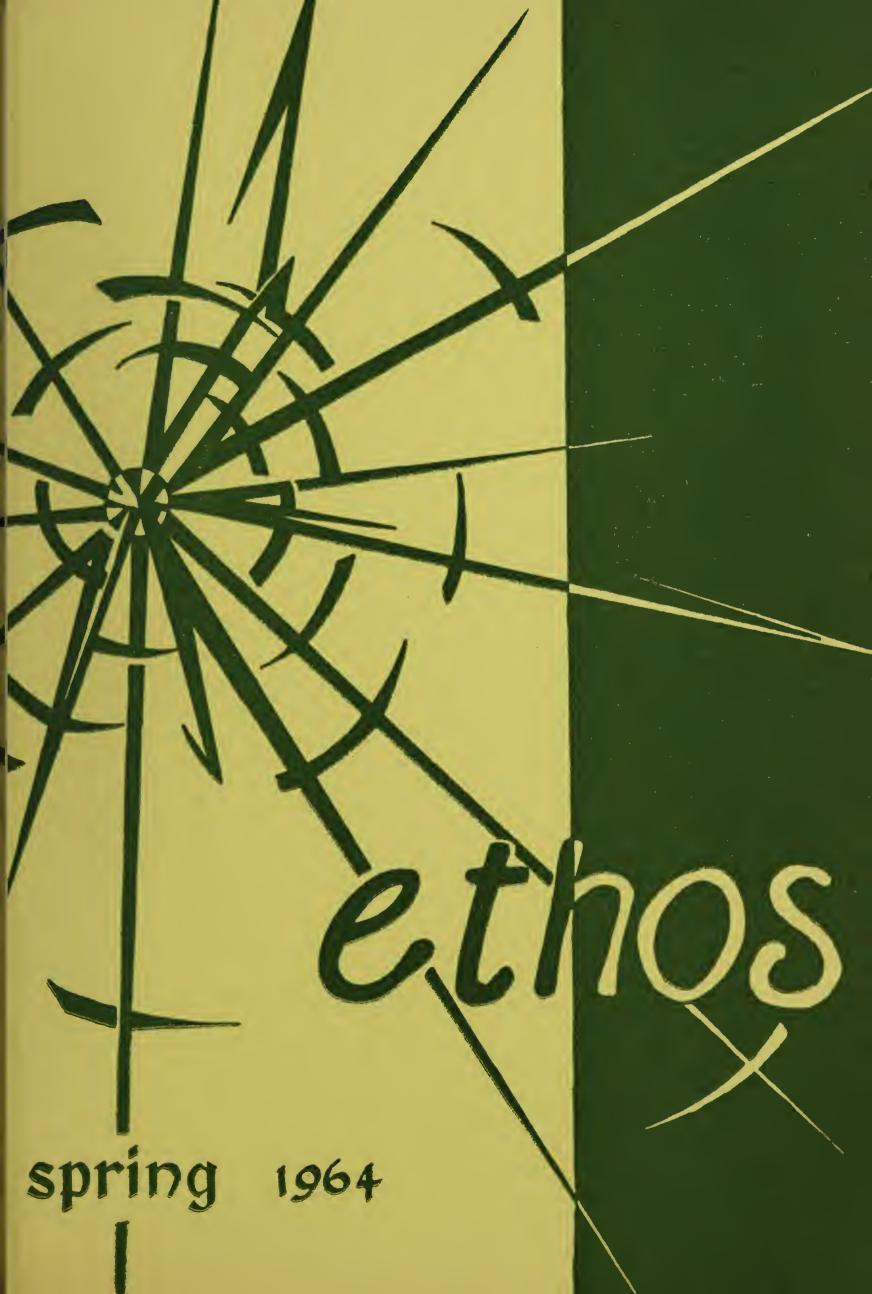
Avoiding an artificial chronological presentation of the novels, Brooks attempts to "feel" his way into the world of Yoknapatawpha County. Major Faulknerian themes such as decadence in the Old South, man's endurance, and the rise of Snopesism are well handled and evolve naturally. The book is not merely a collection of essays unified only by the situational unity of Yoknapatawpha County; rather, it is a thoughtful study unified by Brooks's progressive analysis of Faulkner's

vision of "the contrast between the old order and the new, and the pressures exerted upon various individuals and the shift from the past to the present."

A large section of the book, merely entitled "Notes," is a consideration of many separate topics concerning the novels or the author. Here, for example, are detailed references to background material, specific viewpoints of other critics, and discussions of particular symbolism and chronology. A few of his topics are: "The Stoicism of Wordsworth and Faulkner," "Faulkner's Debt to Hawthorne," "Joe Christmas as a Christ-Symbol," "Home-Made Coffins," "Mink Snopes' Religion," and "Patterns of Guilt and Innocence in The Sound and the Fury." Brooks's "Notes" alone afford an idea of the vast amount of material that Faulkner's Yoknapatawpha County offers for analysis. The thirty-five page Character Index, six pages of Genealogy Charts and, finally, a map of the fictitious area illustrate further the depth of Brooks's attempt to explore this famous county.

One may not agree with Brooks that Absalom, Absalom is Faulkner's greatest novel, or that Light in August is predominantly a "comedy," or that The Reivers represents the "full spectrum of Faulkner's social world," but one must grant that Brooks has made it easier for Faulknerian readers to appreciate the literary contours of the county and to characterize the nature of its inhabitants as representatives of the human condition. His scholarly literary background is readily apparent. A lengthy discussion of courtly love, innumerable literary references ranging from Greek plays to contemporary poetry, and many other valuable cross references to other critical studies only serve to enrich his presentation of Faulkner's cosmos.

Patricia Ward, '64





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"Reality . . . Made Articulate:" Symbol and Meaning in A Fable

Mary Alessi, '65

The concept of symbol as a principle of structure in the modern novel has had an interesting tenacity in contemporary critical theory and literary practice. Apparently, the modern artist, confronted with the limited visions of science and philosophy, has resorted to a pronounced use of symbolism to restate "eternal truths and verities" in the time-controlled present. The fruits of this often too-conscious emphasis, ambiguity and exaggeration, have considerably limited the effectiveness of the symbolic concept as a critical tool. Often it has been urbanely parodied in satires such as the eminently popular *The Pooh Perplex*.

This condition suggests that the concept needs some qualification before it can be accepted as a valid structural norm. Since its relevance depends on the nature of the individual artist's imaginative vision and the character of his peculiar expression, it certainly cannot be a universal or fundamental standard of judgment. Neither can it constitute a total definition of the novel's aesthetic force. It is, by its very nature, a subordinate and only occasionally useful tool of critical judgment.

There are instances, however, in which it is necessary and integral to a total consideration of a work. In a novel which is structurally dependent for its pattern and coherence on the supra-literal significance of its events which correspond meaningfully on all of their literal points to a higher reality, the concept of symbol provides a valid approach to the

total unity of the work. In addition, it may be used to discuss the richer complexity of the novel's referential areas. It enhances the moral pertinence of the artist's often veiled intent. William Faulkner's A Fable, containing as it does striking parallels to New Testament Revelation, is just such a novel. Here it is my purpose to present, through an investigation of the character delineations of this work, a partial illustration of the nature and form of a novel that can be validly judged in symbolic terms.

Centrally involved in issues greater than those explicated on the temporal and causal level of action, A Fable can be readily interpreted through the concept of symbol. As a clue to Faulkner's use, Mark Schorer's functional definition of symbol is relevant: "a large controlling image . . . which gives philosophic meaning to the facts of ordinary life, that is to say, which has an organizing value for experience." ("Technique and Discovery," The Hudson Review, 1948.) The moral symbolism of A Fable's situation and characterization orders the episodic structure of its narrative. It is the frame of reference through which Faulkner coordinates his themes of contemporary conflict. Through it, he proposes and seeks to illustrate man's capacity for faith in a world dominated by violence and evil.

In this respect, A Fable confronts the fundamental problems of the human condition. It is a story of moral dynamism and stasis in the lives of the individual characters and, more widely, in the world viewed as the or-

ganic community of all men. The Corporal is the main character in A Fable, the absolute center toward or from which all action proceeds. The Marshal is his antithesis, the inimical champion of mundane vision who finds his correlatives in General Gragnon, the Sentry-Groom, and the hostile soldiers. The Corporal is a synthesis of heroic vision and conviction. He symbolizes the personal victory of moral endurance as well as the salvific potential of man's essential value and dignity. In the novel, we can find a reinforcement of this theme in the masterful characterizations of the other figures. Through them we watch the slow and deliberate evocation of the theme, the necessity for a humanistically-based weltanschauung to shape and direct the ethical act.

The design of the novel arises naturally from this symbolic frame. In A Fable, Faulkner presents a di-level flow of time held in balance by his symbolic theme. Through this, he creates tensions by permitting a temporal flow of meaning out of the literal past and present against the current of symbolic events reflecting always the eternal present. Both levels of action in A Fable move into an area where they impinge and become inter-related. At this point, they are held suspended while the central situation, the mutiny and its aftermath, is widened and reflected from different angles by the characters involved. The situation remains static. It is the reader's understanding of Faulkner's people and of symbolic relevancies that deepens.

The Corporal, who stands at the center of the situation, is a character drawn with grave economy and concentration. Throughout the novel, he remains a shadowy, enigmatic figure. When he ceases to act, the witnesses assume his role as recorder and interpreter. He is first introduced when he and his squad are returned to Chaulnesmont under guard. Confronting the angry mob, he contemplates them with "a face merely interested, attentive, and calm, with something else in it which none of the others had: a comprehension, understanding, utterly free of compassion, as if he had already anticipated without censure or pity the uproar which rose. . . ." He is next presented with his squad at the last supper from which he goes to his encounter with the old

Marshal on a hill overlooking the town. In the meantime, however, most of his story is narrated by flashback technique or by readily evoked impressions strained through the sensibilities of other characters. From these accounts, he emerges as a simple peasant, a good farmer, a man with the power to touch the lives of other men. This narrative provides artistic preparation for his calm bearing and compassionate dialogue during the interview with his father. To the Generalissimo's argument that man is not worth dying for, he replies, "There are still ten," thinking of those left in the squad who had trusted and followed him. When the old Marshal begins, "Because man and his folly—" the Corporal adds proudly, "Will endure." Believing in humility, pity, and sufferance, he chooses death, the only gift he can accept from the earthly father.

The old Marshal, set in opposition to the Corporal, possesses an air of mortal sadness, pride, and tragic grandeur. Born to the power of wealth and position, he, like the didactic witness in Ecclesiastes, has come to believe in the vanity of all things human. In the interview on the lonely hill he speaks with the voice of mundane wisdom and authority, for as he acknowledges to the Corporal, "We are two articulations, self-elected possibly . . . anyway postulated, not so much to defend as to test two inimical conditions. . . . I champion this mundane earth which, whether I like it or not, is. . . . You champion an esoteric realm of man's baseless hope and his infinite capacity—no: passion—for unfact."

His contention is that man, because of his "triumphant and ineradicable folly, his deathless passion for being led, mystified, deceived," will prevail over all disaster and change. After the son has rejected all offers of liberty, earthly power, and life, the old Marshal makes his proudest boast: "I don't fear man. I do better: I respect and admire him. And pride: I am ten times prouder of that immortality which he does possess than ever he of the heavenly one of his delusion."

The fact that the Corporal says, "Good-bye, Father," as he and the old Marshal part at the prison gate, has sometimes been interpreted as a symbolic identification of the Generalissimo with the harsh God of Old Testament Revelation. The passage just quoted, however, would seem to refute this view. It is significant, perhaps, that the old Marshal, General Gragnon, and the Sentry-Groom are orphans—cut off, that is, from knowledge of the Father. The three make symbolic quests into the desert or to the mountain, but in each instance, the vision is denied them. They must endure their human condition without divine intercession or aid. Seen in this context, the old Marshal symbolizes man still earthbound by the limitations of his own dual nature.

Another protagonist-antagonist relationship develops between the Generalissimo and the sickly Quartermaster General. Believing that the Marshal as a young man had renounced the world, the Quartermaster General has borne witness to his stature as a leader elected to redeem man. He has defined himself as the forerunner, the prophet, whose personal worth is identified and consonant with that of the Marshal. So deeply has he internalized this unity of identification that, when he becomes aware of the Marshal's susceptibility to infidelities common to all men, he renounces not only his rank but his singularity as well. In one of the most eloquent passages in the novel the Quartermaster General reveals the bitter chagrin which the recognition has created. In a sharply ironic assessment, he presents his view of human society: "Rapacity does not fail, else man must deny he breathes. Not rapacity: its whole vast and glorious history repudiates that . . . but all governments and nations which ever rose and endured long enough to leave their mark as such, had sprung from it . . . civilization itself is its password and Christianity its masterpiece."

The sinister Sentry-Groom, "fatherless, wifeless, sterile," symbolizes the rapacious and instinctive in human nature. During his wanderings in the American South he is baptized by the unchurched Negro preacher who is his companion in theft, and he is initiated into the Masons. But his acceptance of the fatherhood of God and the fraternity of men brings him only the recognition of man's tragic condition; he is reborn to cynicism and desperation. For him war becomes a chance to profit from a private money-lending insurance business he operates among the common soldiers. Significantly, he dies at the point of the Eng-

lish Runner's gun in the artillery barrage that destroys the British and German troops who leave their trenches in a gesture of brotherhood.

The Runner carries the hope of the Corporal's mission. Once an officer, but later rejecting man's unquestioned submission to authority and the brutalizing degradation of war, he had committed a symbolic act which reduced him to the ranks. He accepts the Negro preacher's insight that the Sentry-Groom rejects: "Evil is part of man, evil and sin and cowardice, the same as repentance and being brave. . . ." For him, the false armistice symbolizes man's renewal and restoration to dignity and order. The epithets he shouts at the dead Marshal's coffin symbolize the vindication of the Corporal's mission which he has achieved. The closing brings together significantly, the old prophet and the younger apostle: the battered, bleeding Runner assures the Quartermaster General, "I'm not going to die. Never." Thus, the novel ends with an affirmation of man's capacity for suffering and endurance which is the hope of his salvation.

Faulkner additionally imparts a symbolic significance to his immediate subject, war. In A Fable, war is the "primordial fault" in human relations, the ultimate symptom of man dispossessed, of nature violated, of tradition corrupted and betrayed. It is further, as the old Marshal tells the Corporal, "a vice so long ingrained in man as to have become an honorable tenet of his behavior and the national altar for his love of bloodshed and glorious sacrifice." That is, its burden of guilt, often repeated, long endured, has become a device of innocence. As Faulkner sees it, it helps to define the issues of a deeper conflict between those who collaborate with history, which is in the novel the image of evil, and those who fight against it. While asserting, through the novel's thematic force, the natural validity of the ethic of non-resistance, Faulkner also carefully examines the nature of authority and its sanctions. But his meaning, conveyed by the symbolic significance of the dead generals, the young airman, the Corporal, the suicide priest, the crippled Runner, the barbed wire of the prison compound, is plainly revealed: in war all men are crucified.

Despite the perfection of this symbolic

framework, its very pattern and intensity occasionally create defects that strain at A Fable's structure and its texture of style. In typical Faulknerian style, the novel contains a host of witnesses who not only describe events, but also seek to penetrate their mystery. Because of this, the novel excludes much that the concrete presentation of life in fiction demands. The characters' habit of philosophizing, or seeming to philosophize, reduces some of his best scenes to a flow of verbal revery. In A Fable, there are passages that reveal little more than a furious effort to uncover the moral and symbolic significance with which his material is charged.

Ultimately, however, because of its multiple meanings, A Fable communicates a sense of felt life, a view of experience governed less by the reality of things than by rightness of vision; and it seems likely to stand in spite of, or possibly because of, its flaws. Since it is central to an understanding of Faulkner's work, critics must eventually come to terms with it. Thus far, criticism has barely skimmed its surface. For a long time to come its bewildering cross-references of images and symbols embodied in character and in structural and rhetorical functions will provide opportunities for further investigation.

sermon on cinnamon

I know a man who knows what he must have: Long loaves of buttered bread and cinnamon To spice the dough of bland monotony And shield him from the world of sinning men.

A gentle sprinkling of cinnamon is not So potent as a sneaking pinch of snuff Nor so wanton as a mellow whiskey keg, But 'twill serve for him and us, it is enough.

To prove his pure and perfect moderation He wraps his buttered loaves in cellophane That crinkles loud, but keeps no secrets in— And only shelters like a window pane.

No pompous ghosts pursue this little man To fill him with their own atomic dread While calmly he unpacks his luncheon pail And calmly eats his sweetened daily bread.

A PLACE

TO GET

WARM

Elaine McQueen, '65



Mitch slammed the door behind him and let his body slide against the wall. It was dark on the stairway, but he could find his way. He sniffed the stale air and the mingled odors of beer and cabbage and kids and plaster floated up his nostrils. But he didn't care about that either.

"—and for God's sake come right home after school. There's a lot you can do around here for me, you know—think all you gotta do is play while I slave for you. Well, that ain't the way it is!"

His mother's voice sounded its raucous tone through the closed door. She always yelled.

"Hell!" he spat the inaudible word through his teeth. "Go to hell!"

He slipped his foot onto the next worn step, still leaning against the wall—and then another and another, with each step knocking some of the lime-colored plaster down the stairs until he reached the bottom. The door was half-open and drops of rain were forming a puddle just inside the threshold.

"Maybe it'll wash the whole damn place away," he thought, and smiled to himself.

Outside the rain was splashing against the

barrels lined along the street, and drivers leaned on their horns in frantic efforts to speed traffic.

"You'd better hurry up there, Mitchell," old Mrs. Sadowski reprimanded as she pulled her plants in from a first floor window sill. "I know all about you and the way you skip school. Well, it's no good, I'll tell you, what you brats do nowadays. And if you're not in school, you can bet I'll report you to that truant officer—just no good, that's all!"

Mitch looked at her and stood deliberately pulling his collar up to his ears. Then he smiled, slowly and pityingly, and started walking down the street.

"What makes them all think they can tell me what to do," he frowned. "Well, they're not going to. I'm damn sick of 'do this,' 'do that'— I'll do what I want. God, just 'cause you're a kid you gotta do what everyone says. And they're so dumb, just like to push others around, and so they pick on kids. 'Go to school,' 'go home'—hell!"

He walked on for another couple of blocks watching the rain slap the old buildings leaning one against another for support. He was getting wet himself now and could feel his clothes gradually being plastered against his body, his thin young boy's body. There was an alley not far off, a dark alley that led between the buildings into a space behind and then out through two other buildings onto the next street. He turned into it and moved close to the wall where it was still dry.

Out back, he stood peering up at the old porches, each one slanting just a bit away from the building. There was no one here now, all the kids were in their houses because of the rain, and none of the women would even be hanging clothes in this weather. He moved up a few steps and found a nice dry spot under a flight of stairs.

Slumped against the wall, he felt cold and kind of wished there was someplace to get warm. "But I won't go to school," he heard himself say. "I won't do it for them. What good is it anyway? Those dumb teachers don't know anything that really counts. All they want to do is bully guys like me around. Well, if they want to bully me around they can come and get me—I'm not going to them."

He reached out then, grabbed a handful of pebbles and placed them carefully in the little pocket his jacket made across his chest. Then he took them one by one and skimmed them across the yard and into the puddles. When he leaned his head back he could see all the windows hung with old, dirty curtains peering back at him, watching him. He thought of all the people behind them: the cranky women, the screaming kids, the hung-over men. But they were warm, at least—as if they deserved it more than he did. He shivered.

While he sat there motionless, a kitten moved close and stared at his little figure, alone and wet. Mitch turned his head and stared back. It was a fairly good cat, he decided, probably do a good job on mice. And then he laughed looking at the skinny animal with the grey fur matted against its body. It was funny and sad—he probably looked just like that cat. And no one really cared about either of them.

"Hey there, you, kid. What are you doin' here? This ain't where you belong. And why the hell aren't you in school?"

The voice was a middle-aged man wearing faded denim coveralls beneath an open plastic

raincoat. Holding his burned out cigar in one hand, he strode toward Mitch. And the boy just looked at him, didn't even attempt to move. He didn't care.

"Oh, I get it," the voice continued, "decided to skip today, huh. Well, that's a fool thing to do in this weather. Tell you what, though, I'll give you a break and won't turn you in, but for God's sake get on home and into some dry clothes. Anyone home, your mother or anyone?"

"Yeh."

"Well, tell her you got sick and they sent you home. You probably will get sick from being out in this anyway. Look at you. You look like a drowned rat. Now, go on, get home."

Mitch got to his feet and looked up at the man. "Thanks," he said, and almost meant it, too.

Back on the sidewalk he peered at the dim basement stores and tried to decide what to do. About half a block away, on the other side of the street, hung a sign that caught his attention. It was a kind of dirty white with just one word printed in red letters. Hanging from an iron bar over the door, it moved slowly back and forth, pushed like a swing by the wind. It read, quite simply, "Pool."

That was the kind of place you could get warm in, and guys wouldn't care if you were supposed to be in school. And if they were drunk, you might even get some money or something to eat. He huddled in the corner of the alley until he was sure there were no cars coming. And then he ran. Ran across the street and down the sidewalk, all the time splashing the cold, muddy puddles up his legs. Down the six steps he leaned against the doorway and tried to control his breathing. He didn't want to be noticed. Finally he pushed the door open and stepped inside.

Inside there was a rack covering one wall, several tables set up at odd angles, and old, hard chairs strewn casually wherever the patrons had left them. Several men were gathered around the two tables nearest the back, shooting balls and laughing at each other's jokes. Over in one corner a guy slept, sitting in one chair and leaning his head forward against another. The noise didn't seem to bother him any.

Mitch walked slowly along the right wall until he was close enough to watch the games, but not too close. He slid onto a chair, bent forward a little and hugged his body for warmth. No one seemed to notice him.

After about twenty minutes one of the players looked over and spotted him huddled on his perch. He nudged the man beside him and

they both stopped and stared.

"Hey, kid, how'd you get in here?" the first man asked. He was pretty old and wore a sleeveless sweater over a gray short-sleeved shirt. He was going pretty bald, fat and bald, Mitch thought, as he noticed the rounded stomach and the flabby arms.

"The door was open, and so I just came in,"

he replied.

"Don't you know kids aren't suppose to be in here? What do you think we run here, a nursery school?" This was the other man, older, thinner, and peering near-sightedly

through heavy glasses.

"Oh, leave him alone," the first interrupted. "He ain't done no harm." And then looking at Mitch, he continued, "Sorry, kid, but you'll have to leave, that's the rules of the place. Hate to put you out in the rain and all that, but what're we goin' t'do? That's the rules. Look, why don't you go home where it's warm and dry, like a good kid."

"Yeh, okey, I will." Mitch slid back onto the floor and dragged his body out the door.

Back on the steps, he grumbled, "Hell! 'Go home where it's nice and warm'—that's a laugh! Home where your mother yells at you and fights with your father—that's more like it. 'Be a good kid,' 'do this,' 'go here,'—oh, damn, damn, damn! I'll show them all someday."

The rain spattered on the asphalt and swirled down the gutter as he stepped back onto the sidewalk. Now where could he go? His short stay in the heated room made the rain and wind seem even colder. But he wouldn't go home. He wouldn't. Probably that guy had already been there checking on why he wasn't in school. Oh, how he hated that man! He was big and strong so somebody had made him a truant officer. Big and strong and dumb. He just liked to bully little kids.

Once Mitch had heard the guy talking to his mother. He had hidden in the old shed off the hallway where everyone on the floor stored their junk. He hadn't even breathed enough to be heard, just leaned back against some old furniture and closed his eyes and listened.

"Now listen, ma'am," that guy had said, "we know you're covering for your son. And it's not doing anyone any good, can't you see that? Look, your boy needs an education, every kid does nowadays."

"Well, you listen to me, Mister," his mother had replied, "he's my son and I'm bringing him up, and you or nobody else ain't goin' to tell me how t'do it. I know he's a brat—he won't even listen to me sometimes—but you show me a kid his age that don't act the same. If you ask me, it's what they teach them in your schools."

"But, Mrs. Scately, we've tested Mitch and

he's not just going through a phase."

The guy had been almost pleading, Mitch thought, and nearly laughed. But he had known his mother wouldn't give in, she'd just blame the school.

"We have reason to believe Mitch needs a little extra help. . . ." The fellow had gone on.

"You trying to say my boy's no good, that he's stupid or something, Mister? Is that what you're trying to tell me?" He had known his mother was getting mad.

"Now wait a minute, Mrs. Scately, Mitch is a very bright boy. I only said Mitch needs a little extra guidance. Our trained people can help him but we need your co-operation. Before it's too late we can help make things a lot better with Mitch at home, too."

But his mother had let him have it, "Well, I ain't got time for all your talk and there's nothing wrong with my boy. Mitch is a good boy, he's just at that age and you people had better let him alone. You ain't going to try

any gimmicks on my son!"

And then she had slammed the door. Mitch still stood in the darkness, smiling while the officer rapped on the door again. He had known his mother wouldn't reopen it. Not that she really cared, he knew she didn't but she'd always defend him. More for herself than him, he knew, but, anyway, he could count on it. It was funny. Probably happened today, too. He'd show them how much he cared for their stupid rules.

But now, where to go? He looked up and down the street and finally decided to head away from where he had been—there was nothing there anyway. He started walking and then broke into a run. It was much easier to run in the rain; it didn't feel nearly so wet and cold. But after about three blocks of running he could hardly breathe. There was a knot in his throat that ached each time he inhaled and his whole body shook when he let the air back out of his lungs. He couldn't go much further. He stopped and looked up at the door of an old apartment building.

"No trespassing," he read, "Building condemned by Department of Health. Anyone found on these premises subject to full punishment according to law."

He smiled and reread the sign. Then he walked up the wooden stairs. Inside it was dark and dirty and cold. But it was also dry. There didn't seem to be any sense in exploring the whole place—upstairs would be the same as here: four doors leading off the hall, a stairway on the left. He turned the knob of the first door on his left and swung it open. The walls were covered with faded yellow paper and one shade hung lopsided on a window facing the street. The other window had been smashed by a rock now lying against the further wall. A single light socket in the middle of the ceiling sheltered a spider hanging idly on the end of his web. Off the right hand wall two doors led to the kitchen and the bathroom. Mitch stepped into the room and looked around. There was very little here. In one corner was a pile of rags, now half chewed by rats. Out in the kitchen several old bottles rested on a counter and a book of matches lay in the rust-corroded sink. Mitch picked up the matches and walked back into the other room. He was still very cold.

He sat down and leaned against a wall, staring all the time at the book of matches. Then he struck one, just to see if they'd light, and let it burn until it almost reached his fingers. He flung it away and watched it bounce off the other wall and fall dead to the floor. Then he got up and walked to the pile of rags. He was very cold.

The fire spread rapidly through the pile, and it was very warm and comfortable. Mitch stood before it completely entranced. And then it burned itself out leaving only ashes and a charred wall, and the cold returned. He turned away and walked back into the hall. On the chairs were piled old newspapers and some dirty brown bags. Mitch walked over and dropped one flaming match. The papers began to burn, and the fire started skipping up the stairs. For a minute he tried to stamp it out, but it moved too fast.

"Oh, too damn bad anyway," he muttered. "I don't care. Let the stupid authorities worry about it, it's their problem, not mine."

He turned and walked back through the hall and out the door, closing it very carefully behind him. And then down the old stairs and back into the rain. He stopped on the sidewalk and stretched his foot down into the swirling waters of the gutter. Glancing back at the door, he could see no smoke, but he knew the fire was growing inside the old building. Soon it would be seen. He might as well go home, he decided. It was late and he was hungry now, and this was no place to be found

About thirty minutes later he slid his body along the lime-colored wall and then through the doorway and into the kitchen. His mother was waiting for him.

"Oh, so here you are, come crawling back, huh? Well, you listen to me. I'm sick of you skipping school and I ain't goin' to hide you no more. That truant man was here today and I told him you were sick in bed—but that's your last chance, you hear? If it happens again I won't care what they do to you. Now go empty that rubbish and get some coal for the stove. People could freeze to death around here for all you'd care!"

"Yeh, o.k.," he answered.

After supper Mitch lay in bed listening to his mother and the old lady from across the hall talking in the kitchen.

"It was some old building up on Murdock Street, they told me. Burned practically right to the ground, Anna. The authorities figure whoever this old guy was, he probably tried to build a fire to get warm. Well, he got warm, I'll tell you. They don't even know how they'll identify the body."

Mitch frowned, then smiled slowly and lay back in his bed, "The authorities, hell! A lot they know!"

John Gielgud's Production of Hamlet

Florence Patti, '65

Every century the English-speaking world re-evaluates its greatest playwright in terms of the problems and values of the day. In 1764, the first century after Shakespeare's death, his anniversary went unnoticed as Restoration society focused its attention on the novelty of English actresses appearing for the first time on the stage. The eighteenth century, under the leadership of David Garrick, re-wrote Shakespeare to make his plays vehicles whereby the leading actors might exhibit their skill. The Victorian age concentrated on the rich, round tones achieved from Shakespeare's poetry. Now, in this 400th anniversary year, the twentieth century is taking its place in Shakespearean annals with productions of the Bard's plays that manifest a return to the natural simplicity of Elizabethan staging.

Of all the plays, Hamlet has suffered from the "unkindest cut of all." Until Maurice Evans amazed New York in 1937, this country had never seen an uncut production of Hamlet. The entire Hamlet (called the "eternity" Hamlet by theatre wits), now dominates the stage. In honor of this Shakespearean anniversary, the two great Hamlets of this generation, Sir John Gielgud and Sir Laurence Olivier, have directed the play with the two top young actors, Richard Burton and Peter O'Toole. Olivier and O'Toole have combined to produce a strictly traditional Hamlet-no Freudian overtones, no Ruritanian costumesfor the opening of the British National Theatre. Gielgud and Burton are retaliating with an unconventional production in this country.

Their approach is based on a remark of Sir John's that playing Hamlet is like a continuous rehearsal. One can never achieve perfection in the role and so the interpretation changes nightly. To present this idea visually, the production is staged in "rehearsal clothes." These are not, as it may seem at first, anything the actors happen to feel comfortable in. The clothes worn are designed for a certain effect. The audience, ideally, will associate each character with his "costume" and immediately recognize each one when present on stage. Hamlet's costume is the most effective; he wears a simple black sweater and trousers, setting the mood for the melancholy prince. The men, for the most part, are in suits, with the women in long, casual skirts. It may be only an illusion, but Rosencranz and Guildenstern, those two characters who have no personality except as a pair, seem to be wearing half of each other's costume. One wears gray trousers with a green jacket; the other, green trousers with a gray jacket. This could be a commentary by Sir John on the fact that no one can ever tell the two men apart.

There have been interesting interpretations of some lines in the text. As Hamlet has his companions swear to keep secrecy concerning the ghost, he suddenly gets a fit of "mad" laughter as the ghost solemnly echoes "Swear!" He continues in this humorous vein with the line, "Well said, old mole." This interpretation is based on a recent discovery that "old mole" was the Elizabethan equivalent of "old Nick," or, the devil. Therefore in this scene Hamlet is wittily saying that perhaps the ghost is really the devil tempting him. The laughter has another purpose, too, for it seems to be the beginnings of conventional madness to

Horatio, Bernardo, and Marcellus. The scene is alternately played without the laughter depending on the audience's reception of the play. If an audience seems to be awed by Shakespeare, the scene is done "straight." However, if Mr. Burton feels the audience is sharp and in tune with the production, he plays the scene with mad laughter.

A touch from the original Gielgud Hamlet is present as the prince leaves for England. He greets Claudius with "My mother." Claudius reminds Hamlet that he is his step-father, but Hamlet replies, "Man and wife is one flesh, and so, my mother." In this production, Mr. Burton, again in a burst of wit, jumps up on the platform where Claudius is standing and kisses him on the cheek as he first says, "My mother." At the conclusion of his statement, ". . . and so, my mother," he playfully blows a kiss to the king. This same action was first used by Gielgud thirty years ago, and it is just as fresh and amusing today.

Sir John states in the program that without elaborate costumes to take the attention away from the play, the audience can now concentrate fully on the beauty that is Shakespeare's verse. This is a worthy endeavor, but somewhere between Sir John's brain and Toronto, the idea became distorted. In a television interview with Elliot Norton, Richard Burton pointed out that all the speeches are purposely flattened to make the play more alive for the audience. He said that as beautiful as Shakespeare's verse may be when read poetically, three hours of such reading would put the audience to sleep. Fortunately for this production and Sir John's idea, Mr. Burton speaks even flattened verse with a voice that has a music all its own. It is a pity that the remainder of the cast cannot duplicate his vocal range. Hume Cronyn makes Polonius a rather clever courtier who loves to talk, not the doddering old fool seen in many standard productions. But with Mr. Cronyn excepted, there is no one who seems capable of handling Shakespearean verse without making it sound like the parody in Beyond the Fringe.

This is the third time that Richard Burton has played Hamlet. His first Hamlet, with the old Vic, broke all records for the number of performances and earned for Burton a place in theatrical history as the successor to Gielgud and Olivier. The present *Hamlet* is not likely to break any records, but the same dynamism, the same brilliance that was hailed in Burton's original performance is present here. He stands apart from the remainder of the cast, superior to those around him, and so in this production Hamlet is alone and above the other characters.

national madness

Christine Wroblewski, '65

Now that the season of national madness is upon us again, I suppose I'll have to begin getting in shape for it. Don't misunderstand, I like baseball. I object to the training period before the season is fully under way. I usually begin by getting up before dawn, when I practice my five-mile-hike-a-day routine. Having perfected that part of it, I pick up the elbow-jabbing exercises an expert showed me. What's that? Oh no! I'm not a player, I'm a spectator.

I don't suppose the players realize that the fans go through spring training too. I'll admit that I never knew it until I became a fan. I blissfully ignored the facts and thought that all one had to do was to go to the games and cheer. I got a rude awakening about the "spectator sport."

For instance, there is an unwritten law, never broken in the memory of man, ruling that baseball games may be played on only two kinds of days. One is the broiling hot one which first tricks me into my warm clothing, and the other is the day the stray monsoon strikes. Of course, *that* is the day I wear my only

nondrip-dry outfit and I somehow look like a soggy army blanket; I even smell like a soggy army blanket.

I get up at 5:30 a.m. to make a 1:30 p.m. game on time. On lucky days I find the nearest parking space—only two miles away! Staggering up to the stadium I stand in line for three hours to buy a ticket for a seat exactly half-way, by either direction, around a stadium that seats 50,000 people. Unfortunately, I am number 50,001. Sometimes, nevertheless, I find a seat. The reason it's empty is simple enough, it's either blistering hot from the sun or cold and damp as a tomb from the rain.

Having settled myself, I discover that my very life hangs on getting a drink of water. It does not take long to realize that the drinking fountain lies a full half mile away. When I get there, the trickle of water would hardly dampen an amoeba—provided of course that someone remembered to install water fountains.

The games usually start early, only an hour late. As the last strains of the national anthem die out, my seat has been known to disappear between a 300 pound lumberjack on the right and a 250 pound lady wrestler on the left.

When the pitcher is through adjusting his cap, wiping his hands, pounding the ball into the glove, hitching up his pants, scraping his cleats in the dust, adjusting his cap, watching for the signal, refusing it, warming up—the first inning begins. Some people get really excited. The sweet grandmotherly type who always sits behind me punctures my rib cage with her umbrella or smashes my hat with her fielder's glove. Even when she misses the umpire and crowns me with her coke bottle I don't mind. But, when Grandma easily catches the homerun I missed by a mile, I cash in my chips and call it a day.

My friends sometimes laugh at me behind my back and call me "chicken" because I do not ever quite manage to stick out a full season; but I value life and limb above a perfect attendance record. I did once manage to survive a full season. Everyone was most kind. The pastor used to come to my bedside on Sunday afternoon and repeat the sermon I missed in the morning. Aunt Martha insisted I eat the strawberry jam she sent. The hives cleared up in about a week. My friends read the paper to me in the evening—the sports pages naturally.

Well, it's been nice passing time, but I'm behind on my exercise schedule. Excuse me. One, two, three. One, two, three.

a time to marry

"I'll be a winter bride," she said.

and I could see
a crown of snowdrops in her hair;
could see
a sky of clearest blue
surround her . . .

"And when I come," she said,

"He will be there,"

and I could see

his face grow bright;

like winter mornings waking

still and strong . . .

Linda McCarriston, '65

ain't no use

your cryin'

Diane Allenberg, '64

One o'clock . . . they'll be comin' home soon . . . Paw won't like it with the Baby cryin' and all. I gotta get her some fillin', gotta make her keep still . . . See if I can't get some water first. They'll be thirsty travellin' up the road . . . It's stinkin' hot—sun's right high now.

Oh, Baby, quiet your cryin' won't ya? It ain't no use your cryin'. Only makes ya hotter an' dry. Ain't no use your cryin' just like it ain't no use me fussin' at ya.

It's hard walkin' now. Bound to get harder too, and the path don't help none either. Joad use to keep it some . . . can still see his crocuses . . . they're only weeds now . . . shame no one to take care of 'em . . . The well's cool. Feels good with the sweet smellin' water snuffin' out the heat. Don't hear nothin' . . . there's only the smellin' and the coolness . . . real nice.

I gotta take the medicine soon . . . It won't be no good waitin'. Sooner the better, Madie said . . . Good friend, Madie is . . . Lots of other folks askin' and her savin' it for me . . . Last one I got, she says. Savin' it for my good friend Melanie—that's what she said when she gived me the pill . . . Funny, little thing like that can stop a baby. . . .

I oughtn't to be walkin' so much. Feet gettin' swelled up . . . This heat don't help much either. It's too hot . . . hot for meltin' and destroyin'—like with the wheat . . . Can't blame the Baby . . . must be uncomfortable for her . . . Paw'll hear cryin' half ways up the road, though. Pity, him workin' so hard in the heat, then havin' to listen to her wailin' like that. . . .

a good time once . . . when me an' Danny was first startin' to court an' he use to have the buckboard. We'd set in the dogcart, high and proud-like—me with my pretty pink parasol an' him with his Boston cigar . . . Folks use to look at us then. They'd stop smack in the middle of the road and look at Danny and me . . . We was a real handsome couple—right good lookin' to see. . . .

There's no use my haulin' too much water drought'll be along soon—no use wastin' now. But Paw and Lennie, they gotta have plenty ... plenty ... funny word ... they can remember how it was before the bad year, before folks started comin' in with their cotton, crushin' us and tellin' us it's time for movin'. Land no good anymore for the wheat, they says to Paw. Well, it use to be good . . . kinder like . . . givin' back to us for some of the sweat . . . But wheat's no good now with the cotton and the dry land . . . Sometimes— I don't know but it mighta been better to them folks . . . Poor Paw . . . he keeps hopin' . . . Ain't no use wreckin' his dreams. . . . Then all the kids.

They just kept comin'. There ain't much we could done—shouldn't a had 'em, but he needed me then . . . Ain't but a woman's duty, Maw use to say . . . Ain't no one can say I didn't do the duty. Ain't no one. . . .

Come's a tellin' time, though—a time for understandin' and for knowin'. But who's to understand? Who's to look at us and know what was good for us and what wasn't if it ain't me? No one would understand. Paw'd only say God'll be a'watchin'. But tain't so. The other six is born and five left tryin' to grow, but ain't no God watchin' them . . . Ain't no God nowheres in this squallin' earth . . . Their bellies ain't full and their tools all rusty with the earth suckin' like young ones on 'em.

The Baby's stopped her cryin'. Mirabelle must've gone in with her . . . Need a boy here



with me. This jug here's too heavy—like the earth's dry and it keeps pullin' at the water, pullin' away from me. It won't get it. It ain't gonna take away nothin' anymore. . . .

I gotta take the medicine. Ain't makin' no mistake . . . I'll take it now before they all

get home. Not long now. . . .

Darn screen . . . Need a boy here with me for fixin'. All them flies swarmin' in . . . Better tell Mirabelle to get the net on the Baby. Them bugs'll eat her to pieces. . . .

That girl's as slow as pickin' cotton in July. Sometimes I don't think they got any smarts at all. Pity on 'em . . . Livin' and bleatin' in a darkness they can't even understand . . . pity on 'em . . . ain't always been so . . . Cursed wheat like it know'd we was dependin' on it and it actin' outta spite. Ain't nothin' you can do about it neither . . . just the waitin' and the prayin' . . . just the standin' in the fields with the wheat blowin' and wavin' and you just standin' like ain't nothin' gonna change. It ain't no use arguin' with the Lord. Sure is He won't change His plans nohow.

Now lookit that . . . I told Mirabelle to set out the places for dinner. Paw won't want to wait. No use her pokin' . . . There ain't much to get, but they won't want no waitin' . . . Can't blame folks for gettin' ornery when they

can't eat on time . . . Paw 'specially.

S'pose I better get the meat out . . . Sure wish Jane was home with me. She's more help'n a hundred Mirabelles. Just her bein' moody now and then was a bother. Sulky—like her brother Joad was sometimes . . . too bad Joad had to die . . . earth keeps swallowin' up the good things. . . .

Meat's rottin'. Stinkin' heat . . . Wasn't much of it and it's rottin' anyway. There won't be nothin' for supper now . . . We use to have plenty. Plenty of food and everything. Paw use to come home happy then. Why, he always use to laugh . . . had a laugh big enough for a man twice his size . . . now lookit him. . . .

There's him comin' up now—real slim . . . An' I don't have the dinner set. Lennie's with him. I can see them both from the window here . . . Where's that Mirabelle? Silly woman, you are, Melanie Davis—fixin' your hair for Paw. Silly as an elephant in a gopher hole, you ole woman. . . .

it down before they come up . . . I ain't makin' no mistake. Ain't no one gonna know, except Madie . . . Good friend Madie is—helpin' me all them other times. They all woulda gone with the fever 'cept for her. Folks round here are mighty lucky to have her. . . .

Their water cups is ready . . . Janie and Lou'll be right along. Wonder they ain't here already . . . It's a good thing Mr. Murdock needed someone, for pickin' his cotton. Really ain't no work for young ones, but we all gotta live. Janie and Lou, they gotta help too . . . Funny, though, us livin' on some of the same land that's killin' us—funny how it is.

... Sweet tastin' pill ... ain't hard to swallow—can swallow pride and saddenin' and sin—everything all at once—ain't hard ... Doc Mac tellin' me no troublin'! Just because the rest of 'em's been easy ... His mistake is he don't know where the troublin' begins. Don't know one but me see where the hurtin' and the troublin' is. Not even Madie really sees—even if she gived me the pill. ...

There's Janie and Lou now. Poor Janie. She must be plumb tuckered. Lookit her tryin' to poke Lou . . . Pity her so tired and him squattin' in the dust on her. . . .

. . . It ain't fair—ain't fair to any of 'em. They not gonna be like their Paw. It's a pity him tryin' so hard and learnin' nothin' . . . gettin' older all the time with nothin' to show for it . . . but they'll be different. They's all

goin' to school it the crop's good. Paw promised and his word's as good as tar stickin' to tree molasses . . .

spoilin' it. Everybody's gotta have some dreams. Those is good kids we got. Never had but one whippin' in this house . . . ugly thing —whippin' is. Man hittin' against same flesh as comes off a him . . . Shame . . . those is good kids . . . Won't be fair not to have 'em turn out better'n us.

Now I'm feelin' different—like all the bad emptyin' outta me. . . Lookit Paw, lookit him starin' at me, like he knowed what I'd done. Thinkin' I'm not lookin' so good, he is. Thinkin' I shouldn't be out in the heat . . . I can read Paw pretty good now . . . I gotta get the dinner. Gotta make sure the rest of 'em's fed. . . . We all gonna be dead soon. . . .

It's hotter'n hell today . . . No use frettin' . . . what's done's done . . . It wouldn't a wanna live; livin's for humans . . . Can't stand no more animals.

down but the Baby's cryin' . . .

Where's that Mirabelle . . . ?

QUARTET IN COUNTERPOINT

ONCE WE WERE STRANGERS . . .

I remember well the summer of expectancy When we rode the desert of Arabia to that long grey beach in the vineyard.

Warmth went out that day, in the summer greened Our eyes met and warmth went out.

I did not know you then, nor did we speak Everything was said and we could not take it back.

"Guard your expression; do not give yourself away"
But surf splashed in on us that night
and hid us in the dark.

Your presence beat louder; your invitation stronger. "No, don't go just yet"—
you knew me then.

I knew you then in the summer of unexpected hope I did not know you though nor do I know you now.

DUET FOR THREE

"Do you know the king? It's rumored he is here—"

"Have you seen him? What has he to do with us?"

"They say he loves our rags
It seems a strange thing to love though—"

"But what has that to do with *us*? Why has he come—to love our rags? To tell us we are poor and badly shod? What kind of love is condescension?"

"I saw him in the market place today. He seems like one of us. He was not dressed in purple or in scarlet. Rags become him, strangely so. I could not get near—children crowded so—so I became a child and he took my hand."

"What kind of love is this—it's easy to love a child."

"I saw him in the market place today. His eyes betrayed alluring love. He touched me. I saw peace; I heard it's stillness. I saw the king. He looked like one of us. But his look was not like our's.

Have you seen him? Do you know the king?

When he touches you, we'll be one."

ENTRANCE OBSCURE

I have been knocking at the door
—my hand is sore—
I faintly heard a voice
within I could not recognize
I feel an oasis dusk-ward
am I deceived?

Come in and warm your hands the wind whips coldly Come in and rest your head my bosom waits— Come in . . .

Knotted spirit:

Ride the tearful precipice strangely appareled in boughs of nothing Push to the sea in disjointed rhythm and veiled in misty silence there, unmask.

... UNTIL DEATH

Heaviness stolen, whisped away by a pussywillow playing at hide and seek, hoping to be found skipping rope, somehow all caught up in rope and giggles

a swing and floating through clouds suspended in suspension—
we fall asleep embraced—
senses stayed—
and dream—and dream and dream.

And dream of a woodland stream softly speaking a refreshened smile— jack in the pulpit's homage and expectation . . . an unfelt breeze and a quaking aspen— longings stirred—and fulfilled in a tiger lily.

And dream that we dream not apart—
found, . . . tangled, . . . in a single dream—
of bud and blossom and magnolia's protection
of graceful conception and tomorrow's growth.

Poppy's spell removed, your smile assures.

THE HARVEST

Karen Caruso, '64

When Claude d'Entremont came home from the army, he wanted just one thing—solitude. So he did not go back to his parents' home in Canada. Instead he crossed the border into the United States and bought enough land for a small farm back in the hill country of Northern New Hampshire. That was in 1918 just after the war.

For three years Claude worked the land, ordering it into a small but adequate homestead. And when it was nearly finished and most of his distaste for men had ebbed away, he became aware of his loneliness, so in the winter of 1921 he returned to his parents' village to spend the holidays at home and to look for a wife.

The village of Saint Laurent, small and remote, lay far in the north of Quebec Province. The people there were used to the hard life, for nothing came easily to this rough land where the winter came in early October and stayed long into April.

A few of the men were fishers and spent months in their boats up on the bay, but most worked with the land. By summer they were farmers, then with the first snows they left their farms and trekked even farther north into the thick timber country. There they banded with their friends to form huge, rough lumberjacking crews, staying in the logging camps until late December when they returned to their families for Christmas.

The Christmas festival in Saint Laurent lasted for twelve days. According to tradition, it began with a dinner given by the oldest family in the parish, the d'Entremonts. Everyone in the village came to the feast which

followed midnight mass and continued into Christmas Day. Only after the holiday had thus been initiated did the other parties begin. Every day before dawn, groups of youngsters began tramping out into the mountains, balancing skis on their shoulders and dragging sleds loaded with camp trappings and small children. By night they came back, laughing and bruised, to their homes. Then all but the youngest and frailest would come out again and gather into their neighbors' homes for more dancing and feasting. The holiday time meant many things to the villagers: for the old it was a respite—a moment to forget the brutality of the rest of the year, and to the young it was a time for romance.

Claude came back to Saint Laurent one afternoon about a week before Christmas. A cold winter sun, like orange glass, was sliding down the sky. He faced into it as he left the depot and set out toward his parents' home a mile or so beyond the village. All around him he could feel the air, sharp with anticipation. Soon the sun became a black smear, dangling a few inches in front of his face. It blinded him with its brightness, but it did not matter for he knew the way without looking.

When he came in sight of the house he stopped and looked at it standing black and large against the landscape. Then he left the road and went toward it across the thick-crusted snow. Instead of going to the main entrance he circled around to the side where there was an old slate stairway worn smooth from use and the weather. At the top he pushed open a thick wooden door and stepped into a dusky room. Across from him his

mother sat rocking beside the hearth of the old stone fireplace. He had known she'd be there, for he was not able to remember the time when she did not come up here to her parlor in the late afternoon to read or rest until dinner.

Now she turned at the intrusion and was about to chide the maid for coming up that way and letting the cold in. But she could not see the person in the doorway for he was silhouetted against the darkening sky.

"Good evening, Mother," Claude called softly.

"Claude?" His mother stared unbelieving. "Yes," he assured her. "It's Claude."

"Welcome home, my son." She left her chair and rushed to embrace him. Laughing, she kissed him several times before she pushed him away.

"Why didn't you write us you were coming?"

"I wasn't sure I would be able to come. But I found a good man to help me with the farm."

"How is the farm? Was there any harvest this year?"

"There was a small one—but next year it will be much better. I've finished clearing the land and I'll be able to plant four more fields this spring."

"Good. And now you can put more time into it with the man to help. Does he live on the farm?"

"Well, he's staying there while I'm gone, but he has a room down in the village."

"Isn't that quite a distance to walk?"

"Five miles, but he doesn't seem to mind. He knows he is welcome to stay on the farm—"

His mother suddenly kissed him again. "Enough about the farm. I'm glad you have come home to us and are at peace with yourself again." Her eyes danced and she added, "Are you ready to give up your solitude and look for a bride?"

Claude felt himself blush. Even as a child his mother had been able to read his thoughts: indeed she often seemed to know what he was thinking before he knew himself. He hugged her again.

"You are right. It's become very lonely on my farm, and I'm ready to marry. I thought this would be a good time to look—now at Christmas."

"Yes," his mother agreed thoughtfully. "You've chosen an excellent time." She pulled away suddenly. "Now come—let us go and tell your father that you are here."

The next few days fell into a routine so like the time before he had gone away that Claude found it hard to imagine that there had been five years since his last Christmas at home. He was nearly overwhelmed with the holiday preparations. He began to feel as if he were a godsend to his harried family. To him fell such tasks as skiing to the far reaches of the parish to see that the old families, the Deveaux and the LaFortes, were able to get into the village on Christmas Eve or persuading his father that the occasion was solemn enough for him to break open a magnum of vintage champagne.

The day before Christmas Claude was out in the back country gathering balsam and cones. He returned late in the afternoon, his clothes matted with resin and reeking of pine. Leaving his bundle on the ground, he raced up the outside stairway and burst into the parlor. He was surprised to find that his mother was not alone, but talking to a young woman seated on a fur rug beside the hearth.

Mrs. d'Entremont was equally surprised at her son's disrepair, but quickly composed herself and rose to greet him.

"Good evening, Claude. You are returned sooner than we expected. Was it a good day?"

"Oh yes. I've collected more than enough for the dining room." He spoke to his mother, but his eyes were on the girl near the fire.

His mother took his arm. "Come here. I want you to meet my friend, Rochelle Vaillencourt. Rochelle spends Thursdays with me; she is here from Old France and we have much to remember together. I have asked her to share our Christmas."

Claude stood as if unable to speak. He was surprised to find anyone here with his mother, but even more astonished that her companion should be so incredibly lovely. Rochelle had risen with a single movement and now stood with one hand extended to Claude. The light from the fire shot fragile mauve shadows across her fine features. When she spoke her voice was a carrilon. It reminded Claude of

winter nights up in the mountains and the sound in the pines as the wind sent the tiny iced needles tinkling against one another.

"I'm delighted to meet you, Claude. Your mother has told me so much about you that I feel I know you very well."

Claude bowed over her hand. "I am as happy to meet you," he answered, "and to welcome you to our home this Christmas." He found that his eyes were intrigued by the winking glints of plum in her very dark brown hair.

"Thank you. It was so good of your mother to ask me."

"I was thinking of my own pleasure as much as yours," Madame d'Entremont interrupted. Then she turned to Claude. "And has my son become such a child again that he tries to bring the whole North Woods into my parlor?"

Claude started out of his musing, laughed softly. "Please excuse me. I must get ready for supper."

He moved toward the outside door and excused himself again before slipping out.

Christmas Eve supper was less formal than most of the meals in the d'Entremont household. The family usually had something light and ate it in the study, leaving the dining room free for the servants who were breathlessly getting ready for the dinner.

It was a meal to which Madame d'Entremont looked forward. Many years ago, even before Claude was born and another Monsieur and Madame d'Entremont were giving the dinner, she and her young husband had sat nervously awaiting the hour of the Mass. They had been married only a few weeks and this was to be their first appearance before the villagers. To fill the time, her husband had begun reading aloud to her from an old volume of Montaigne and the evening had passed quickly and pleasantly. Since then, they had made it a custom; and every Christmas Eve they sat here in the study and read their favorite works to each other. Madame d'Entremont hoped that the presence of an outsider would not freeze the gathering, but she was reassured when she saw her husband, the time-worn Montaigne in one hand, leading Rochelle to the liquer closet ready to expound on the superiority of his wines.

In fact, far from spoiling the evening, Rochelle seemed to be the necessary flame to turn it into one of the most pleasant evenings that had taken place in this room. Madame d'Entremont watched, pleased, as her son became more and more attentive to Rochelle. His dark good looks so matched Rochelle's that they might have been brother and sister. Madame d'Entremont smiled as she thought of the children they might have. Of course, they must have Rochelle's eyes those unusual, shaded green eyes.

She caught herself. Truly she was venturing much too far ahead. There was no romance between them yet: there might never be. So much depended on Rochelle. She thought of what Rochelle had told her of her life in France, her sunny plantation life, guarded by her wise grandpère. . . . The war years, ravishing her world and razing her home, her family, the things for which she existed. . . . Her betrothed, killed at the front weeks before their wedding. . . . The sterility which had driven her to Canada to look for a new existence. Perhaps Rochelle was not ready for another man; perhaps she had been hurt too much by love. Or Claude, perhaps he, too, was unable to make a commitment. Madame d'Entremont forced these tormenting notions from her mind and donned a face to deliver Byron.

Claude was entranced with Rochelle. He spent every day of Christmas time with her. Rochelle had known the high country of southern France, but now she learned a new kind of wilderness. She and Claude were gone every day, traversing the entire parish to visit remote families, to call on relatives of the d'Entremont's or climb into the mountains to Claude's old retreats. Claude seemed determined that Rochelle and the province should be as well acquainted as possible.

Madame d'Entremont watched her son with more and more satisfaction for things were going even better than she had planned. How she longed for Rochelle to become her daughter.

She wanted very much to learn how Rochelle felt about what was happening, so she decided to speak plainly to her. The occasion came one day when Monsieur d'Entremont was called suddenly out to the lumber camps. He had asked Claude to come with him and the two had set out early in the morning leaving the ladies to themselves.

After supper, as the two women sat reading in the parlor, Madame d'Entremont suddenly put down her book. "Have you decided what you are going to do with your life, Rochelle?"

Rochelle looked up from her reading. She had been expecting this question yet she had no real answer for it. "I'm not sure," she replied slowly. "I've thought about teaching, but I don't really enjoy it. If I continued I would probably turn into a dry, bitter old woman."

"But you needn't go on working," Madame d'Entremont protested. "Surely you are aware of my son's feelings for you!"

"I believe he is in love with me. But that does not settle anything. We still have much to learn about each other."

"If he should ask you to marry him, Rochelle—would you accept?"

"Yes, I believe so."

"Then you share his love."

Rochelle answered her directly. "No, Madame, I do not love anyone." She hurried on as she saw the lines of pain creep over the older woman's face. "Claude is very dear to me. You all are. But I do not love him—there is nothing in me to love with, right now. But I care for Claude and respect him. And I'm sure that he loves me. If he wants me to, I will marry him."

Madame d'Entremont reached for Rochelle's hand. "Be very sure before you decide that," she urged. "It is not enough for you to care for him. You can only accept his faults when you love a man. It would be better for him to live without you, than to feel that you married him out of compassion."

"That is not what I meant Madame. I feel an affection for Claude, though it is not what he feels toward me, and I think we have much to give each other. If he wants me to share his life, to live with him and raise his children, I know of nothing else that would make me happier. Perhaps in time I would grow to love him as he loves me. But if I do not, he will not suffer for it. I will be a good wife."

Madame gave her a look that carried many years of pain and wisdom. "You are a good



woman, Rochelle. And I know you will be good for my son. There remains only to see if he will be as good for you."

"A life with some purpose will be good for me," Rochelle answered firmly. She tightened her hand in Madame d'Entremont's. "Now will we have your blessing?"

"And all of my love," smiled Madame. She leaned forward and kissed Rochelle. "Come, it's late, let us retire."

It was only a few days later that Claude began to speak of marriage. He and Rochelle had gone on a skiing trip quite a way from the farm. It was too far to hike so they had hitched one of the horses to a sleigh and gone off merrily pretending they were back at the turn of the century.

The skiing was good and they stayed on the slopes until they were no longer able to climb. Then they skied down into the valley to the Fourniers' farm where they had left the horse and sleigh, and headed south again.

They were about half way home when

Claude suddenly turned and kissed her. "Rochelle, I love you." He was hesitant, afraid of pushing himself at her. "I know we haven't been acquainted even a month, but I have become very fond of you. I want you to come to the United States with me."

Rochelle was silent for a long time before she answered. "You say that you love me, Claude. Are you aware that I'm not in love with you?"

"Yes, I've known that. But I'm not asking you to love me, Rochelle. You know we can have a good marriage without that. My parents' marriage was arranged with no thought of love at all, and it was the same in your family. And they have had happy, fruitful lives. It is enough that they had consideration and respect for one another.

"I know you care for me, Rochelle, and I'm sure you'll be a good wife. And, believe me, I will do my best to make you happy. Will you marry me?"

"Yes," Rochelle smiled. "Of course I will."

There was too little time to prepare for a big wedding. Most of the parishioners could not leave their homes and travel all the way back to the village a second time, so the d'Entremonts arranged a small ceremony to take place the evening after Epiphany.

After their marriage Claude and Rochelle left immediately for New Hampshire. Rochelle was somewhat apprehensive about what she would find out there in the wilderness, but she was delighted when she saw her new home. It was a sturdy New England farm house, two storied, and clearly built to last. Inside, the house was snug, but rough. Rochelle set to work with a will: she sent Claude into the town to get catalogues, and for days she pored over them selecting goods and writing orders. She bought yards of material: glowing chintzes for the upstairs rooms, heavy wine brocades for the parlor, white dotted-swiss for the kitchen. While she waited for her fabrics to come, she cleaned and scrubbed every corner of the house. When she was finished she created her own tasks. For hours she stood over the sinks, washing every available rag to be stripped and braided into long ropes for rugs, or bleaching cotton and muslin to garnish whiteness for sheets and pillow-slips.

Claude joined in her fever. While she was at her tasks, he worked with Harvey, the hired man, cleaning and repairing his equipment or planning the crops. Or if there was nothing outside that Harvey could not attend to alone, Claude stayed in the house and followed Rochelle around, armed with scrub brushes and sand paper. When the weather was very bad he and Harvey went down to Claude's work bench in the cellar and built shelves and cabinets to fit all over the house, wherever Rochelle felt she must have one.

But their activity slowed in the evening. Rochelle, who seemed never to be still, would sit working with her hands. Sometimes she crocheted table scarves or painted with the small set of water colors she had brought from Canada, or added to Claude's already prodigious supply of woolen socks. Usually Claude read to her, sometimes from the Old Testament, but more often from Montaigne. Whenever he went into town he brought back the Concord newspapers and read those aloud to her—even the advertisements.

Still later at night, they would talk as they lay together in bed. Both Claude and Rochelle waited for this time of the day for it was only then that they could give each other all their attention. Now Claude would talk quietly, telling Rochelle how happy she had made him, or making fantasies about the children they hoped to have.

Through these talks, Rochelle grew to know Claude very well. She was pleased, for she saw herself as part of his life. Through his gentleness and understanding he had made her feel like a woman and she prayed now that she would soon be able to give him a son. As the year warmed into Spring, Claude spent more and more time on the land. He was out each day at dawn plowing and nourishing the soil until it was ready to be planted. At first Rochelle worried about the energy he was pouring into the farm, but she soon understood that farming was as much a part of his life as she was, and he seemed to draw strength from the earth even as he worked on it.

By the end of May, Rochelle realized that she was pregnant. She had suspected it for months, but she dared not to believe it, lest it not be true. In fact, she had not even mentioned her suspicions to Claude, for she knew how much he wanted to have a son and she did not want to build his hopes carelessly. Instead she had decided to wait until she was certain.

It was a warm, sunny morning. Claude had said at breakfast that it was extraordinarily warm weather for May this far up the mountains. Rochelle was out on the porch when she gradually became conscious of an unusual light and turned to look down into the valley. The sun was shining so whitely that she had to shade her eyes, and there was a strange mist. Rochelle could not determine if it was a sun-shower or just the ground fog evaporating, but the air was filled with tiny shimmering drops. At once a rainbow appeared just below the horizon, bright against the greymauved hill tops. As Rochelle stared, she felt a strange motion within her. She was frightened for a moment because she had never experienced such a thing before. Then she felt it again and suddenly knew that it was the first movement of her unborn child.

Unreasonably she began to cry: and then she wanted to tell Claude. She raced off the porch and down into the first vale. Claude was not there but she could hear him whistling a short distance away, so she rushed toward the sound, calling him. When Claude saw her coming he stopped his work and sped toward her, catching her in his arms and turning her face so he could see it. Her face was shiny with tears and she was too breathless to speak. She just stood there leaning against her husband and enjoying the strength of his arms around her. Claude picked her up gently and carried her towards a grass bank: he had never before seen Rochelle so upset, yet for some reason her distress gave him a vague feeling of pleasure. He set her down on the grass and dropped beside her cradling her head against his chest.

Finally Rochelle grew calm, and looked up happily at her husband.

"We're going to have a baby," she laughed. For a moment Claude stared blankly into her face. "Wait a minute. Let's start over again."

"I didn't tell you earlier because I wanted to be certain—and now I am."

He pulled her to her feet and made her

turn around and around while he stared at her body. "It doesn't show," he said. "How can you be sure?"

For a moment Claude did not move, almost did not breathe. Then suddenly he began to laugh: he grabbed Rochelle and hugged her so tightly that she had to call for breath. Never had she seen him so happy. Finally he kissed her, swung her around and up into his arms again, and, still laughing, carried her back to the house.

Claude did not go back to the fields that day. He followed Rochelle around, watching her and helping with her chores. For the first time he noticed how strenuous some of her tasks were and decided to take over as many of them as he could. He told her that she was not to do any more heavy work or get tired out. Rochelle was touched by his attentions: he was like a child in his delight.

As her pregnancy progressed Claude's days grew longer: in addition to his own work, he did more and more of the jobs that Rochelle had handled. Now when he came in from the fields, he churned butter, wrung the laundry and did the heavy scrubbing. Rochelle protested that she could still handle her own housework, but secretly she was grateful for his help, because bearing their child was taking much more of her strength than she expected.

Changes were taking place in their relationship now, also. Rochelle found herself growing more dependent upon Claude, and not just for the help he gave her with her chores. A dozen times a day she went to the porch to see if he was coming in for a while to rest or to take a cold drink, for she had so many things to tell him now that she could barely wait for evening.

And often he did come: he'd leave whatever he was doing and come in from his work to make sure she was well, then sit and watch her for a while, amused by her clumsy efforts to bend or stoop. At such times, Rochelle would laugh back, hiding the pains that these small actions caused her.

Toward the end of July Rochelle asked Claude to take her down to the village to see the doctor. By the time they had ridden the five miles in the truck, Rochelle was exhausted from pain. When the doctor saw her he forbade her to travel again that day and insisted that she and Claude spend the night in town, refusing to examine her until the next day.

Rochelle dreaded the examination because she was sure something was wrong. Her fears were confirmed when she saw the doctor's face.

"Is there something wrong with the baby?"

"The baby's fine," the doctor answered slowly. "But you aren't. I'm going to have to take it from you when the time comes, because a natural childbirth would probably kill you. I think it would be better if you didn't go back up to the farm at all: I'd like you to stay here in town where I can watch you."

Rochelle was frightened at the idea of being in the town without Claude and she refused to stay, but she promised to come back down by the end of September, a month before the baby was due.

She asked the doctor not to say anything to Claude, yet. It would only upset him, and he already had enough to worry about. There would be plenty of time to tell him after the crops were in.

The harvest was an unusually good one and for the first time since he had bought the land, Claude had enough extra produce to take into the markets at Berlin to sell. Although he was reluctant to leave Rochelle, he knew they could use the extra cash. Rochelle told him to go and assured him she'd be all right. After all, the baby wasn't due for another six weeks, and she would not really be alone, because the hired hand was still coming up each morning. So Claude went. When he returned three days later he found Rochelle in bed, almost in a delirium of pain. Harvey was with her, doing what little he could to make her comfortable. He was reaching for his hat before Claude had a chance to ask what had happened.

"She was poorly when I got here this mornin'. I'll take the truck and get on into town for the Doc. Shouldn't be more than an hour—two at most."

Claude was at a loss. He had never even seen a baby being born before, and this was obviously not going to be a normal delivery. Hours passed and the doctor did not come. Neither was there any sign of Harvey. There was nothing for Claude to do but deliver the baby himself.

The birth was a dreadful thing. For a long time Claude was sure Rochelle was going to die. And for a while he almost wished she would. Even in the war he had never seen such suffering. He hated himself for ever having wanted a child. Now that he had seen what it was like he knew he could never let her have another.

The doctor came, finally, after it was over: he had been out of town and Harvey had raced half way across the county in the old truck to get him. He checked the baby quickly, said it was fine, and then went in to see Rochelle. He was with her a long time. When he came out he did not have much to say to Claude.

"Right now, what she needs is rest." He added, as he saw Claude's desperate face, "Don't worry. I'll be back in a couple of days and we can talk then."

Two days later he was back to give Rochelle a more thorough examination. After he had finished he spoke to them both. "You're very lucky that there was no permanent damage, Rochelle. With plenty of time and rest you'll be as good as new in a few months."

"Will I be able to have more children?"

"I don't see any reason why not," the doctor answered. Of course, we'll be a bit more careful the next time. We'll keep you down in town where I can watch you and I'll be there to take it when it's ready. Another delivery like this one would probably kill both you and the baby." He left them with instructions that she was to rest as much as possible for a few months.

Early in December, when the priest from Berlin came to see them, they had the baby baptized. They had decided to name him Jean-Philippe, after Rochelle's grandfather. By this time Rochelle, showing the success of Claude's nursing, was out of bed and able to tend the baby herself. And their tiny son, bright and healthy, was responding happily to his mother's care.

Their Christmas was a warm one. For several weeks Claude had spent every spare moment at his work bench in the cellar. He had made Rochelle promise not to come down and refused to give her a single clue about

what he was making. Now he brought it out a huge, old-fashioned cradle. Claude had made it of walnut which he had rubbed until it was able to catch the light from the fireplace, and almost glowed with its own warmth.

Rochelle cried when she saw it. "I think we are very, very lucky," she said, slipping Jean-Philippe into his new bed.

"Yes, we are." Claude pulled her close to him. I've been so happy since I married you, Rochelle. I wish I could give you something equal to what you have given me."

"You've already given me more than I ever expected, Claude. You've given me a home, and love, and a fine son, and—" she was suddenly amused, "if you're anything like most Frenchmen, you'll give me quite a few more."

"What do you mean 'a few more?'"

"Well, sons, of course. I don't plan to have girls exclusively from now on."

Claude made no answer. When Rochelle turned to look at him, he averted his eyes. Puzzled, she raised her hand to his face and kissed him. He pulled gently away from her and went to stand at the window.

"We can't have any more children, Rochelle," he answered, staring out at the cold night.

"What are you talking about? Of course we can. You heard the doctor."

"The doctor wasn't here to see what you went through," he hissed. "I was. Do you think I could ever see that happen again?"

Rochelle went to him. She grasped his arm, but still he did not turn around. "Claude, listen to me. You can't make this kind of decision alone. You haven't the right to." She was close to tears. "If you're afraid for me, don't be. There won't be any danger if I'm careful. I can go down to the village in plenty of time, and if the baby were early the doctor would be there."

"And if he weren't, you could always go through what you did with this one. You heard him yourself when he said you'd die if anything went wrong. We can't take the chance, Rochelle. I won't lose you."

Rochelle saw that it was useless to argue. Perhaps time would wear away his apprehension. And at least they had one child on whom they could concentrate all their love. Tiny Jean-Philippe was a knot, tying them ever closer together. She looked forward to evenings, when Claude would finish his work and play with the baby, laughing as she told him all the clever things he had done during the day.

As the three grew closer and Rochelle became more and more happy, she also grew stronger and by the beginning of summer, felt as well as she had before her pregnancy. She loved the warm weather and spent as much time as she could outdoors. Each morning she would hurry to get everything done around the house, then pack a basket with dinner, put the baby into a little hammock affair that strapped onto her back, and walk out to the fields to eat with Claude.

After dinner she would lay Jean-Philippe on the grass, to nap and sit singing him simple old French songs while she watched her husband. Then at sundown the three would return to the house, Claude carrying Jean-Philippe on his shoulder, and Rochelle swinging the empty basket. The summer agreed with all of them, especially Jean-Philippe and he grew fat and brown.

Around harvest time, the baby developed an ailment that appeared to be just a cold. Rochelle kept him indoors for a few days but his congestion seemed to get worse. Finally she decided to take him back out in the air; perhaps the sun would be good for him.

It was a steamy hot September morning. The land was lemoned with wild flowers and she brought Jean to a bright clover bank where he could play on the ground. Even as they sat down, the baby began wheezing and straining for breath. Rochelle was frightened and raced back to the house with him. By now Jean-Philippe was changing color. Rochelle screamed for Claude to come.

He came running. When he saw the baby he told Rochelle to boil water and then sped to get the truck. He got back to the house in time to see Rochelle making a tent around Jean out of towels. Claude poured on the boiling water and they stood back to see if the steam would clear his chest. But it was no use. He turned blue as his throat began to close, and while Claude and Rochelle stood over him watching helplessly, he died, not even an hour from the time the attack had begun.

Rochelle would not believe Jean-Philippe was dead. Sobbing, she wrapped the baby in a shawl and begged Claude to take her into the village. "How can he be dead?" she moaned as they drove. "How?" Asthma, the doctor explained. Sometimes it happened quick like that. Nothing would have helped.

So they brought him back to the farm, and Claude went out on one of the hills behind the house to dig a grave. When he was finished, Rochelle wrapped the baby in a white shawl, carried him through the red sunset to the hill-side, and placed him in a little wood coffin that Harvey had made during the afternoon. It was dusk when the burial was over.

For days after, Claude and Rochelle were in a world that had nothing to do with reality. Their sorrow was so intense that it numbed them: they were not conscious of pain, but only vaguely aware of a void that gradually structured itself into a cold, stultifying ache.

Gradually, Claude was able to put his grief into perspective. He soon recognized the folly of brooding and forced himself to concentrate on other matters. He went back to the land and worked to bring in the harvest. But Rochelle could find no ready-made diversion. With the death of the baby many of the tasks that had taken up so much of her time became unnecessary. All that remained were the usual household chores, which were time consuming but not absorbing. She had nothing to draw her mind from her sorrow, so she turned her thoughts inward and lived in a world of emptiness and longing.

The winter came bleakly to their hillside. For the first time Rochelle was conscious of the cruelty of the land, and became more despondent as the season progressed. She watched Claude reading or sleeping and thought of another time when they would have been playing with Jean-Philippe or planning the things they wanted for him.

When spring came round again, Claude went back to his life tasks, spending whole days in the fields. Rochelle envied his activity, for she seemed to have nothing to do that had any meaning. The house felt much larger now and emptier. Once, she approached Claude about having another child but he refused. No matter how she pleaded, he stood firm. The brutality of Jean-Philippe's birth had scarred

him forever. Rochelle was at a loss—completely unable to reach him. She needed the child; she was no good to Claude if she could not give him what he wanted, or if he would not let her.

With the arrival of the warm weather, her days took on a pattern, as they had last summer. She did her housework in the morning and went outdoors to Claude with dinner. Sometimes she would sit on a knoll singing to the clouds and watching her husband work. Only now there was no baby for her to mind, so more often she would walk beside Claude as he plowed or sowed. If she offered to help, he would put her off gently.

"Of course not, dear. This work is much too strenuous for you. That's why I hired Harvey —remember?"

Towards the end of August, she grew weary with watching him and began taking little walks around the edge of the field. She poked into gopher holes and tracked down squirrel nests, and became a great fancier of wild flowers, picking huge bunches of rhododendron and field roses for the house. When she brought them back she sometimes fingered them strangely, wondering that they could be so lovely yet so deadly. She became enamored of pale little ladyslippers and would search for hours for them, often leaving the edge of the field and disappearing into the woods.

More and more Claude hated these little excursions, but he did not know why. She was never out of sight for long, and he could always hear her singing. Her songs caroled back to him on the summer wind. And whenever he called her she appeared at once, running from the woods her face as pale and lonely as the flowers she hunted.

One afternoon, in harvest time, Rochelle came out later than usual, looking vague and distressed. Claude tried to talk to her but she would not respond to him. Her eyes were frightening: they were like an animal's, restive, searching, seeing something that Claude could not. She walked beside him for awhile humming a song that Claude had never heard before. When she tired of walking she went and sat on the banking, where she made a clover chain and brought it back to Claude.

"I want to give you something," she said seriously, slipping it over his head.

Claude kissed her hair softly. It smelled like the clover. Then he went back to his reaping. A little later he saw her heading towards the woods. He started to call her, decided against it and turned back to his rows.

Suddenly it seemed too quiet. He glanced up and tried to determine what was wrong. Then he realized that he did not hear Rochelle's singing. He ran to the far edge of the field where he had seen her walking, and shouted for her. When she did not come, he went into the woods thinking she might have fallen somewhere. Not finding her, he cut across the farm to where Harvey was picking. He had not seen her at all. Claude checked the house, but with no better success. He walked back to the field and waited there, thinking about her queer behavior earlier. When the sun went down and there was still no sign of her, he gathered up his tools and started slowly toward the house. He understood now. He had lost Rochelle and he knew she would not come back.

Leaves Are Not in Seeming

Leaves are not living always, nor are trees forever peace.
There are many questions—
first as sharp as crows crying black against the dawn break, and finally . . . silenced, unfelt, unheard, unspoken, faded fireflies closed for sun crack. There was a tree once in eternity and a woman older watching in a window—

Life would be like that if you let it—
if you stood very still, very same . . .
autumn is only the settling of leaves
no one would notice . . .
quite simple,
private and alone,
(without a dying even)
none owed—none needed.
In time if you were very still,
they wouldn't even look.
Who could ask?
—they wouldn't see,
no,
no . . . no one sees a tree.

A boy walking in infinity met the tree and time struck two—

I want to blow the wind with trumpets like branches blaring out a wheeling gale If I stripe the tree with the ringmaster's whip, a sun tiger will spring out from a sheet of leaves I'll climb to the clown in the tree tower and feel his plume and watch him juggle twigs into a cloud. Down here they're all too clear for clowns.

The woman in the window of always watched the tree of time and the boy climbing.

Children never leave the living alone. The boy is climbing, climbing. what right?

The tree won't be safe after him. a branch snapped

He is stopping stillness stopping

Hear! only noise now only noise

split leaves—leaves falling

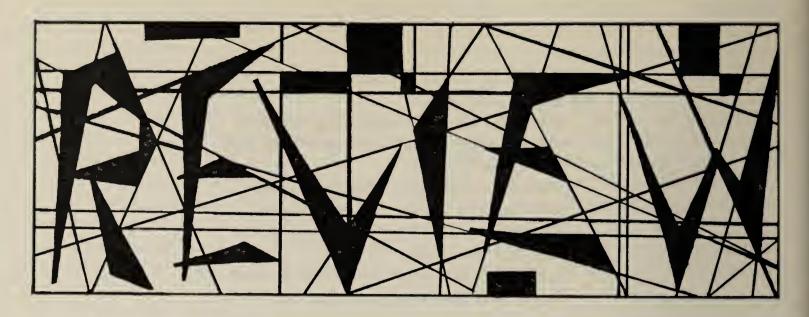
Footsteps cracking life and form left only, a headstone hollow on the sky . . . living falls for nothing—

a dying then, a dying

The boy high in the tree touched a clown and found a woman, older in a window watching—

Tree-clown, I told you they wouldn't understand . . . that lady there—alone, afraid pounding on her window. I don't think she'll get out . . . ever. See—I think she hears our trumpet.

Winifred Welch, '64



John Keats. Walter Jackson Bate. Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1963.

In his "Preface," Professor Bate presents three reasons for his critical-biographical work on Keats. The first, and perhaps the most important reason, is that a critical biographer approaches an artist from a view-point which illustrates the relationship of his personal human development to his literary development. And since all writers and poets are first men and then artists, one can gain a deep understanding of the literature they produce by first knowing the man who creates the works. Bate emphasizes this relationship of a poet's personal maturation process to his literary development. He says at one point:

The life of Keats provides a unique opportunity for the study of literary greatness and of what permits or encourages its development. The interest is thus deeply human and moral. . . . We find the steady growth of qualities of both mind and character that are equally appropriate to other forms of achievement and that are at the same time being . . . tested in Keats's daily experience. . . . The development of his technical craftsmanship as a poet proceeds simultaneously as a growth that interests us all the more because it is not something separate but . . . partly a by-product . . . of his larger more broadly humane development.

Bate's second reason for his study of Keats's life is the fact that the young Romantic lived during a time not very far removed from our own. He says, "The story of his development has the further interest that it takes place in

a relatively modern setting." Unlike earlier geniuses, such as Chaucer and Shakespeare, about whom scholars know little, there exists a full and detailed body of data on Keats's life. Availability of material leads to the third reason for a critical biography of the poet: through it, the reader can trace the daily progress of his literary development.

Professor Bate has concentrated on this period of greatest literary development, beginning with Keats's twenty-first year. The first twenty years of Keats's life are covered in the first three chapters, a section of a little more than fifty pages. The next twenty-two chapters, about seven hundred pages, Bate devotes to the last five years of Keats's life.

Bate's presentation focuses on Keats, the young man, as poet. In recreating Keats's early years of loneliness and insecurity, his later years of creative confusion and searching, his last years of exhilarating literary achievement and physical and emotional torment, Bate poignantly illustrates the simultaneous development of Keats, the man and the poet. He subtly indicates the stature of the artist through his presentation of the pathos of the man's situation. This is, perhaps, the most personally meaningful aspect of the work. Bate transmits to the reader an intense respect for the dignity of the individual who manfully faces continuous adversities while striving to actualize his potential greatness. Yet the work has merit on more than a personal basis.

Bate's John Keats is neither just criticism nor just biography. It is a critical biography, based on the premise that a person must understand the man first and then the poet. Convinced of the necessity for such a study, Bate says:

discussions and reconsiderations of Keats have often mirrored an unhappy characteristic of our specialized generation: those concerned with biographical details are often less interested in the criticism of the writer's principal works. Conversely, the more specialized studies of Keats's writing—indeed of any major author's work—have often been written with far less interest in the biography, or even in the general drama of human achievement, than in particular aspects of his individual works. . . .

A fusion of these two types of studies, then, is what Bate has attempted. He has succeeded admirably. His effort must be recognized as a serious and important contribution to the world of literary criticism in general and to the field of Keatsian scholarship in particular.

Professor Bate has a clear, forceful style—and at times he is delightfully descriptive. For example, his critical description of the imagery in *Endymion*:

... the diction and imagery of most of Keats's couplets for the spring of 1816 through *Endymion* seem much of a kind. They cloy. They share a common softness and moistness: we think, as we go through the endless episodes of *Endymion*, of pastries crudely baked but abundantly topped with whipped cream.

To summarize then, Professor Bate's book is a significant critical work; it is a scholarly presentation of a man's life; and it is more than this. Finishing the book, the reader has the feeling that he has known Keats. And knowledge of a man is a key to the meaningful understanding of his achievement.

Mary Bevilacqua, '65

Telephone Poles and Other Poems. John Updike. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., 1963.

The discreet assurance that pervades John Updike's latest poetic venture allows him a control of form and tone that his playful, lightly ironic themes might have easily forfeited. His language, teeming with wrily hu-

morous images ("the flirt is an antelope of flame"; "curlicues of wrought/iron like elegancies/of logical thought"), is well-suited to the lightsome occasional poetry that makes up much of the volume. His verbal gymnastics alternately take other forms, such a gleeful exegesis of Webster's definition of "whorl":

Whirl, whorl or wharve: The world Whorls within solar rings
Which once were hotly hurled
Away by whirling things!

and the sonic game, "Winter Ocean":

Many-maned scud-thumper, tub of male whales, maker of worn wood, shrubruster, sky-mocker, rave! portly pusher of waves, wind-slave.

In addition to this gift for unorthodox, often hilarious patterns of expression, Mr. Updike also displays a vivid awareness of the incongruities and discrepancies that give our neurotic, urban, factory-suburb type of world its embarrassing but comic dimensions. Such poems as "Toothache Man," "Party Knees," "The Short Days," and "Thoughts while Driving Home" succeed in dramatizing his perception with jocosely candid efficiency.

Without slackening the momentum of the introductory poems, the comic, in barely perceptible transition (for Mr. Updike can eliminate rhyme as facilely and unobtrusively as he uses it), fades into the ultimate seriousness of blank rhythm. "Mobile of Birds," his most impressive serious poem, has a cerebral intensity of thought and phrase:

Persisting through the doorway, shadowcasting light
dissolves on the wall
the mobile's threads
and turns its spatial conversation
dialectical. Silhouettes,
projections of identities,
merge and part and reunite
in shapely synthesis.

In other poems, he shuns abstractions and becomes supremely literal. "Seven Stanzas at Easter" evidences the directness of his spiritual vision. He proposes:

Let us not mock God with metaphor, analogy, sidestepping transcendence;

making of the event a parable, a sign painted in the faded credulity of earlier ages; let us walk through the door.

Occasionally Mr. Updike falters. The proselike close of "The Great Scarf of Birds" displays an unforgiveable staleness of idea and expression:

Long has it been since my heart has been lifted as it was by the lifting of that great scarf.

Ingenuity sometimes threatens to mar the naturalness of his poetic "reconciliations," ("geese streaming south . . ./like iron filings

which a magnet/underneath the paper undulates"), and unsuitable consonances ("fleck of fluff"), disrupt a rhythm as direct as speech itself.

Yet the quality of Mr. Updike's imagination is unique. In all his poems, an element of lyricism coordinates the wide variety of forms which his themes require. His eminent successes in both comic and serious modes foil attempts to define his area of most perfect expression. His efforts must be described in the balance of contraries: serious and comic, sober and conversational, absurd and immensely pertinent.

Mary Alessi, '65





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New Directions . . .

ETHOS is happy to present the first issue of the 1964-1965 academic year and to announce a new direction in our format. This year, our three issues will be united by the theme of the encounter with creativity that shapes mid-twentieth century man's experiences in the academic milieu.

An encounter is a moment of exchange, a period of reception, vital and creative, in which that which was once distant becomes proximate and a relationship is formed. In the encounter with art, theology, literature, and the other creative forces in contemporary experience, man participates in a mystery that is at the root of all life and confronts, ultimately, not only a mode of being, but its very ground, for the disciplines, though individualized, are not tangential planes but concentric circles. . . .

In our effort to unify and coalesce, we are profoundly aware of the diversity of material which will balance our emphasis. It is our hope that this innovation will not sacrifice but extend the tradition of ETHOS' past, and bring the fullness of its meaning to our readers.

Mary Alessi

Ecumenism:

Recovering The Unity

of Christ's Church

Mary Alessi, '65



The continuing dialogue between separate Christian bodies has forged some interesting links in Protestant-Catholic relations over the past few years. Once highly individualized and radically distinct, the traditions have discovered methods and modes of rapproachment in an unsuspected core of similarities which, even if diversely ramified, hold the deepest hope of reconciliation. The trend toward unity, moving through phase after phase, has engendered multiple interpretations of "the unity of Christ's Church." Coordinated by their undeniable, if implicit, challenge to heal the four-century old breach within the Church of Christ, these definitions hold the key to the current condition of ecumenical progress. Hence, an understanding of unity in the origin, essence, and necessity these terms suggest, may provide a broader insight into the current relationship between Christian unity and the Catholic.

Vertical Origins

Goals and problems at once compatible and common, have engendered in both Protestants and Catholics the desire for reconciliation. To respond to the rationalistic indictment of the revealed Word of God in the Bible, Catholic and Protestant scholars are searching out new methods of collaboration that will heighten the validity of their biblical research. Yet another problem is the ethical sterility pervading contemporary life and negating the implications of redemption. Separated witness, if welded into a fuller, more revelant whole, seems to offer the most extensive hope for social re-Christianization.

Commitment to Unity

Since in the Catholic Church, the principle of fidelity to precedent motivates the direction and essence of ecclesial dynamics, the Church has an unalterable (if sometimes unactualized) commitment to the ecumenical movement. Successively, the Councils of Lyons (1274) and Florence (1439) incorporated into their sessions prescriptions for the reunification of the Western and Eastern Church. Past generations witnessed a developing, if sporadic, initiative toward unity: although the episcopal dimension of the Church stagnated, individuals in the Church

responded to the challenge of *rapproachment*. The patterns and precedents delineated in this past create for today's developments both a tradition and an imperative.

To proclaim her essence in its biblical-liturgical reality, the Church as Body of Christ, must rediscover her fullness. With this impetus, prayer life and apostolic ministry in the new ecumenical era, are beginning to manifest confessionaly-shared beliefs and ritual action. The result is a discovery, at once vital and disturbingly obvious, that communality transcends division. Once-hoarded marks of individuation, such as fidelity to the person of Jesus, belief in the inviolability of the conscience and Christian freedom have become vital sources of everdeepening intercourse.

The Gift of Unity

The absolute center of all ecumenical activity is Jesus Christ, in His supremely-realized unity with the Father. His pre-death prayer for reconciliation:

It is not for these alone that I pray, but for those also who through their words put their faith in me; may they all be one: as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, so also may they be in us, that the world may believe that thou didst send me . . .

has become ecumenism's epigraph as well as an imperative for its progress. Grounded thus in the Lord's will, unity constitutes the goal and locus for the activity of the ever-directing Spirit. As an offshoot of this specific theological understanding, the concept of unity as Gift from God is more coherent. Salvation-history and the nature of man's destiny in Christ witness its vital reality. To this extent, the consensus that expresses deepest unity is not a singleness of theological vision nor a conformity to humanmade, ecclesiastical disciplines. Rather it proclaims a condition of obedience to the dialogic experience of God's revelation in Christ. This fact charges Scriptural research, the common quest for the meaning of Revelation, with a vital pertinence.

The Mission of Unity

Conforming to the social nature of man's experience, the People of God form a holy nation,

keepers of His word, gathered together to minister to all mankind. As such, the Church incorporates in her structure a bi-partite definition: as "People of God," Body of Christ, and temple of God, expressing in this an eternal dimension; and as the institution created by Jesus in the person of the Twelve. Since the Reformation, the Catholic Church has over-magnified the institutional aspect of Church to the comparative diminution, until recently, of the first and completing aspect of her reality. Hence, bishops at Vatican II demanded two changes: first, decentralization in church structure, to emphasize the authority of the bishops in their Scripturallydefined status as successors of the apostles; second, a restoration of the vernacular in worship in order to incorporate the whole community. Correspondingly, the whole of ecclesial dogma is being revised and rewritten in order to include every integral Church element.

The Church's liturgical and creedal self-definition, "One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic," implies the existence of these signs in the membership of the Church. In the past, Catholicism stressed the self-sufficiency of this definition, thereby negating the ontological interdependence that underlies all reality. To the extent that the limits of this attitude and their ethical consequences pervade individuals in the Church, they forfeit their patrimony, for Church unity charges the individual with a mission to share and proclaim the fruits of his at-one-ment and the mysteries of salvation. The Protestant community's sense of fellowship as the essence of Church membership reflects more closely this Christian ideal. For this reason, the ritualism which in part provoked the Reformation is still a problem for the Catholic. Stirring now in the Church is a much-needed impetus to fire both worship and the apostolate with new life.

Inter-faith Worship

Additionally, in this current stage of ecumenism, canonical regulations directing the participation in inter-faith worship need reshaping. Perhaps the most significant ecumenical transformation, guaranteeing deeper *reapproachment*, may be in this area. Concomitant with, if not antedating efforts to share the deeper life of faith, comes common worship. Prayer, as a doctrinal locus provides a consistently theological

level of exchange. For the Roman Church, joining the prayer life of other traditions entails a simultaneous effort to render its service accessible and pertinent.

The Sign of Unity

On both sides of the dividing line, the imperative to surrender petty interests and sensitivities in order to promote true family spirit in the radiating joy of the gospel, grows ever more poignant. In this milieu, Vatican II, convoked as a "reform" council, reflects the necessity to purge the Church of unchristian, often inhuman relics such as anti-Semitic tendencies, outrages against freedom of conscience, and Catholicism's traditionally superior attitude toward brother-Christians. Protestants and Orthodox preserve faith in the Son of God, the universal Redeemer, while maintaining sacramental ties and a true holiness through the Holy Spirit.

According to the Augustinian concept of redemption, all men are sharers in salvation in its entirety. The fullness of charity realizes itself as it stems from and expresses this unity. To the extent that she refuses to respect and value diversity, the Church loses the sign of her internal unity, divinely-stimulated love.

Dialogue Essential

Before rediscovering unity, Christians must develop an atmosphere for its fruition. Hence, the task of dialogue becomes relevant. An automatic process starting from abstract principles is neither valid nor complete; rather the dialogic method, thrust deep into man's commitment, depends on the readiness and response of his whole person. It is created in a respect for all religious communities and a recognition of their

great humanizing force in the world. In dialogue Christians not only come to understand each other's ecclesiology, but they communicate interest in a common cause. For every Christian, unity in a common goal is a process of fulfillment.

In a simultaneous desire to work with one another in the temporal order, Catholics and Protestants are discovering a panorama of possibilities for collaboration in social relief, cultural enterprises, and educational media. As such, these efforts constitute an area for fruitful exchange and mutual appreciation. Through cooperation, the separate bodies together proclaim their true Christian fellowship and spirit, while stressing the universal contingency of all contemporary social needs. In solving mutual problems, Catholics and Protestants are finding the direction for Christian unity.

Key to Renewal

Separate Christian bodies are beginning to eliminate insignificant issues and to see one another's doctrinal positions as aspects of the deeper life of the Church. Herein lies the key to renewal and reunion. In the words of Cardinal Suhard:

[The Church] must be willing to shed the outdated trappings that have accumulated over the centuries and have ceased to answer the needs of the times.

Union with Jesus Christ, reflected in discipleship, witness, and mission, provides the common denominator and the guide for reconciliation. He alone, as Lord of people and Lord of the world, is the Way, Truth, and Life. He has prayed that in Him all Christians may be one, a parallel to His life with the Father, so that the world may come to believe and may at last be saved in unity, the fullness of charity.



Who's Afraid of Josephine Doncaster?

Dorothy Erpen, '65

Do you know how I got into that stew? Well, I'll tell you. That Saturday night I was sitting watching the chorus line dancing on Jackie Gleason's show. It was sweltering hot out. At suppertime a small gale from the beach had swept in. A shower had barely soaked the dirt when the heat returned and the moisture stuck in your skin. The only breeze that swelled in carried the smell of gasoline from the airport. All the windows were opened. I was just sitting there in my shorts, drinking cold tea and eating angel food cake when my wife, Josephine, panted:

"I'm selling the house. We're getting out of Beachmont."

I didn't know what brought this on so I said, "Why do you want to do that?" You know Josie owns the house. So, well, she started chattering about selling it when this big airliner jet took off from the airport not far away. It roared over the house, this six engine job. Josie gabbed, I could only see her lips flap open and shut fast like scissors. The plane was gone before I heard her order.

"Go in the kitchen, Luther, and call up Mr. Huge. Tell him I want to sell the house."

Then I said, "His name is Hughes, not Huge. Josie, let me see the program I'm watching. I've worked all day. I want to relax." Then I went on watching Gleason and Frankie Fontaine. Sure enough, Josie started up like an itch.

"Beachmont's going to the dogs."

There I was in front of the TV set laughing, enjoying myself, munching my cake.

Josie popped up again, "Airport and planes are driving me deaf."

Fontaine told this joke. You know the way he talks, "And I thays to him, 'You're not thuppose to hurt your mother-in-law.' And he thays " Well, my wife came in on the punchline. So I turned to her and said with a Fontaine accent, "Thwy do you want do weave Beachmont, m'wove?"

Then she bolted up and talked between her teeth. Josie whispered, "This town's terrible. Pay taxes, those crooks don't do anything, see any improvement?" She paused, licked her lips and resumed, "Pay near a thousand dollars a year. Do they fix the beach? Can you swim there? This town's gone. Half the town is beach and you can't use it. It's polluted. How many years have they said that they'd fix it? In 1980 they won't have it done. The planes. Zoom, grrr. Can't hear yourself think. Can't hear the telephone, TV. How many people have moved off this street? Who's moving in?"

I put down my glass, dropped my cake crumbs on the carpet and left to call up Hughes, the real estate man. "Hughes," I said, "this is Luther. How's the brood?" Then I told him about Josie. I explained, "Josie's stuck in the living room, disgusted with Beachmont, says she wants to sell the house. Funny, you know women. Hate to bother you in this heat."

There I was talking through the telephone and Josie rushed in yelling, "Shish, shish." Then she started lumbering from window to window. Slammed them shut. Bang, click, whoosh. I was on the phone attempting to speak civilized with this real estate man and there was my wife running around shouting, banging. I'd have laughed. Big hipped woman like Josie, wide as a bus. Hughes probably heard her. He sounded embarrassed and said he'd call back.

I turned to Josie and gave her some advice. "Slow down, Josephine. You won't sell the house like that. You'll only end up hotter."

She growled back, grinding her teeth. "Shut up, you blabbermouth jellyfish. You want the whole neighborhood to hear?" She pointed one finger in the direction of the flat below, one finger she clamped to her lips. Josie whispered, "You want the tenants to know? They know we're selling and they won't leave two sticks in place. They'll break the pipes. Flood the house. Burn the place to ashes!"

There was no sense of telling Josie that tenants never did that, much less her tenants.

Josie was hot, she had a bug in her. And her mother and twelve angels could be staying downstairs and she'd find fault with them. "Josie," I said, "if three of God's angels rented your apartment, you'd complain. Open the windows before I melt."

She got back into the living room and told me to change the TV channel. She hated Gleason and despised the June Taylor dancers. You know what she wanted to see? *The Marauders*. They were showing a story about the Viet Nam killings. Well, the phone rang.

Hughes told me that this young couple visiting him were looking for a two-family house. They lived out in East Chelmsford. They'd be taking the train back come morning and they wanted awfully to see a house before they left.

"Gosh," I said, "You can't expect Josie to show the house on five minutes' notice. You know how women like to fix up the place before showing it. They can't possibly see the house tonight." At that moment Josie arrived in the kitchen. From behind she crashed into me, tore the phone from my fingers.

"Someone want to come over, Mr. Huge? This is Josie Doncaster. Don't listen to Luther." Under her breath she swore. Smiling, she continued, out of breath, "If they can come over in an hour, be glad to have them."

After a pause, Hughes replied, "We'll be over by 8:30, OK?"

For several moments Josie did nothing. Then she started running back and forth, just rushing like a big horse-fly near a ceiling. I looked at the clock. It was 7:45. So I told Josie, "Got forty-five minutes to clean the house. What are you going to do, dear?"

Josephine looked at me and ordered: "Get the vacuum. Clean the crumbs off the rugs. Put all the lights on. Straighten out the sofa. Wipe the dust off the table tops. Do it all now or I'll brain you."

Well, she'd asked for it. I had to suffer. Then the big tank turned around, gathered all the dishes dropped them into the sink and began buffeting them. From the corner of her eye Josie caught sight of me standing there. She swung around toward me with a big wet coffee mug poised in her grip. I hurried out of the kitchen and cleaned up the rooms.

The door bell sounded. It splintered our bodies. Josie stood stock still and her breath

sucked in. "Put all the trash in the kitchen cabinet," she called. The bell rang again. Josie and I ran to get dressed. "Close all the windows so they don't hear the planes," she begged. When Josie passed the hall table she grabbed the lilac air-conditioner, stuck it in her pocket and finished buttoning her dress. "I'll turn on the stereo. Luther, you answer the door."

As I opened the door, Josie rushed in front of me. "Hi, Mr. Huge. How are you? It's wonderful you could bring your friends over." Josie chatted, squeezed Hughes' hand, embraced the big-eyed adolescent couple Hughes brought.

So when everybody settled in the living room that I had just fixed, Josie started telling them we had to leave Beachmont because of my job. Hughes frowned. You see, I work in this auto shop in Beachmont. Well, Josie excused herself from this couple, Edie and Phil, and brought in some ginger ale and crackers. While she was in the kitchen I could hear as she sprayed the room with air-refresher. She turned on some Patti Page records on the stereo.

The couple followed Hughes and Josie through the house. "The place has just had new wallpaper put on," boasted Josie. Edie nudged Phil to look at the cabbage-rose paper in the hall. He snickered. Phil tapped the walls with his knuckles and tested the floors. "No termites here," smiled Josie.

"Beachmont is a wonderful town. The beach. Well, people come from all over to use it." Josephine continued. "See how quiet it is!" Then she chattered on about how forced hotwater heat was so economical — how nice her tenants were, that they had two "wonderful" boys and a poodle. I'll tell you honestly, the dog had grown to be as big as a horse, the boys had beer parties and the furnace was forty years old. The taxes, she told them, were six hundred dollars and something. Actually they were eight-hundred.

When we reached the kitchen, Edie beamed. She loved cabinets, you could tell. Josie was so pleased, she took out Sunday's roast ham, cut it up, made iced coffee and we all ate a snack. Edie got up and opened one cabinet. Out rolled the vacuum, dirty clothes, the newspapers and dish cloths. Josie turned white as a sheet and, smiling, mumbled about cabinets being swell for storing clothes before washing.

Hughes and I started talking about the Red

Sox' losing streak when Josie asked me to take Edie and Phil downstairs to see the cellar. We went down. Phil and Edie shivered, their damp clothes stuck to them. I was going to say the basement was dry, a good place to be in these hot spells, when Phil started to sniff for mildew or for water in the cellar. I almost laughed. The scrawny boy sounded like a dog that sneezed.

Josie was on the top step waiting. "Phil, Edie," she called, "how would you like to see the tenants' floor? I'll introduce you as my visiting relatives. They're wonderful people, co-operate in anything." I slapped my head. Edie protested.

"Oh, no. Please, you really don't have to. Thank you so much for taking us through your house so late. You're very kind."

This was Edie's signal to her husband. So even though Josie served more cookies and we finished more iced coffee, Phil finally told Edie, "Well, Edie, we'd better be off and let these fine people get some sleep. Mrs. Doncaster, your house is beautiful."

I led Hughes and Edie to the door, smiled and caught a yawn. Well, I was beat. Then I heard Josie ask Phil if he wanted to make an offer. Yes, he said he would.

"I'll give you \$10,000," he stated proudly. \$10,000?" squeaked my wife.

"Yes, it's well worth every bit of it," Phil added.

"Worth it? Worth it!" Josie eyed Phil. "\$10,000?"

Phil walked backwards toward the door. Edie covered her mouth.

Mr. Hughes' plump face fell open. "May I remind you I'm an appraiser?"

"\$10,000!" continued Josie. "I'm selling this house for not a penny below \$32,000. You . . . you . . . \$10,000."

I waved goodbye as Hughes and the couple rushed out. Josephine slumped into her chair. I went over, turned off the stereo, tuned in to the late movie on TV. Sadie Thompson was on now, with Loretta Young. I liked the one with Rita Haywood in it. But what could I do? Josie snored in her chair. I opened the windows. A plane rumbled overhead. From the beach near the airport a gust of wind swept in the gasoline smell. I unbuttoned my shirt and bit a mouthful of cake. I rested.



now's for this

If this is foolish, tie bells to my toes.
I'll learn another time.
Another time when April isn't greening, rain's not softing, sun's not seeming — another kiss that doesn't sudden quite like yours.

For when I gray I want it to be winter.

Linda McCarriston, '65

fish story

Chekhov, coffined,
rail-rode to Moscow,
so history reveals,
adding another insignificant fact:
the box-car that bore his body
proclaimed its cargo only
OYSTERS.

Strange . . . the world's pride lies in recognizing pearls.

Louise Schuler, '65





Victim

He hadn't any enemy on the street where he walked under the dark. But they fought, and he was killed—last evening. There's nothing more I can tell you except to clarify some points: he lay there slashed and bleeding with a few broken bones . . . a victim of violence—it's that simple misunderstanding might have been a part of it, though. I do know, they killed him just last evening. The streets were cleaned today. How did it start? Past morning there was a scene and his brother—true to role defended him; that was early in the day. Later the fighters met, a coincidence both could have done without, and exchanged some ugly words. As if words weren't enough between the two, they fought again. Their friends couldn't break it up, or wouldn't more likely, and on their part nothing less than battle could be considered brave. And so they fought ... To fight on such a night— I never saw it so clearwith a tired moon, and the stars as watchful as the rising dark, and not a trace of bite in the breezejust a calm in everythingwaiting to be torn apart. The fight got rougher and less particular; the crowd that came to watch as if it were a sport did nothing;

what could they after all,

being just people and the sounds of sirens being so much more urgent, even in the distance . . . They didn't budge the crowd I mean. The fighters ...? It's hard to describe; I couldn't see except for a gargoyle glint of silver in the night. I suppose that was the lethal weapon. The crowd writhed at the wounds and each fresh groan that cut the dark while they just stood and watched. Two sirens finally sliced into the crowd but couldn't disperse it: such things can't be stopped by telling men to leave. The fighters were bloody, bruised — and tired. He lay head down, a long crawling gash on his neck. He wouldn't talk, he couldn't. But the others were mumbling, as if to prove themselves still men. And the crowd mingled and murmured for the same purpose, although the appearance was of discussing the event.

They broke when one siren screamed into the night. It didn't hurry. There was nothing to save. Some stood, squinting past the sky, as if an answer hung there.

Even the police, strangled by the sudden nonsense of it, just stood, and stared into the strange purple night — then walked away.

One thing I'll never understand — I mean — I wonder if they killed us too?

Cry The Beloved Country— Interpreting The "Sociological" Novel

Marsha Madsen, '65

The relationship of an artist to his cultural and historical moment results in an interdependence between the two that is at once subtle and complex. With varying degrees of verisimilitude, the artifact both delineates and reflects the society and culture which environs its creation. The artist who creates the poem, play, or novel, depicting the life situations of imaginary characters, may do so with an implicit, often unconscious, awareness of his own societal milieu and the life situations that shape his experience. While a novel is not judged on the basis of its paraphraseable social content, neither can evaluation proceed without consideration of the implications of the characters' fictive environment.

These fairly obvious facts pose a problem for which literary theorists offer no ready explanation: How extensive is the influence of social setting upon the novel's structure? Can we determine the relationship between the two? Perhaps we may begin to answer such questions by examining a "sociological" novel, that is, a novel which, in its social effects and implications, is an aesthetic expression of a clearly-defined historical moment.

A fairly representative example of this novelistic sub-genre is Alan Paton's Cry the Beloved Country. Aware of the racial problems of South Africa, Paton depicts the tensions and discord that characterize all levels of human encounter and interpersonal relations in the land. Central to Paton's world-view and providing a clue to the novel's thematic force is the unifying concept of the persisting existence of love and hope concretized and most perfectly expressed in the characterization of Reverend Stephen Kumalo, umfundisi (pastor) of St. Mark's Church, Ndotsheni, South Africa. In the voice of this humble native priest who trusts in the ultimate reality of a Providential God despite the blatant injustices that surround him, Paton asserts his deepest thematic concern. Kumalo declares:

Yes, he speaks to me, there is no doubt of it. He says we are not forsaken. For while I wonder for what we live and struggle and die, for while I wonder what keeps us living and struggling, ... white men are sent to minister to the black blind. Who gives, at this hour, a friend to make darkness light before me? ... Yes, he speaks to me...

This passage, though relevant for a variety of analytic purposes, exhibits the explicit recognition and acceptance of sorrows and struggles, past and future, which substructure Paton's essential affirmation of trust in Divine Love.

The world which provides the umfundisi's stage is dually perverse: chaotic exploitation is rampant. Men are dominated by the rationalization of means. Such a world lends credibility to Paton's delineation of the breakdown of tribal culture in its inevitable conflict with the oncoming industrialism of a society in transition. In one respect, industrialism represents progress: gold is mined from the earth; great cities rise; men prosper. But the exploitation which accompanies this process and Paton's artistic treatment of it undercut its dimensions and reveal its treacherous totality. Industrialism's dual nature is most vividly affirmed in the presentation of the discovery of gold at Odendaalsrust. For the entrepreneurs with capital, the response is immediate enthusiasm as they plan to establish a mining compound. The interest-dominated perspectives of these groups, coupled with their elaborate rationales about the city, form a significant commentary on their bourgeoise values:

It is wrong to say . . . that Johannesburg thinks only of money. We have as many good husbands and fathers, I think, as any town or city, and some of our big men make great collections of works of art, which means work for the artists, and saves art from dying out

In ironic contrast to such passages, the terse

comment of the native: "No second Johannes-burg is needed upon the earth. One is enough," is artfully operative. It vivifies the particular social fact of non-communication between the stratified societal levels of South Africa while positing a basic if negative fact of all human experience. Another duality is at once expressed and resolved in the names that recur in the novel's lyrically descriptive sections and in the images associated with them. Musical names link the natural beauty of the landscape with the spontaneous love of the Creator. The narrator observes:

There is a lovely road that runs from Ixopo into the hills. These hills are grass-covered and rolling, and they are lovely beyond any singing of it... and from there, if there is no mist, you look down at one of the fairest valleys of Africa... Stand unshod upon it, for the ground is holy, being even as it came from the Creator.

Names, in a different context, symbolize the lack of understanding and respect among separate factions in South Africa:

Odendaalsrust, what a name of magic . . . the worst of these mines (is that) their names are unpronounceable . . . Blyvoorustzicht, and Welgedacht, and Longeaagte, and now this Odendaalsrust. But let us say these things into our beards . . . for most of us are members of the United Party that stands for . . . brotherly love and mutual understanding. But it would save a devil of a lot of money if Afrikaners could only see that bilingualism was a devil of a waste of it.

This passage betrays the fear that pervades the novel and functions as a leitmotif. As such it provides for the narrative a recurring, unifying image. Paton uses it in refrain-like fashion throughout the novel:

Have no doubt, it is fear in the land

Cry the beloved country, for the unborn child that is the inheritor of our fears.

Pray for all white people, those who do justice and those who would do justice if they were not afraid.

God save us from the fear that is afraid of justice. God save us from the fear that is afraid of men.

This fear motif is underscored and the social milieu evaluated in the native priest, Msimangu's, observation: "I have one great fear in my heart, that one day when they turn to loving they will find we are turned to hating." Herein we see more sharply Paton's socio-thematic intent. The narrative is rife with evidence demonstrating the validity of Msimangu's conjecture. The hostility and bitterness between groups shifts down to the other levels of personal encounter. Reverend Kumalo's inability to relate to his city-dweller son, who has become a murderer, evidences an artistic concretization of this. The bewildered father, through his son's tragedy confronts the alienation which the city imposes upon those who cannot assimilate its values. His cry is at once poignant and disturbing: "'He is a stranger,' he said, 'I cannot touch him, I cannot reach him." The novel's realism, as this characterization displays, is grounded in the sociological and psychological insights communicated through characterization. These insights are ordered and effected by the artist's perceptions of a social reality. Cultural awareness for the artist has not resulted in the imposition of an arbitrary, though logical, order. Rather Paton has utilized culture as an independent force which charges his world-view with consistency and relevance.

Through his poetic expression of experience, Paton's view of South African society functions as both framework and agent. His imagery is unified and intensified by the centripetal symbol of light, expressive of the redeeming forces of faith and love. As Kumalo's son is to be executed because he has murdered a prominent white liberal, the father goes "up into the mountains" to pray. Waking just before dawn, the appointed time for the boy's death, his rising becomes the symbol for the dawning of a new age. While the sun rises, the father prays for the son. Suffusing the mountains, the everbrightening oncoming light symbolizes the old man's confidence that social emancipation will follow this dawning of a new era. The light gradually but surely will penetrate the land. Kumalo's faith in the power of love never wavers and the positive tone of his conclusion witnesses Paton's conviction and optimism regarding South Africa's future. The author concludes:

Yes it is the dawn that has come . . . The titihoya wakes from sleep, . . . Ndotsheni is still in darkness, but the light will come here also. For it is the dawn that has come, as it has come for a thousand centuries never failing.

Perhaps the clearest fact that *Cry the Beloved Country* exhibits is that social setting informs the novel, shaping both its theme and structure.

Artistically perceived and rendered, it never superimposes itself nor intrudes on the novel's internal harmony. Instead, in an apparently natural manner, it operates as a distinct and indispensable element of the artistic complex. In this novel, and others like it, social issues deriving from the setting create the crux of the novel's plot. From these evolve the conflict situation which provides the novel's dramatic intensity as well as the differences that allow for irony in both situation and language. The uniqueness of the tenuous balance between the two realities lies in the individuality and skill of the artist's craft.

SHARK

White-bellied, back frosted to cunningly blend with the wave-tufted flush of the ocean, by a razor-spliced slice of the water he hangs, quiver-still in a hunt-headed motion.

His body — a skin molded close to enclose only gut and some gelatine bone, and a mouth — all a mouth — toothed to stuff full the gut, coiling swollen, the bowel's garland.

Twice full, double armed, set ingeniously with fine points, curves the horrible grin tight in still patience — in waiting. He thrusts through, carves to the bubbling fresh path of small fear, jagged flight.

His mouth gapes, then thrashing, and ice-lit green eyes and the teeth and the fin and the blood thread that spins crimson bubbles with scraps and the tatters of prey caught surprised. Then it's over, he's fed

and he skims to the surface, dangles again by the arch of a tusk-armored fin. Swells of clear crystal sea-sift blood down. Two. then one. The spoils? More teeth and more eyes and more bowels.

Linda McCarriston, '65



What If A Witch?

Elaine McQueen, '65

Once upon a time in a far distant land there lived an ugly, but young, witch. Her house was a simple one-room stucco cabin set on top of a hill. But the hill wasn't too smooth and on a moonlit night the cottage would be cast in a lop-sided silhouette against the sky. The ground around the house was all pebbly and stubbly and never, ever, had a flower, or even a weed grown there. And there were no trees either and so no sweet, chirping birds ever awakened the witch Wilhelmina. Occasionally, though, a crow would perch on her chimney, but even then only an extremely courageous crow would dare. Wilhelmina, you see, had a reputation. She was a witch. And she was ugly. She had straight black hair, squinting eyes, and more or less pointed features, as witches do. She always insisted on wearing black, too, because Wilhelmina was a conformist.

All in all there was hardly a thing original about Wilhelmina. She simply lived in her lonely room and tried very hard to perform magic rituals. But she just couldn't. As a witch she was an utter failure. Every day she would arise exactly at dawn from her wobbly old bed and walk to her library. It really wasn't too far. As a matter of fact, the whole thing set atop her windowsill - it was an entire thirteen volume set of the Complete Collection for Correct Cauldron Cooking and her favorite manual, Enchanting Ethics. Her mother had given them to her. They were black. And each one contained all sorts of ready recipes for just about anything you could imagine. And so each morning she would select a project and devote the rest of the day to making it work. But she always failed. Poor Wilhelmina simply had no talent. She wasn't a foul witch — she just always fouled things up. She would collect tadpole tails and hog hearts and lizard livers and eagle eggs and snake skins and bat blood, but all to no avail. Nothing ever happened in her cauldron. She would stand and incant, "aadeedle, aadoo, eagama fortuu." She would do everything precisely as the books said. But nothing ever happened. After six years of this, Wilhelmina was becoming bored.

And so, one fair morning in May she arose and began thumbing through her text. Actually, it mattered little what she chose because nothing she tried ever worked anyway. But meditation was part of the cult and, after all, Wilhelmina was a witch. So she chose one book after another, perused its pages sagely and placed it back on the sill. Finally, because the sun was sunning and a crow was crowing, and because it was May, Wilhelmina decided to make a love potion. Very carefully, as she always did, she measured out falcon feathers and lamb lungs and horse hide and elephant ears and stirred them all gently into boiling water. After several hours of brewing and boiling, the mixture still didn't look or taste or smell right. It was purple, not green as it should have been. And it tasted kind of pasty, too. As for the smell - well, it did smell. Wilhelmina had failed again. Of course, what she would have done with a love potion anyway was a puzzle even to her.

On that same day in May, while she sat stewing her brew, Wilhelmina heard someone singing.

I came from there and now I'm here and tomorrow I'll be I don't know where but I s'pose it doesn't matter anyhow.

I'm such a poor wizard
I can't make a lizard
into a hog
or a summertime blizzard
but I s'pose it doesn't matter anyhow

She walked over to her window and stared down onto the trail leading into town. A man was making his way along the winding path, singing and whistling as he walked.

I'm a flunk at ghosts
I can't make toasts

and instead of boiling my cauldron roasts but I s'pose it doesn't matter anyhow.

The town that's over that hill of clover is the same as the last to a weary rover but I s'pose it doesn't matter anyhow.

But soon he was out of sight and the young witch shrugged her shoulders and returned to her kettle.

The man, his name was Wilbur, was by now approaching the village. And the village, or at least the villagers, were approaching him. Almost every child in town had come out to see the singer. Some adults came too, but they pretended they didn't. Wilbur stopped on the path, removed his hat, and greeted them all cheerfully,

Hello, my name is Wilbur, a wizard by whim.

And then walking he continued,

I spin magic marvels when daytime grows dim.

I gurgle a gopher or struggle a snout turn summer to winter or inside to out.

But you're all so friendly I'll try to be good and put all my magic away in the wood.

He teased the children with whispers and laughter, pulled a few braids, and tossed a few hats. They were fascinated. They began to run by his side, repeating his chorus over and over,

I came from there and now I'm here and tomorrow I'll be I don't know where but I s'pose it doesn't matter anyhow.

When they finally reached the town square

Wilbur slung his knapsack down from his shoulders and sighed deeply. Then he turned, bowed politely to all who stood staring, and excused himself from their circle. He was hungry. He walked down the street to the bakery and once inside hopped happily on top of a counter.

"You mean you're just wandering around?," quizzed the baker while Wilbur sat and chewed the biscuits he had bought.

"Certainly," replied Wilbur, "just wandering."

"But don't you have any family, any responsibilities?" The baker was a very practical man.



"Why, of course," laughed his visitor. "I'm related to everyone who ever was or will be, and I'm responsible to them, too. It's kind of hard to explain."

"Yes, yes, I understand now," the baker answered as he walked to the back of his shop. "I'll be right back - just want to go see the butcher next door for a minute. Heh, heh, just for a minute . . . "

Wilbur laughed. Grown-ups were always afraid of wizards. Maybe that was why he liked children. They liked him back.

For the rest of the day Wilbur stayed around the center of the village while everyone came to get a look at him. He was very obliging about this sort of thing. He would just stand and let people stare so long as it made them happy. But

that was all he would do because, in truth, Wilbur really wasn't much of a wizard. As a matter of fact, his wizardry was pretty weak. Once he had written to Oz asking for advice, but even that didn't do any good. Poor Wilbur just didn't have what it takes.

For hours Wilbur had stood and fascinated the townspeople. The children had skipped in circles around him, echoing again and again the little chorus:

> I came from there and now I'm here and tomorrow I'll be I don't know where but I s'pose it doesn't matter anyhow.

And the grown-ups had stood back and stared. They didn't say too much, at least not to Wilbur. But now night began to fall in the valley and the moon began to rise over the hills. Lights began to twinkle in the windows of houses all over town, and stars began to sparkle in the sky. People were going home to supper, and children were ending their games. Another day had almost passed and still Wilbur had done nothing new, and nothing new had happened to him. It was all so very dull and depressing. Wilbur hated nights. No one cared about him then. And he never knew what to do or where to go at night — he belonged to everyone and he was alone.

For a long while now he leaned against a shop and stared down at his feet. He was listening to the sounds of a dying day. When he looked up over the town again Wilbur was surprised to see the moon hovering over a little lop-sided house on top of a hill. He turned to the baker, the last man on the street to close his shop.

"That's kind of a funny place for a house, way up there, isn't it?" he said. "Who does it belong to?"

"Oh, that," the baker replied quickly. "Better stay away from there, fella. That's the witch's house!"

He had spoken in a low, hoarse whisper that amazed Wilbur. He thought it looked pretty harmless, at least from this angle, but then people always said Wilbur looked at things from a different angle - not usually the wisest one either.

"That bad, huh?" he whispered back.

"That bad," the baker whispered and began shuffling off to his own house.

Meanwhile, high on the moonlit hill, Wilhelmina sat before her fireplace. It would have been a nice night for a ride on a broom — that's what witches are supposed to do on moonlit nights. Or that's what it said in the book anyway. But, as we said before, Wilhelmina really wasn't too sharp. Her broom didn't work either.

Wilhelmina sat and worried. It had been a very strange day. She didn't know why she had ever decided to try making a love potion — witches were only supposed to brew love potions to make beautiful princesses fall in love with beasts and things like that. But that wasn't what she had wanted to do. It was most unorthodox, and Wilhelmina worried. What ever had gotten into her! Imagine a witch with spring fever. She shuddered.

Just then there was a light tap on her door. Wilhelmina never had company. The townspeople were afraid of her, and other witches laughed at her. She had no friends. But she got up and went to the door anyway. She opened it a little and there in the moonlight stood Wilbur.

"Hello," he said. "My name is Wilbur. I saw your light on so I decided to drop in for a while. I hope you don't mind."

Wilhelmina stared at him, blankly. She wasn't exactly accustomed to this sort of thing, living on top of the hill and all.

"May I come in?"

"At your own risk," she replied. Wilhelmina wasn't too hospitable either, but she opened the door and Wilbur stepped in.

He looked around her tiny room at the lopsided furniture and all the usual store of witchly tools and ingredients. Then he sat down and looked at Wilhelmina.

"You look very well tonight," he finally said, "and your home is so cozy and comfortable. Why, I'm just bewitched by the charm of it all." Wilhelmina still stared. She was suspicious.

"Do you feel all right?" she finally asked.

"Of course," Wilbur laughed. "Why do you ask?"

"You sound funny." Wilhelmina wasn't given to long explanations either.

"The baker down in the village told me you were a witch," Wilbur elaborated. "I've never met a witch before and so I thought I'd come see you. I'm a wizard myself, you see."

"You're a wizard?" Wilhelmina also had

little tact. "Are you any good at it?"

"Well, I'm all right at it, I guess. Not the best, you understand, but all right."

Wilbur was becoming extremely embarrassed. His wizardry, or lack of it, was a very sore point for him. After all, even wizards have pride.

"I'm no good at witchcraft, either," Wilhelmina candidly confided.

"You're not?"

"Not in the least. In six years I haven't done a single witchly thing successfully. I'm bored."

"Oh," replied Wilbur. He stared into the fireplace and thought for a long time. It was spring. He was lonely. She was bored. Finally, he resumed, "Maybe — together — I mean, if neither one of us is any good, do you suppose . . ."

"Maybe," mused Wilhelmina. It had been a very strange day. "I mean I'm awfully bored here . . . But then it's kind of against tradition . . . "

"—it's not too traditional to be failures either," Wilbur added.

"I could curl my hair," said Wilhelmina.

"And I'll buy you a red dress . . . "

"—and you can build us a pretty cottage . . . "

"-and you can plant roses . . . "

—and so they continued all the night long. What if a witch falls in love with a wizard on a moonlit night in May? Why, they live happily ever after, of course.

'Round and About Berets

A dappled pigeon, momentarily intoxicated by the heady March air, made an Icarian attempt to reach the sun; an innocuous white cloud, the lone point of interest in an otherwise monotonously pellucid sky, settled smugly above the Prudential Tower; and Park Drive curled its way sedately over the Muddy River like the "Proper Bostonian" it is. Not really a day on which one would expect anything significant to happen, yet, at that so tranquil and completely empty moment, a small, dusty black beret plopped down before me like a gift from the gods. I stood aghast at the chance occurrence for the time it took its pointed top to sink contentedly to the ground, but before I could stoop to pick it up, a sly gust of wind, made pungent by its trip across the fetid Muddy's stream, snatched the thing from the sidewalk and sent it spinning crazily across the Drive, dodging Volkswagens and Mercedes with astonishing accuracy. I stood vacillating on the curb, weighing the relative merits of the posthumous glory which would undoubtedly be accorded the idiot who, for the sake of a forlorn hank of black felt, martyred herself of the altar of the legendary rights of the vanishing pedestrian, or of a continued life in the twilight zone of quiet mediocrity. My serio-comic musing was interrupted when a hunched, gray-clad figure darted in front of me and skuttled precipitantly across the road. Evidently, pursuer and pursued safely forded the roaring, sputtering stream of foreign and domestic autos, for I never saw either of them again. But branded into my memory was the awesome image of the glowing, infinitely compassionate eyes the nimble, wizened figure had turned to mine before making that recklessly calculated leap into the dark.

Slowly and dreamily I made my way to the nearest bench and sat, uncertainly, like the fall of the first few flakes of November snow. Berets swarmed through the curiously colored regions of my imagination like angry hornets, and in the midst of the swarm appeared a pleasantly healthy, shiny-haired little girl with a bandage on one knee and a squinting smile suffusing her otherwise plainly pug-nosed features. Me!! Oh, how I hated my first and only beret. Berets were not quite in style then, but my mother remembered a time when they had been, so "with shining morning face," I crawled all the more unwillingly to school because of the foreign circle of green felt which was perched so jauntily (thought dear Mom) on my straight, shiny locks. Never did I think of the glorious past or dastardly future of this odious piece of headgear when, as I rounded the first corner, I plucked it from my head and thrust it vehemently into my coat pocket. (Better a bulge on the side than a beret on the head.) No, I never thought then, though I often do now, of the great or infamous figures of past and present who had borne so proudly the kissing cousins of the scourge of my wardrobe. I had no vision of a short, mustachioed "Monty" striding smartly over desert sand under the aegis of his famous beret. I had no premonition of Fidel Castro haranguing a crowd of sullen Cubans with his cigar jockeying for position in the tangled mat of his beard, and his infamous beret throwing a merciful shadow across his demonic eyes. No, I merely hated berets. Now, however, with all the enlightenment accrued in my eighteen plus years, I realize how narrow was this attitude of my youth. What lovesome and fascinating things berets are! What a phantasmagoria of utterly diverting images one can conjure up.

Once upon a while ago, berets were usually identified with the dark, wiry little men, sporting mustaches and all the accounterments proper to artists, who wandered

down the Champs Elysees or along the Left Bank sniffing out quaint, paintable corners with all the intensity of hound dogs on a scent. There was also another type of Frenchman who fell easily into the "beret wearing" category. This virile Gallic giant usually "hung out" in cafes of low repute and boasted a broadly-striped jersey and very prominent muscles (especially between his ears), in addition to his ever present crown of felt. He usually ended up on the fist of someone else's arm, as he was tossed onto a conveniently fragile table by the hero, whose "girl" he had been annoying. This hackneyed character has become nearly extinct, only to be replaced by the hordes of ragged beatniks who, when they condescend to cover their lengthy, tangled locks, usually look to my little felt friend for companionship. Consequently the humble beret has been elevated to the rare heights of "arty" attire. Many pseudo-beatniks and others who aspire to artless "artiness" seem to feel that the possession and prominent display of a beret surround them with a cultured, intellectual, esoteric aura, which impresses the common herd, but can only be properly understood by the "gnostics" of the social-intellectual hierarchy. Far from having the desired effect, however, most berets worn for show merely succeed in making the wearer look quite ludicrous.

Berets must be worn with a certain aplomb. I find that musicians are possessed of this attribute in abundance. No one could look more completely correct in a beret than does the principal trumpet of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Ah, how it brightens my day to see him gliding imperturbably down Westland Avenue before morning rehearsals, clad in navy greatcoat and silk scarf, with his rather barren pate aesthetically covered by his "soft, round, visorless cap." No doubt that look of delicious pain which usually creases his brow is a result of his having looked in a mirror before leaving home. How would anyone bear to look so very ineffable?! Other members of the orchestra may not present such an ideal appearance, but all the "Wearers" have that certain something which distinguishes their peculiar style of beret-wearing from that of their colleagues. There is that little arachnid fellow with the toothy grin who wears his beret with as little grace as he carries his 'cello, but I am sure he thinks he looks quite dashing. And that oboist who looks as if he still has his mouthpiece protruding from his puckered lips certainly wears his with assurance. The violin section embraces several "Wearers," but they are largely relegated to the more remote chairs, and are most often those whose hairlines have, euphemistically speaking, reached the ebb tide. Of course, my favorite trumpeter wears a beret, albeit a bit corrupted. He looks disarming standing there in his familiar shoulder-stooped pose, his trumpet in velvety, soft case clutched lovingly under his right arm, and his kind eyes shining from under the little peak of his slightly adulterated beret. Unfortunately, the most distinguished "Wearer" forsook his beret along with his Vespa. Esplanade concerts lost a considerable amount of charm when he ceased to drive briskly up on his blue scooter, wearing jaunty beret, lengthy trenchcoat and, on windy nights, goggles! This Polish-born 'cellist, with his sparse but well-cultivated mustache, looks more like a "Proper Bostonian" than most of the originals of the species, especially now that his "motorscooter" attire has been replaced by "Bond Street" suits and smart fedoras, for, of course, no member of a first family would be seen outside the privacy of his den in anything so bourgeois as a beret!

Yet, despite these rushing phantasies and despite the fact that Boston certainly suffered from no dearth of berets, the odd old fellow who had plunged so bravely across Park Drive was somehow very unique. He had really *loved* that dusty derelict of a beret.

Unicorn



Anne Miller, '65

Hugh Prescott swung his feet up on the desk and leaned back in the squeaking swivel chair until he was in danger of falling on his neck. He fished in his pockets a while, then with a weary "damn," sat upright to search for cigarettes which he finally located inside the paper tepee of his advertising calendar. He lit one and launched himself backwards in the chair, dragging a green leather-bound ledger with him. He had the look of a man who has been waiting a very long time for a train to carry him somewhere he didn't want to go—restless, bored and apprehensive.

The heavy ledger fell open on his lap and he leafed through it to the current entries, remarking to himself as he did, "Well, you have the virtue of consistency anyway; two years without any recognizable profits. Your business methods are ruining you, boy."

He added, checked, and re-added the columns of maddeningly logical numbers and frowned at the results, finally shrugging resignedly, "The sums can't change and stay true to their nature, and neither can I. No wonder we don't get along together." He dropped the ledger on the floor and buried himself in a pile of battered loose-leaf binders.

A knock broke the quiet of the office and a smiling face poked in at the door, with a cheery, "Good afternoon, Mr. Prescott. You busy?"

Prescott jumped up, tripping over the briefcase at his feet, and reached across the desk to shake hands, "Hello, Mr. Cubbins, glad to see you. I was just looking over the listings on those houses you were interested in. Here, do sit down."

Mr. Cubbins was an affable middle-aged Negro with a ready smile and a springy, relaxed way of moving, misleading to one who did not look at his eyes, twin shields of polished mahogany.

"You said you were partial to colonial houses, I believe," Prescott started shuffling through the clutter on his desk until he found a packet of photographs. "I found some very nice ones in the latest listings. Now here are two in Beverly, both about a hundred years old, but in excellent

condition. They each have ten rooms, and as these photos show, considerable yard space. This last one is a split-level, eight rooms, colonial front and an acre of land."

Mr. Cubbins was much taken with the splitlevel, "Man, that's what you call a real bijou residence all right," he said, shaking his head in admiration over the picture. "That's about as far away from a tarpaper shack as you can go, isn't it?"

"Just about, only so's the price—\$35,000. It's in a growing section of Lincoln and the prices grow proportionately, it seems."

"That's no never-mind," said Cubbins, laughing proudly, "The trucking business is mighty profitable nowadays. I paid more than that for the place in the city, but the section's getting sorta junky. I want my kids to grow up in the country."

Prescott quickly stifled the beginnings of jealousy, "Well, there's a lot of country left out there, fields, wooded hills, even a few farms; I grew up on one of them myself, and as you say, it's a wonderful place for kids. Do you want to drive out and see it? If you like it, maybe we can close the deal today or tomorrow." He started gathering the pertinent papers into his briefcase.

"Hold it there, Mr. Prescott, just one more thing," Cubbin's hard voice stopped him. "Will the owner sell to me?"

"Why shouldn't he?" asked Prescott sharply.

"Let's not play games with each other, Mr. Realtor. Are there any folks like me out there?"

"You mean bla . . . Negroes? Well, I sold one of your people a place out in Concord, but for the most part they can't afford the suburbs, you know . . . "

"That man wouldn't be the one the DAR made such a stink about? Didn't know they finally let him stay. Anyone else? . . . I didn't think so. So what makes you think the owner will sell to me?"

Prescott felt as though he were treading water and desperately searching for firm ground. He was also very conscious of how foolish he must look to this damnably self-assured black man, how an embarrassed and nervous smile kept convulsing his face and one bony hand kept smoothing the hair over his incipient bald spot. "Don't worry, Mr. Cubbins, he'll sell to you. He's just been transferred to Chicago and has to

get rid of the house fast, and for cash. He said he'd take any reasonable offer."

Mr. Cubbins seemed satisfied and interested. Still, the ride out to the house was like any of many others in the past two years—painfully casual. Prescott drove, pointing out landmarks and fighting with his usual mad impulse to eulogize James Baldwin or Odetta or Dizzy Gillespie. As usual, he heard his northern accent dissolving in the warmth of southern drawl and was afraid that Cubbins would think he was making fun of him; as usual, he was struck by the bitter irony that while he was willingly losing his business, trying to give these people an equal chance, he invariably lost his composure when he talked to them. They seemed to have so much more talent for living than he. Once again he felt a feeling familiar since childhood. He'd made up a story about it once: standing in his head was an archer, shooting arrows at a hide stretched taut before him: some of them pierced through the hide but some bounced back and stuck into him. He wondered where this arrow would land.

As soon as they arrived, Mr. Cubbins hopped out and started walking around the house to examine it from all angles. He patted the "For Sale" sign as he passed it. With vague fore-boding Prescott stood watching him sniff the roses by the garage, then walked resolutely up the flagged path and rang the bell.

The door swung open abruptly on a living room in various stages of disassembly. Two upholstered armchairs stood upside down on the couch, a rolled-up rug draped crazily between their carved mahogany legs. The component parts of a gutted hi-fi set, graduation and marriage pictures, and a clutch of Hummel figurines, carefully cradled in newspaper, were stacked beside their respective cartons. A little boy in plaid shorts was sitting calmly in a wooden packing crate, chattering and wrapping his fire engine in a battered blanket, whose name, it seemed, was Pahbul. Prescott relaxed looking at the moving-day confusion; this would be an easy sale.

He turned to Mr. Parker who had opened the door and still stood there, chewing on his pipe stem. The man nodded his head at the room and growled, "It's about time you got here. I was just going to call you but I couldn't find the phone. What news?"

Prescott smiled and pointed to Mr. Cubbins, who froze as they looked his way. Only his dully shining, hooded eyes moved, but no gesture, no expression of either man escaped them. Only he saw the boy and Pahbul leave the crate and come to stand behind the man.

"Good news, Mr. Parker. I've got you a cash customer."

"That coon down there? Sorry, Prescott, no deal. It doesn't make the slightest difference to me, of course, but when I bought the place, I signed an agreement with the real estate agent and the neighbors not to sell to any blacks. Depreciates property values, you know. So you see, there's nothing I can do; it wouldn't be fair for me to break that promise now I'm leaving, would it?" He obviously did not doubt that this would settle the issue in the mind of any reasonable and honorable man.

"Do you think it is any more fair not to sell to this man just because he happens to be different from you and your neighbors? So what if your neighbors are prejudiced, I believe you are a just man, Mr. Parker," he felt himself getting red; a pleading note had crept into his



voice. This had happened once too often and he knew full well that all his arguments would fail. "Mr. Cubbins here is an honest, hard-working man like you, surely you won't . . ."

"Look here, Prescott, I told you, it's impossible. I won't sell to him even if he works like a ditch-diigger and smells like lilies. I don't care if he can pay cash. I'm not selling; and you can just forget about the rights-of-man runaround," he sneered maliciously at the fury in Prescott's face. "Didn't I hear that your wife threatened to quit the Circle Club when a Negro woman tried to join? You're just another one of these white bastards out to make a fast buck out of selling Uncle Tom his cabin. Well, you aren't going to do it here." He stepped back and slammed the door. A sudden childish howl rose; apparently Parker had tripped over his son.

Prescott stood a minute on the steps, fists clenched by his trembling body, his face contorted, then slowly turned and walked down the flagstones. Mr. Cubbins was planted by the garage, his formerly delighted face a compact square of pain and hate. His hand had closed over the thorns on the thickness of the rose stalk and blood was dripping onto the opening petals of a white rosebud. Wordlessly and woodenly, he walked to the car.

They drove almost all the way back in silence, broken only when they were within a few blocks of the office. Without turning his head, Prescott said in a perfectly flat voice, "He lied about my wife."

Cubbins stared stubbornly at the blood drying on his hand and trousers, "It don't make no difference."

"Yes, it does. For me the 'rights of man' are no runaround. They belong to you as much as to me and I'm going to see you get them. That's a promise." He thought Cubbins looked at him scornfully, but there was pity in it too. He couldn't understand why.

When Cubbins transferred to his own car back at the office, he dropped his head against the steering wheel and rested there a long time before driving off. Cursing softly to himself, Prescott closed up the office and went home.

Hugh found his wife in the kitchen making stew of the week's leftovers. Little pots of vegetables and hunks of lamb and beef in beaded cellophane lay on the counter before her, surrounded by knives, spices, and bouillon cubes. She gave him a perfunctory kiss and continued chopping vegetables, ignoring his restless pacing and glum silence.

When he spoke, it was not a matter of decision, but of necessity, "Molly, come and sit a minute, please. I want you to help me with something." He turned her towards him and tried to lead her to the table, but she twisted out of his hands and turned back to the counter.

"Darling, I can listen to you just as well from here. I've got to finish this soon or you won't have any dinner tonight."

He sat alone at the table, watching her hands efficiently moving. Part of him said, "Forget it. Tell her and there will be another fight. She takes these things too personally." Another part, the part that hurt, said, "Surely she'll see how awful and unjust it was. And why should I always have to avoid disturbing her; I'm tired of being the only one protesting." So he let it all pour out, the whole polluted stream.

Hugh finished and fell silent, listening to his voice hover in the corners of the kitchen, and watching the trembling of his open hands on the table. Rain was ping-ing on the window, the paring knife was clicking querulously on the cutting board. Waiting, waiting, and the hide was stretched tight again. A sudden shudder shook him. Now she was wiping her hands on her checkered apron, her shoulders were shaking, and he knew he'd said too much.

"Well," he asked nervously, "what do you think?"

"It seems to me that Mr. Parker, however rude he was about it, has a perfect right to sell his house to whomever he wants. Besides, from what you say, it also seems that Mr. Cubbins has a perfectly nice house already. A better one than we do in fact." She looked around the crowded kitchen and made a discontented face.

A sickening, sinking feeling washed over him. He should have known what she would say; it ran true to pattern. He was a fool to have told her, and a bigger fool to continue, which he did nonetheless. "That's not it, it's not that simple. It's the principle of the thing. Cubbins has a right to live where he wants to, without having to undergo . . . "

"God as my judge, Hugh, if I hear 'principle' from your lips again, I'll leave this house, and this time I won't come back again. You're ruining us with your damned principles. When

will you learn: the rich can look out for themselves, the little man has to fight or be ruined." She shrugged off the hand he reached to her and moved away from him. "The Better Business Bureau called this afternoon while you were out crusading in the hinterlands. Have you any idea what they wanted?"

"Nothing important, I expect. They've been riding me lately; they seem to think I'm working for the blockbusters."

"Blockbusters? Who are they?"

"Real estate agents who move a Negro family into a white neighborhood, panic the whites into selling at a huge loss, then resell to Negroes at a huger profit. It's a filthy business, everybody loses but the blockbusters; and the BBB, bless its bureaucratic heart, thinks I'm fronting for them since I sell mostly to Negroes."

"Why don't you? If the whites are stupid enough to sell then they get what they deserve."

Hugh was horrified. He stopped his pacing in front of her and rasped, "Molly, do you know what you're saying?"

She stood up and shoved her apron into his hands. "What I'm saying to you is this: no money, no Molly. It's that simple. You've never been poor before, this is your first trip downhill. I was poor all my life, so poor that when I was only ten I made up my mind never to bring a child into this world until I was sure it wouldn't lack for anything, not anything. I love you, Hugh, but I couldn't stand to go back to that. I'd leave you first and find someone who can take care of me. Oh, Hugh, don't look at me like that, I can't help it." She ran out of the room crying.

"Oh, God," he moaned, crumpling her apron against his chest. He knew then, as surely as if it were happening at the very moment, that someday she would leave him forever. She was too frightened ever to stay still for long, she must always run away.

He gave her a while to calm down, then followed her into the bedroom. She lay across her bed, as rigid as a fallen statue and as pathetically helpless; when he touched her, she leaped like a frightened cat. He felt in her the fearful tension that had held her as still as death; he saw it in her face, drawn so tight that tears could not get out. He felt terribly guilty for the anguish of this non-combatant, mortally wounded in his war.

She dictated the terms of the armistice, though. She crept warily towards him, where he sat on the edge of the bed, and laid her cheek on his thigh. She whispered hoarsely, "I want to stay with you, Hugh; please make it possible for me."

"How? You know I'd do anything you want, anything, just to keep you."

"I can't live without security . . . "

"Darling Molly, I try to give it to you."

"No, you don't," again there was a hint of hysteria in her voice. "If you did, you wouldn't aggravate the BBB, you wouldn't sell to Negroes. You'd build up your old business in the suburbs again. It would be so good."

"But, Molly, there are other things a man must do besides make a profit. We're not poor, we do well enough."

"No. We will be poor soon and I will have to leave you. Oh, Hugh, don't make me leave you."

He pressed her shoulders tightly against him and tried to banish his intuition. "I need you with me always. I'll do whatever you say, if that will make you feel better."

Relieved at last of her crushing fear, Molly cried until she was exhausted and then fell asleep. He slid her head back onto the pillow, covered her with the spread from his bed, and tiptoed out of the room.

Hugh spent the whole night in his study, alternately pacing and standing by the windows. While he paced, everything reminded him of the imaginary children that had filled it ten years before—the cushioned bay-window, the yellow wallpaper, the shelves he had built to hold toys, now inadequate to their great load of books. But it was worse when he stood still; the rich, damp breath of summer darkness, the whispering trees that never sin or grow tired, seemed to mock him. They said, "The children never came, Molly will soon go, and with your own hand you've thrown honor over the wall. You tried to buy her fidelity with your own infidelity." "Futile fool", they whispered.

Morning came with great deliberation. The invisible sun made a watery bulge in the gray sky, like a long silver fish under the ice of a meadow pond, browsing slowly with little swishes of its graceful tail. Rays of sunlight glowed within the topmost tender leaves of the maple outside the eastern window but nowhere

else. The smell of earth, rain, and ferns hung in the air as palpably as ivy on a wall. It felt like creation on the third day, and far too fertile for a tired man to cope with. Hugh showered, shaved, and changed his shirt, then slipped out quietly to avoid waking Molly. All the way to the office he stared intently at everything and everyone he passed, as though expecting an explanation. To his surprise, none came.

He sat in his office, wondering what he would say to Mr. Cubbins; as he waited, feeling drained out of him, slowly dripping until he was hollow. When Mr. Cubbins stopped in about four hours later, he leaped up as jauntily as ever but his usual honest bewilderment was replaced by a furtive haste that Mr. Cubbins had seen too often on more practiced faces to be deceived. He held out his hand but let it drop again as his visitor pointed silently to a thick bandage on his right hand. Dropping his eyes he said hurriedly, "I'm sorry to say Mr. Cubbins, that one of the other houses you liked was sold yesterday. The other is still on the market but someone took a three months' option on it. Maybe I can show you something else?"

The black face was again a furious bony mask of pain and hate. "You too?" Mr. Cubbins asked. "I thought you meant it. I should a known better. Like the guy said, you're just another white bastard taking what you can out of my skin. Only you're worse'n he is, trying to play Bountiful God with me too."

Hugh flinched under each word, "Mr. Cubbins, listen to me, wait a minute, please . . . "

"Fergit, Mr. Charlie, *fergit* it." Mr. Cubbins spat on the floor and stalked out of the office, leaving behind him an appalling silence and the stink of betrayal.

A long time Hugh stood there, staring at the spot where Cubbins' final judgment lay like an ocean he had to cross. "It wasn't worth it," he told himself bitterly. "She's going to leave me anyway, and all I can do is make the leaving longer and more painful."

Rousing himself at last, Hugh pulled on his coat and went out to the car, intending to drive around to the BBB office; it was only when he was pulling away from the curb that he realized how pointless that was now. Since it was equally pointless to go back to the office, he kept on going, with apparent aimlessness, until he picked up the road he had traveled with Mr.

Cubbins that echoing yesterday, and by himself on many yesterdays in the past.

He followed the highway a few miles and turned off onto a small road by a dead sugar maple whose splendid skeleton dwarfed the pines around it. The road veered in turn into a rutted, grass-grown lane that ended before a white crossbar gate; on the fence-post hung a "No Trespassing" warning signed by his father. Hugh got out of the car, scaled the gate, and started straight across the green and silver meadow. Blackberry vines hidden in the tall grass tripped him; wildfire, Queen Anne's lace, and as-yet unopened goldenrod wet him to the knee. The warm rich breath of ripening apples hung over him; he passed among the twisted trees with their dappled bark, letting his hand stray over their lower branches. As he came to the end of the orchard, he stopped abruptly and stared with disbelief at the scene before him.

In the grassy space behind the orchard was a huge flat-topped rock outcropping (the old-timers called it "the devil's dancing rock") and a boy, intently tracing something on the surface of it with his finger. He was a nondescript boy, and the rain seemed to have washed away whatever distinct lines he might have had, but Hugh stared at him as though he were a walking thought. Then slowly, reluctantly, he approached the intruder.

"What are you doing here?"

The boy spun around, stumbling against the rock, and dropped his fishing pole. "Why, nothing, I wasn't doing nothing." He looked at Hugh's strained face and kept on talking as fast as he could. "I was just fishing off that old bridge there, that's all, but the water was too fast and strong. So I was coming back through the meadow when I saw this picture on the rock. Is this your land, mister? Do you know who put that there?"

Hugh forced himself to look at the rock. Unlike himself, the unicorn on it had survived fifteen years of hard weather almost unscathed. His fleet lines had not faded, nor had the gentle arrogance they expressed; he still pranced and curvetted on his slim legs, his fluted horn challenging the world to duel. The paint on his

flanks and neck glinted in the rain. He was beautiful. Hugh fancied, however, that his eyes looked reproachful and disappointed.

Without moving his eyes from the painted wonder, Hugh said, "It's a unicorn. I put him there. Many years ago—I was a little older than you, I guess."

"But why? What does it mean?"

"Why? I had a fight with my family. I put him there as a promise to myself."

"But what does it mean?"

"Many things. How can I tell you?" He felt it was very important that the boy know the unicorn, and never forget him. "Maybe the best way... Well, about the same time I met the unicorn, I read a verse and they have always gone together in my mind:

> Live pure, Speak true, Right wrong, Follow the king, Else wherefore born?

Do you understand? -Do you? You must!" He looked deep into the boy's eyes, searching with frenzied pain for understanding, and found only fear.

The boy crouched, fumbling in the grass for his rod, but could not look away from this man's strange face. Suddenly, he wheeled and ran: the pole-end jagged from tuft to tuft of grass behind him.

Hugh howled, "Don't you understand? Please, don't you . . . " No answer. The running boy did not stop, did not look back. "But I understand . . . myself, I did it . . . broke my promise, broke my life. Threw it away and thought I'd get something for it. Fool, vicious fool. Yes, I understand."

He looked around him distractedly. Rain wept on his face because he could not. He walked to the bridge where the boy had fished, crossed halfway, and stood a long time looking at the water hissing and rolling around the rocks. Then slowly, deliberately, he hauled himself onto the stone side and dropped head-first into the water.

case study: a look at the world

A child is a delicate culture. Each child is a distinct culture. All the children, who kick the can in Central Square with their skinny legs incased in skinnier leotards and fruit-colored stretch pants, cling to their singularity with the clutching strength of a child's grasp. Contending with unstable norms and conflicting demands, they create their worlds, and they are the future world.

Most of the time I don't even notice Central Square. In the first place, when the subway car rumbles into the station I usually cannot see the red and white blocks which divulge a faded "C" on the opposite wall. As I abruptly realize that destiny has arrived, I leap from the erratic mechanical doors only to find myself shoved through revolving steel arms, tripped up obscure narrow, narrow stairways, and finally abandoned in the phosphorescence of Newton Street. By that time I'm usually late for my class so I rush through the maze of lurid magazine stands, past the glare of Libby's Liqueurs, between the army of car beams descending like regiments attacking the criminal stop light in the center of the intersection.

The formidable gothic cathedral terminates the holocaust of brightness. Darkness pervades the end of Central Square. True—there is a neon sign—First Baptist Church—Welcome. I've often wondered if anyone ever delved low enough into his soul to illuminate it. (And what color would it be?)

I always jog-trot along dreary Conant Street: I'm always late. After the fence that supposedly surrounds a forever-hidden park, the sidewalk narrows. Besides the street—lamps (which are too ancient to be street lights), the only brightness is Mr. Dunlap's Tire Shop on the corner of Kinniard Street. If the shop weren't in havoc maybe Mr. Dunlap would someday convert the two picture windows—which constitute the entire shop—into alluring displays—Welcome to the Three-ringed Rubber Circus. But only children discover simplicity in havoc; adults create havoc from simplicity.

Well, this is Kinniard Street—with its alleys empty and its two story buildings dark. It doesn't frighten. Once in a while someone will be walking—two elderly ladies, who belong to the quiet.

Far away a beam lights a welcome—and no one moves in the neighborhood, and nothing speaks—except the little-girl screams and laughing voices emanating from the beam that is the Christ Child Settlement House. The sight of a man—old or adolescent—could convert this grieving, tenement slum into an ominous night jungle. Thank goodness for laughter!

Suddenly doors swing, stairs shuffle, fences flutter, trash barrels laugh, houses wobble. Five children erupt like five formidable yellow jackets—buzzing "Teacher's here." Elected as president (for the sake of civilization, I imagine), Cheryl leads. Alvenoy antagonizes. Libby criticizes. Irene observes. Pam follows.

"What are we going to do tonight?" Cheryl mumbles while applying white lipstick to her tiny lips. Without waiting for a suggestion, she charismatically commands that we go to King's Pizza Place.

What is there about pizza that attracts? Why do people relish the noisome aroma of garlic and pepper? Why does society enjoy scorching its taste buds on torrid tomatoes and peeling from its chin elastic mozzerella? Cheryl, of course, knows the answer, "You're stupid, zombie. It tastes good." As I smile and reach out my hand to guide her steps, she dashes away like a wounded victim—shouting, "Don't touch me"—a leader who disdains authoritarianism—except in herself. Or, perhaps she doesn't even like herself . . .

We ramble oblivious of the setting. Irene, of course, strides beside me—quiet, careful, watching the path through thick lenses, cringing at the disrespect of Cheryl. Shy, perhaps inhibited, she probably rationalizes her quiet as observation, or maybe she is afraid to speak because she wears braces. I may never know. Will anyone?

Suddenly Libby interrupts our silence with a complaint—tiny Libby with her straight hair and soprano screech. Complaint is the essence of an egocentric world.

"Cheryl won't let me run with her, but I don't care—I sing better than her, anyway."

A tiny body is a steel cage. Love is a key.

And then, there's Alvenoy—outcast with kinky hair, rebel with a lisp; Alvenoy who sulks as the others romp, who fights when the others fool; Alvenoy who needs a hand to hold—a white hand, as she emerges from her ghetto. And the world hurts.

It is Pam's hand that sooths as she walks with Alvenoy. The other day someone stole Pam's candy. "But those who steal live a longer life in Purgatory." Ridiculed for her kindness, scorned for her care, Pam shrugs and plows through the muddy streets—walking, and smiling, and loving . . .

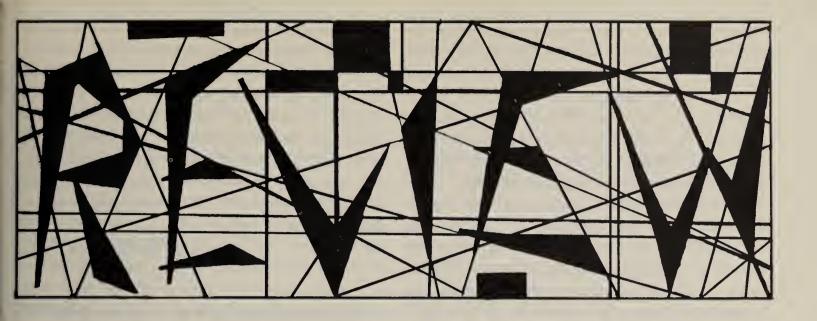
The girls are worlds of change. Their common denominator—love.

Lee Leonhardt, '66

Song of the Wide World

A knight of my acquaintance met a dragon recently in a soft wood. Surprised and unused to meeting his duty so abruptly he began forthwith to swear: He swore by the Great God and the sandals of the saints, by the honor of his mother and the beard of his father, by the wanderings of the moon and the little lost stars, by the summer rain and winter wheat, in short, by everything of assonance and interest. And the dragon, surprised by wonder, took him for its master. As I heard last, they are together still.

Anne Miller, '65



The Feminine Mystique. Betty Friedan. New York: Dell Publishing Co., Reprint, 1963

Mrs. Betty Friedan's The Feminine Mystique has aroused a flood of emotion in its climb to "the year's most controversial bestseller." Either warmly acclaimed or declaimed by most readers, the book has hardly been subjected to any lukewarm reactions. The reason for this turmoil is obvious, Mrs. Friedan has proposed a thesis which if taken to heart, could shake our fundamental social system to its roots. Explaining "the problem that has no name," the author denounces one of the most accepted and lauded roles played in America today, the role of the wife and mother. This "problem" is one of unrest and frustration on the part of dedicated women, living the life prescribed for them by society, a life which is "ideal" for them and yet seems to be killing them both emotionally and intellectually the more it is pursued.

This "feminine mystique," this image of the "housewife heroine" doing all for, giving all to husband and children at the expense of her own fulfillment and satisfaction, is what has brought Mrs. Friedan to such a drastic conclusion. She says that we must allow America's women to become whole people, to live a life worthy of the intelligence possessed by them, not a life of pretended excitement and creativity in the routine of housework and child rearing. Contrary to the feminine mystique, Mrs. Friedan states that the biological function is only one facet of a woman's personality, as it is of a man's, and should not be supposed to encompass her entire life.

If we suppose that these statements of the author are true, that women are human beings before they are women, that the daily round of trivia which constitutes most women's lives is not enough for them, we may ask who forces women to submit to such an existence. Where did such expectations arise and who keeps this fatal image alive? Mrs. Friedan, in an attempt to answer these questions, looks back to the Victorian woman, the psychology of Freud, to World War II and other sources of information. Citing Ibsen's "A Doll's House," she indicates one of the crucial statements of the needs and rights of women in society. She also presents an objective picture of the brave and truly feminine women who, amid ridicule, gave up their personal lives in order that women today might be able to participate in such elementary rights as voting, retaining their own property after marriage, and if necessary, employing the law to assist against tyrannical husbands.

Mrs. Friedan points out that during and after World War II, when women were forced to go outside the home, the "career woman" was not stigmatized by society. Neither was the woman who took an active interest in the affairs of the political or business worlds, though she was a wife and mother. Women were using their intelligence and creativity and continued to do so into the nineteen-fifties, when a change began to take place in the world of women. The aim and tone of women's magazines shifted direction, from articles of genuine worth and worldwide import to the unbearable trivia we see covering the pages of these same magazines today. The fiction lifted its stress from the active, participating woman and played up the docile, small-minded mother. To compensate for the woman's rediscovered imprisonment in the home, the cult of "togetherness" was promoted until members of families protested because they had neither privacy nor opportunity to be distinct personalities within the home. "Togetherness" was soon recognized as a weak remedy for discontent on the part of housewives whose stock of household electrical appliances afforded them more leisure time then ever.

In Mrs. Friedan's opinion, the higher education of woman intensified the problem. Soon colleges began to modify their courses for women from the usual "stiff program" to "sex-directed education" as the author calls it, an education geared to marriage and dilletantism as ultimate ends. And still society persisted in telling the woman that her only role was to be played in the home, that if she were unhappy there she was abnormal, and that she must live on and through the lives of her husband and children.

It is interesting to note how the author began work on such a vague subject as "the problem that has no name," and how she derived such provoking and resounding conclusions from her research. Mrs. Friedan found herself in the "anxious state" which characterizes the feminine mystique and, for something to do, decided to make a small survey among her fellow graduates of Smith College, concerning this problem. The results of the questionnaire astounded her. Nearly all these women, intelligent and able young women, reported that they were discontented in their marriages. Their replies were passionate. They were astonished to find that other women were experiencing the same feeling of emptiness and frustration. The author promptly delved more deeply into the study on a much larger scale, interviewing personally over two-thousand women across the country, exploring statistical data on marriage, education and children. After speaking to doctors, clergymen, psychologists and educators, she issued her final indictment against society.

Mrs. Friedan thinks that women in America today are in a worse state than they were in Victorian times because they are being manipulated by means more subtle and insidious than ever before. They are being faced with guilt and condemnation from all sides if they use their partly stimulated capacities. They are being told that they are neglecting their only responsibility in life, the one for which God made them, and the result of the consequent conflict is appalling. According to Mrs. Friedan, there are more frustrated, alcoholic, hypochondriachal women in

America today than seem possible, and most of them are images of the feminine mystique.

Mrs. Friedan does not employ a distinguished literary style. Instead she makes her plea for awareness stand on the strength of her arguments and the urgency of her thesis. In accord with her end, Mrs. Friedan's book is well written, and of vital interest to anyone who hopes to someday enter into a just and rewarding relationship in marriage.

Linda McCarriston, '65

The Educated Imagination. Northrop Frye. Indiana: Indiana University Press, 1964.

In this interesting series of lectures, originally written for the Canadian Broadcasting Company, well-known critic and educator, Northrop Frye, discusses the necessity for literary study and the function of the imagination in modern society.

His theory is well worth noting. The imagination in the highest level of the mind because, rather than observing the non-human world or fumbling a poor human world out of it, it creates a vision of the world human beings want. Mr. Frye cites the same problem that Crane Brinton observed a few years ago: since science can evolve with data and literature cannot, will we eventually outgrow literature? His reply is that literature will always be relevant, because its function is to express the imaginative ideal.

Here Mr. Frye fuses his theory of the imagination with some basic premises of the archetypal school of criticism. The results are of mixed value. He equates the imaginative ideal with a profound attempt on our part to recover a lost sense of identity with the nonhuman world. This primitive anxiety is the basic fable of mythology, and mythology is the origin of literature. Symbol is the main vehicle for expression of the myth, because allusive writing draws the nonhuman world within the boundaries of the imagination.

At this point, Mr. Frye, perhaps conscious of the sweeping nature of his theory, insists that, no matter how unconcerned with myth a writer may seem, it is his subsurface theme: "We have to look at the figures of speech a writer uses, his images and symbols, to realize that underneath all the complexity of human life that uneasy stare of an alien nature is still haunting us...."

He provides no examples to substantiate this claim. There is, however, a more basic objection in the fact that Mr. Frye's theory depends upon yet uncertain shades of psychological analysis: he rests the importance of literature upon the importance of the imagination, and attributes the importance of imagination to the soothing of deep currents of psychic insecurity.

But if the author emphasizes the weaknesses of archetypal criticism, he also highlights many of its strengths. One of his finest contributions is his insistence on the inter-locking nature of literature, which "can derive its forms only from itself."

Finally, Mr Frye outlines a practical application of his theory in an educational system based on the Bible, as literature, classical mythology, literary forms, and languages. The purpose is creation of a literary elite whose educated imaginations keep before our eyes the reality of ideals, "the real form of human society hidden behind the one we see . . . the world of what humanity has done and therefore can do...."

Mr. Frye's position is obviously very idealistic and his theory is, as archetypal theories tend to be, somewhat *a priori*. Still, his witty and informal little book is full of profitable insights and constitutes a valuable reaffirmation of the importance of the humanities in education and of the imaginative ideal in society.

Alice Hogan, '65

Christ, The Sacrament of the Encounter with God. Edward Schillebeecx, O.P. New York: Sheed and Ward, 1964.

To call this book a study of the sacraments is to forfeit the deepest dimension of its propositions, for Pere Schillebeecx has shaped an entire theological system from the basic concept of sacramental encounter with God. In this effort, the Dominican theologian who served as theological expert for the Dutch bishops at Vatican II, exhibits the pertinence and stature of a Karl Rahner or a Hans Kung.

Although the subtlety of the book's central argument defies reproduction, the regularity of its thematic progress facilitates an outlined presentation of the thesis. Lying at the root of the book's premises is Pere Schillebeecx's major affirmation: Jesus Christ, incarnate Son of God, constitutes the source and norm of all sacramentality. Exploring the implications of this

conviction, he proposes that "in Christ's visible humanity we discover the ultimate sign effecting grace;" as God-man, He not only reveals but unifies the already interlocking realities of divine and human love. The encounter He provides between God and man evidences a unique viability: God charges man with grace; man responds in perfect worship. Effecting this, Jesus is the reality of that "sacramental encounter" with God toward which God was leading and for which men were reaching out in the ancient rites of paganism and the sacrifices of Israel.

Admitting the historic dimensions of Jesus' life, Pere Schillebeecx must grapple with the problem of post-Ascension Christianity. This he does with singular skill by emphasizing that "the incarnation requires from the moment of Christ's ascension, a prolongation of His bodily mediation in time." The continuing necessity to encounter God demands a sacrament of the risen Christ. In examining the Church, the new sacramental body of Christ, Pere Schillebeecx finds his answer and his deepest insight: "The Church is the earthly prolongation, or, better, visibility of Christ's High-Priesthood in heaven." As heavenly High Priest, Christ enacts a dual role; He mediates grace between men and the Father and causes the Spirit to actualize redemption in men.

Closely studying Thomas Aquinas' thought, Pere Schillebeecx maintains a Christological-personalistic orientation over against a mechanical view of grace. Not the actions of men but the work of the risen Christ is the true determinant and dispenser of grace. The sacraments in their institution and their prolongation through a ministering priesthood are truly personal acts. In them, Christ freely chose to become accessible. Neither the merit of the priest, then, nor the merit of the recipient "causes" grace. Such a prerogative is Christ's alone, effected in His fidelity to Himself.

The remainder of the book examines the general topic of sacramental effects. Paralleling his earlier use of the dialectic between visible and invisible incarnation and the risen Christ and the sacraments, Pere Schillebeecx again utilizes this logical mode to define the inner and outer effects of the sacraments. The inner, "religious" effect exactly conforms to the outer, "ecclesial" effect. As a result, the whole discussion of effects exhibits a striking ethical and

apostolic direction which partially explains its Protestant-like conclusion: an appeal for visible witness to the grace of Christ in everyday encounters with men in the world.

In his final ramification, he firmly places himself in the mid-twentieth century current of Christian thought. He recognizes the social implications of the image of the Church as Body of Christ, and for this reason stresses the ethical realization that completes sacramentality. For Pere Schillebeecx, encounter with Christ in the sacraments aims at making all encounters with fellowmen sacraments of encounter with God.

The author's affinity for phenomenological terminology and concepts is apparent in the more than usual lucidity of his presentation. His exposition is logical and coherent, but the freshness of his language adds even to this a cadence and power. The most vital aspect of the book, however, is Pere Schillebeecx's thesis. Hence, the book warrants, ultimately, the thoughtful reading of every Christian. For the present, Pere Schillebeecx's audience will most probably be limited to experts and theologians.

Mary Alessi, '65

Herzog. Saul Bellow. New York: The Viking Press, 1964

This latest novel by Saul Bellow deals with the god of modern fiction writers, the anti-hero. In his preoccupation with reality Bellow serves up a depressing tale of the ordinary. He is master of the idiom of humdrum, presenting both the attractiveness and repulsiveness of simple existence in the person of Moses E. Herzog. What is Herzog like? He is witty and charming; his quirks of personality make for pleasant reading. But there is something slightly unsettling about Herzog's easy acceptance of things the way they are.

He practically begs to be wronged, and wronged he is. The whole world unites against him, to deceive and play him for a fool. Madeleine, Herzog's second wife, openly conducts an affair with his best friend and self-appointed marriage counselor. When Herzog politely inquires into his wife's marital status, he is charged with madness and forbidden the use of his own home. Madeleine legally proves the man insane, despite all evidence to the contrary.

Herzog's feelings are hurt, but of course he it much too civilized to attempt any effective self-assertion. What he does instead is write letters. To friends, relatives, the dead, God—it hardly matters, for he never mails them. But what there is of Herzog's character is in large part revealed through these letters. "Moses," he writes, "winning as he weeps, weeping as he wins. Evidently can't believe in victories."

By the end of the book, Herzog evidently can't believe in anything. He rejects all offers of help and resigns himself to the easy life of no purpose.

Bellow's style in *Herzog* is discursive. His tale wanders in and out of time without any apparent structural plan. Occasionally his story rambles right out of the reader's interest. But the book, plotless and unstructured though it may seem, is a happy literary experience. Its subtlety neither limits nor extends the scope of its audience; *Herzog* is well worth everyone's reading.

Dorothy White, '67



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DEATH IN THE POETRY OF JOHN DONNE AND DYLAN THOMAS

Alice Hogan '65

It might appear at first glance that John Donne and Dylan Thomas have no more in common than stylistic complexity, but there are certain similarities in the motifs employed by each poet in his search for an adequate explanation of reality. The subject of this article is a survey of the death motif in Donne's poetry and in Thomas', in order to illustrate the disparity between the main stream of Christian tradition and one of the subjectivist approaches with which the modern mind attempts to explain the universe.

Thomas' early poetry is largely concerned with the sexual act and its consequences, because he sees a direct parallel between copulation and universal flux. All things relate in a very real sexual communion. Literally, the world is a body to Thomas. The act of love is less a matter of interpersonal communion, or even of pleasure, than a gesture of identification with the life process. In some of Thomas' later poetry, it even results in a confusion of the self with Christ.

An obviously Freudian aspect of Thomas' attitude is his "back-to-the-womb" longing for a pre-birth, pre-personality state. His purpose is to discover the meaning of death, which terrifies him, by dragging the "hidden causes" out of man's subconscious into the "clean nakedness of light." The function of poetry, then, is to probe the irrational. This seems to be the very antithesis of metaphysical intellectualism, but a short analysis of one of Thomas' more successful poems easily demonstrates the conscious use of reason to order the poet's investigation of the subconscious. In "If I were tickled by the rub of love," the poet is concerned with the moment when mutability seems so terrify-

ing that even sex (with all its ramifications) loses its attraction. The real "rub" is the existence of death in all things. Thomas says:

The world is half the devils's and my own,

Daft with the drug that's smoking in a girl

And curling round the bud that forks her eye.

And old man's shank one-marrowed with my bone,

And all the herrings smelling in the sea, I sit and watch the worm beneath my nail Wearing the quick away.

And that's the rub, the only rub the tickles.

The knobby ape that swings along his sex

From damp love-darkness and the nurse's twist

Can never raise the midnight of a chuckle ...

Thomas' early, morbid obsession with death manifests itself in the "worm beneath my nail." What he is saying is that even when hypnotized by sex ("the drug that's smoking in a girl"), he feels the impotence of old age threatening his youthful body from within. He sits alive and watches the worm gnawing at his flesh. He looks at the sea and smells the dead fish. All his senses are more aware of impending death than of present life. The last stanza focuses upon the crux of the argument:

And what's the rub? Death's feather on the nerve?

Your mouth, my love, the thistle in the kiss?

My Jack of Christ born thorny on the tree?

The words of death are dryer than his stiff,

My wordy wounds are printed with your hair.

I would be tickled by the rub that is:

Man be my metaphor.

The real rub is not physical fear, nor even the "thistle" of death implicit in the lover's touch. To my understanding, the element of death in the sex act is here subordinate to Thomas' own identification, as poet, with the process of sexualcosmic flux. He sees himself as a Hopkins-like "everyman" Christ (My Jack of Christ," "My wordy wounds"), issuing directly from the life force to the tree of crucifixion. His suffering results from his superior consciousness, the poetic curse which forces him to conceptualize the true nature of the life-death process. If "Jack of Christ" is an Ancient Mariner, he is also an adolescent tormented by sexual problems. There is, then, a cyclic movement from the inadequacy of the sex act to the birth of the poet (who is also a god, because a creator) to his realization of "the rub that is" through poetry and sexual torment. The possible resolution is magnificently ambiguous: "Man be my metaphor." According to William York Tindall, this means either man is a microcosm or little world, or the poet desires to discard his simian sexuality (the "knobbly ape") and act like a human being. My own reading involves the cyclic process. If all human behavior is darkened by this shadow of death, which is irreparably an element of sex, then man is his own symbol of death, his own momento mori. As often as he sees or engenders human life, the poet heralds human death. In other words, both of Tindall's interpretations are correct. Man is, literally, microcosmic; simultaneously, Thomas reaffirms the worth of humanity by asserting that the creative artist, at least, can sufficiently detach himself to comprehend the whole cycle.

The cyclic movement, carefully patterned in contrasts, parallels, and a refrain reminiscent of Hamlet's, proves the presence of intellectual ordering. But the poem also illustrates the point

that Thomas' central concern is an appeal to the irrational element in man. This is where he seeks the meaning of death, for, in a Freudian and pantheistic universe, man returns to the flux at death and, if there is any meaning to the process at all, it must be hidden in that element of man which is closest to the sexual-mystical unknown. This is the subconscious.

Donne's approach is, obviously, far different. He consciously cultivates order, seeking to define the emotional experience by an intellectual parallel. The whole is oriented toward one organic effect, which he himself likens to the "beating out of a piece of gold."

Donne and Thomas are similar in that each is engaged in a lonely struggle for security in an insecure age. Donne sought to order his life by reviving the rationalism of his scholastic heritage within a religious and empirical framework. Thomas lapsed into intellectual fads and sought his answers somewhere beyond the traditional uses of the mind. The difference lies largely in the fact that, in the seventeenth century, one could still find a living power in tradition, while Thomas' generation wanted to discard an apparently sterile past in favor of a Freudian future.

Donne's love poetry may be used to illustrate Thomas' radical attitude. For one thing, love and the universe are analogical in Donne's imagery, not literally one. Moreover, Donne loves an individual, not a depersonalized force. "The Extasie" insists on a Platonic, spiritual union before the physical consummation can have any real meaning. The whole man is involved in the emotion of love, but reason leads. The cyclic process here involves a progression from physical communion to the mixing of souls and, only then, a complimentary marriage of bodies: "Love's mysteries in souls do grow,/ But yet the body is his book." Love, for Donne, is both physical and transcendent, and the process is understood by the reason, by an intellectual dialectic. Thomas would deny both the spiritual level of reality and the need to place the issue in severely rational terms.

Both poets do believe in the organic unity of life. Speaking of the inseparable oneness of body and soul, Donne says: "We are the intelligences, they the spheres." But Thomas' unity is pantheistic, while Donne's clearly involves the direction of a supreme Creator. For Thomas, man and the universe are literally one; Donne

analogizes the human and the natural and places God over both.

Donne's attitude toward death is more traditional, too. On one level, he considers death subservient to love. Thus, in "The Dissolution," the mistress' death is enough to initiate the destruction of the lover. Death is as much a slave to their desire to be united as it will be to "Fate, Chance, Kings, and desperate men" in "Death be not proud." For Thomas, dissolution is implicit in the act of generation. The presence of an unbreakable personal bond, the traditional power of human emotions, has nothing to do with it. Donne's lovers are the courtly conquerors of death. Thomas, in characteristically modern fashion, places the whole process beyond human will and dignity.

The similarity between Thomas' "And Death Shall Have No Dominion" and Donne's "Death be not proud" would appear to be too obvious to mention, yet the two poets differ in their defiance. They are unlike in their understanding of the nature of the thing they defy. Death cannot conquer in Thomas' poem because man, although he loses his individual identity, continues to exist by returning to the flux: "Dead men naked they shall be one/ With the man in the wind and the west moon." The basic sexual dynamism encompasses all personality: "Though lovers be lost love shall not." Simultaneously, however, death gives individual human life its grandeur ("They shall have stars at elbow and foot"), its heroism ("Strapped to a wheel, yet they shall not break"), and its essential indestructibility ("Heads of the characters hammer through daisies;/ Break in the sun till the sun breaks down"). This last phrase asserts that man will outlive physical nature, because he is in union with flux itself, a more basic manifestation of reality than the material universe. This pagan interpretation of immortality relies upon our emotional response to the more orthodox connotations of Resurrection. It echoes St. Paul's "Death, where is thy sting?" by side-stepping the issue. Thomas could not explain why "Split all ends up they shall not crack." He depends upon the hypnotic effect of his own rhetoric and our preconceived responsiveness. He does not trust in faith, which will "snap in two," or in reason. His intuitional approach is powerful in appeal because it offers salvation to the passive. Pantheistic indestructibility is immortality without responsibility.

According to Stuart Holroyd, Thomas' God is a pre-moral deity demanding only a complete absorption in the life of the senses. Other gods are transcendent as well as immanent, but Thomas' is wholly immanent, discovered in the sexual organs or buried in the unconscious.

Donne, on the other hand, is much closer to the spirit of I Corinthians 15. In St. Paul's theology, death is basically impotent, because it derives its power from without, from man's sin. Its defeat is also external in origin, based on the merits of Christ's Resurrection. Death is contingent to the will, then, because man can choose the salvation which renders its "sting" powerless. Donne adheres to this line of reasoning. Death is fundamentally harmless on a physical level because it effects the "soul's delivery." It is a "slave" to "Fate, Chance" and the wills of "desperate men." Man is capable of approximating its effects with "charms." Essentially, man is victorious over death because "One short sleep past, we wake eternally,/ And death shall be no more; death, thou shalt die." Although this sonnet is more assertive than many of Donne's other poems, it appeals basically to the mind. It is Christian doctrine, not merely a cunning utilization of tradition to serve unique and wholly personal ends. Simultaneously, Donne's poem incorporates more of human experience within its traditional concept of death as a sleep from which we rise glorified. This greater universality makes the metaphysical sonnet more effective.

In Donne's era man learned that, as he taught himself to master the world, he lost more and more his old social, intellectual, and spiritual security. God seemed farther away; more energy was required to approach Him. But the struggle still had meaning. Reconciliation was still possible. By the twentieth century, however, human egoism had evicted God from His universe. In search of a substitute, man elevated the only mystery remaining: his own unconscious, irrational self. Death is the climax of life. As Donne sought its significance in tradition, the repository of meaning in an objective world, Thomas tried to explain the ultimate mystery in terms of a subjective cosmology. He seems to have been considerably less successful.

Cambric Jea

I take my cream with tea . . . and when I am older than gingham smocks and proper play, certain that my daisy crowns are straight,

I'll royal.

I'll be enough. (Thank-you.)

Loraine Di Pietro, '65

Allegro Vivace

Out into a day
with an emerald in her smile,
I will follow you —
my vibrant poplar.

In a field of noonshine pebbled with lost daisies,
I will touch your shadow — oh my singing pine.

At the right hand of duskhawk with a bright sword in its throat, We will shatter loud clouds — my white-blown wave.

Along the alleyways of night by the moon's bland face, We will sound together oh my single bell.

Ann Dailey, '67

THE FEASTERS

Barbara Keegan, '65

From the edge of the park, Adam took in the Feasters huddled in a circle. Each guy had one hand stuck in a pocket; the other was busy with a cigarette. The bright leather of their black jackets reflected the burning tips. They reminded Adam of the kitchen light shining on the black coal stove in his kitchen, and his mother shouting in a dog-pitched voice, "Now where are you going tonight? You're never home anymore. When do you study for school? You'll never get anyplace you know, without working. You can't get a good job without graduating. And yesterday you were so sick. You should be in bed early tonight."

Adam had yelled back as he slipped out the door, "Yah, Ma, I know. I did my homework in study periods in school. My grades are O.K. and I feel fine. I'll be back soon."

He had known he hadn't anything to worry about. His Ma hollered a lot because she was tired of working in Coldstone's all day, but she always let him go and that too was because she was tired. Still, she ought to know a guy of seventeen had his own business. In the importance of the night, little things he always accepted as natural bothered him and seemed to make him small and unimportant.

This was a big time for him. To belong to the *Feasters* gave a guy prestige in school and girls respected you. He had just one more test to go through before he was a member, before he could warm himself in the circle. He had already jumped from McGraw's grocery roof



to Henry's pharmacy where last year Marty Stein fell and broke his back. He still wore a brace on it.

He had passed the second test with no trouble and stolen the hub caps from Captain Hayes' family car and drained the gas from Corpelio's limosine. Everyone knew he was tied up in the rackets. Adam had stolen eight shirts from Corbett's store and painted stinking words all over the statue of General Freedman in the middle of the park. The alderman thought it beautified the district, but one block of green doesn't do much for a city of rust and soot.

All of these tests hadn't been much trouble, but Adam was bugged about tonight. This was the big test, the last test. It was supposed to be held the night before except Adam hadn't shown. He had been sick with a fever and his Ma called Doc Stobeski who made him stay in bed. She had hovered over him, so he couldn't have slipped out. He hadn't even felt much like sneaking out even if it meant his last chance with the Feasters. Once he had tried to raise himself to his feet, but reeled like he had been on a runaway trolley. Doc had said it had been just the grippe and the next day he'd be all right. A short twenty four hours before Adam had felt that the Feasters would just have to wait, but now that the time had come for the final test he wished it was all over, over before Turkey had hated him. He knew that it didn't take much for the Feasters to think you chicken and they bore down hard on chickens like bargain day shoppers or hounds to the kill.

He had just escaped this on the way to school. The day had been hell. Turkey Traluski, a little runt with eyes that pierced the dark like street lamps at midnight and whose flesh was soft and smooth like a wet cut beef in Angelo's market had crowded him hard. He'd been waiting around the corner from Adam's apartment and said through chalk white teeth, "Well, you lily-livered scum, where were you?"

Adam had started and Turkey shuffled from a doorway. "I was sick," he had tried an eveness that hadn't been there.

"Yah, with girly fear,"

"Don't worry," Adam had reddened, "I'll be there tonight."

"Who says there is gonna be a tonight for

you, fella. You just don't stand up the Feasters with no kind of message."

"What'd you expect me to do, send my mother or maybe the Doc? Do you want to have the cops down on you for real?" He had started for school and Turkey stalked silently behind him. Adam had wished he had been up where he could see him, but he couldn't have shown the twitch of his head to turn over his shoulder or he'd really have been finished. He'd heard more footsteps behind him. Feasters had fallen in one at a time from each passing door-

He had to be careful with this one. He'd always known that the Feasters weren't easy to tangle with. Once you started with them there was no turning back. Adam remembered Larry Platznik, who had started the tests, but backed down and he also had remembered the beating his sister had taken. Still, even though they'd always given it rough to outsiders they had done anything for a fella Feaster, alibis, money, everything. You couldn't be a Feaster unless you were the biggest man around.

When Adam had first started testing for the Feasters they'd been like little gods against the stinking rotten world of canned food and housing projects. They had taken no lip from anybody; to be a Feaster made you something. It had been worth the risks to be big in the district. It had seemed that nobody ever crossed you. Even the teachers at Central had always watched out when a Feaster was in the class. It could make you or break you and Adam had to force himself to play it cool or he'd have been broken for good.

He'd waited until he was near the intersection before turning around. Nothing could happen with cars passing by. When he had spun to face them he'd been surprised to see only four waiting Feasters. From the sound of their footsteps he'd thought they would be out in full force.

"Well chicken," Turkey had said, protected by the rest of the Feasters, "Why isn't your Ma walking you to school?"

"Because I can walk myself."

"That's right, chicken, your Ma's a hash slinger, but she keeps good care of you at night, doesn't she? Tucks you in real good. Makes sure the door's locked, doesn't she?" Turkey had tilted his head like over a baby and with

his fleshy hands fixed imaginary blankets. The others had laughed. Hawker had shown his gape tooth from his big mouth and Bear Banzatini smiled in knowing appreciation. He was Turkey's man. Bear had the biggest red hands and the widest shoulders at Central. The Mouse had twittered from underneath his concealing hand. For a twitterer, Adam had thought, he sure could throw a knife. He had passed all his tests with no problem. Only Turkey, with his thin goatee and balding head hadn't passed the tests. He hadn't needed to; he had thought them up. The *Feasters* had been his idea and for a Jew he had run it like Hitler.

Adam had known the *Feasters* thought a shut mouth belonged to a chicken so he spat and said, "The only way you can tell if I'm yellow is to give me the test tonight. If I don't show, you got me. If I do you'll find out."

Turkey had smiled his marshmallow white teeth and seethed, "Look, chicken, I don't like postponements. I say you're yellow right here." His hand had reached for the pocket where he always carried a switchblade and sometimes the gun he had rebuilt from parts in the dump.

The morning sun had lit bright patches of snow, but the whizzing cars splashed it to dirty slush and blasted cold onto Adam's neck. Turkey had always been a smart guy. Adam had known he would be too bright to start anything on the street where traffic would be all over. Usually he'd have been too smart to try something like this too, but he had to make Turkey back down or the *Feasters* would brand him a coward and interfere with his girls, his actions, his every breath. He'd have to depend on Turkey's brains. All this had been recognized in the whispered, "Prove it."

Turkey's red nose had sniffed high in the air and Adam thought he'd played it wrong; that maybe he'd been too boiling to care. Turkey had looked around him as the cars streaked by, and he'd seen Copper Cooney on the next corner. He'd opened his starch white teeth and said with a heavy grin,

"I'm not gonna crucify you in public. I'm gonna let the test nail you tonight. I'm gonna think up a real good one." Turkey had been superior and scorned him through his lips and the toss of his thin oily hair, but he had backed down.

Adam had laughed, mustering up his own

superiority and cooed, "Be careful you don't bang your thumb with the hammer instead of hitting the nails in my coffin."

The Mouse had squeaked in appreciation, but in one look from Turkey he swallowed it. Adam had wished he could walk away from them in triumph and leave them in the cold, but they'd all be going to Central and if he had left them they'd think he had bluffed them. The silence in which they had marched to the school hung with tension and with the hate of unspoken defeat.

Tonight the circle looked closed against him. He felt like a bowling pin waiting for the ball to knock him off. He could feel the anger Turkey had worked up in the group. They would let him go through with the test. Turkey wouldn't back down again, but the terror that would be in the test shivered in him and his ignorance of it pumped his heart.

"Well," said Turkey, "sit down, chicken, and listen. If you want to be a Feaster you have to fill certain conditions. You've passed all the others, but that ain't nothing to the final test. At ten tonight Mouse is gonna phone the cop joint and report a robber prowling at 317 S St. That's that big apartment building. He's gonna holler real loud for the fuzz and when they come you're gonna be ready with all these bundles. You have to wait until they open the cruiser door before you start running. They won't miss seeing you and no matter what they do, you have to keep on going. If you get away you're a Feaster. Meet us back here at eleven and have all the packages. They're very valuable to me so if you lose one it's no go."

Adam wanted to ask about the chance of his being shot in the back; of his being the first dead Feaster. The circle leered at him with Turkey's hate. They were ready to pounce on him as a coward so he didn't dare. He wondered how the Feasters who were now lined up against him would open their arms and ranks to him at eleven. He wondered quickly if they'd have to, but forced that out of his mind. He pushed the glory of the Feasters forward in his thoughts. He said over and over again to himself that he was almost a Feaster. It didn't really matter how they forgot their hate and accepted him just so long as they did. When everything was at his fingertips, he couldn't let it crumble. It was too late to turn

back anyhow. When you got this far in the Feasters you got out only if they beat you out as yellow with scars that lasted for life. But he couldn't think of this either. He had to think that he was still choosing the Feasters; that the world wasn't closing in. Still the weight of compulsion pained his stomach. He knew he was toying with his life; that there was no telling what an excited cop would do. Adam remembered hearing that Iggy Kazenski's brother was shot down in the street because some cop thought he was a gangster.

It was an all or nothing game, but backwards was nothing and at least in the test there was the chance for everything. He tightened his stomach to force its pain still and said, "Let's go. I want to look the place over." He marched at the head of the *Feasters* like a prisoner to be hanged, while his captors carried the precious packages of his trial.

317 S St. loomed over Adam's head. It was fourteen stories tall and the windows were lit up like a Christmas tree. The eye of the moon spotted the *Feasters* and their silent shadows weaved quickly along the ground.

Adam said, "Well, the cop'll have no problem seeing me here."

"What's a matter, nervous?" Turkey poked. "Nope, just sizing up the situation. This escape will be perfect, but not because of luck. It'll be brains," Adam said it aloud and then to himself, over and over. "This escape will be perfect. This escape will be perfect." Maybe if he said it enough it would be true.

"Come over here and wait." Turkey motioned toward a narrow unlit alley that was burrowed from the first floor in the middle of the apartment building. The *Feasters* left Adam to wait at the beginning of the alley and dumping packages on him, they went to the rear of it and watched. Adam was almost knocked over by the dumped bundles. They were wrap-

ped rocks; six boulders that even now ached his arms.

Sirens sped from G St. The shadows of the alley were comforting and the sinking in Adam's knees wanted to push him back into the darkness. But the *Feasters* were back there, watching, waiting for a false move, so he couldn't turn back. He would have run back to the slums, to the dirt and poverty if he could have, but it was too late.

Sirens screeched their mourning into the night. Adam cast a look over his right shoulder. Turkey was there with his plaster-white smile, daring him to run into the alley, to come near the bulge in his pocket that he wrapped his hand around. Turkey would never let him chicken out. Backwards or forwards it was suddenly the same. But how would Turkey feel when Adam passed the test? He'd have to accept him then, but Adam wasn't sure Turkey would ever forget the way he pulled him up short in the street.

The police car stopped. Adam had to run. He wanted to run, to put space between him and the test and Turkey and the cops. The cruiser door opened and he saw a blue serge leg spring from the car as he ran. The wind speared his face, he dropped the packages to swing his arms. He wished he could fly in the air, but the cold leadened his feet and anchored them to the ground.

"Stop, stop, or I'll shoot," blew into his brain. Adam had just a little farther to run 'till he could veer down a side street and into the backyards of houses. The cop had to fire a warning shot first and the time it would take for this would save him. Suddenly, a knifing speed cut Adam's life. Reeling with the wide eyes of death he saw the cops running forward and the chalk-dust smile of Turkey as he slid into the alley, his hand moving back into his pocket.

A Name

A name like common blood from a scratch A name too simple to be remembered A name said thoughtlessly like a glass of pure water A name ready made to give to unknowns

A name like the heart that beats the hour that sounds The memory of time that a bounding bullet rippled A name that causes no stir A name like the wristband the soldiers wear

A name one could read of on the wind from the signs
On the civil documents the tombstones
A name engraved on street stalls
Whose Christian name bleeds
Like the murdered feet of a child in wooden shoes

For he was a child like all of us
all those other yesterdays
Who watched his executioners in awe at dawn
And the women too stammered this name
Not knowing it would be a hero's

This common name like an untilled field
Is today blessed among those of our town
On the sidewalk they placed flowers beneath the placards
And ladies in black come to kneel and pray
A beautiful name without color as they make them in France
To pass through the crowd and die without weariness
A name silent as indifference
A name like the fires of a village in the night

(Translated by Catherine Griffin '65 from the French, "X . . . Francais" by Louis Aragon, and printed here by permission of Mr. Aragon.)



Crisis on a Saturday Morning

Catherine Griffin '65

Setting: a basement shoe store. A staircase leads to a ramp across the upper portion of the stage. On the ramp a Public Address speaker is prominently placed. On back wall, racks of shoe boxes and more of them all over the floor. In the middle of the stage are four chairs with the usual plastic upholstery. There is a space through the middle of the chairs. A counter with cash register. The shoe clerk is seated in shadow at the up-stage left. A spot focuses on a man seated in the right end chair. His legs are crossed. He wears a blue suitcoat, brown trousers, and a green polka dot tie. (The lapels of the suit are too wide a la 1930, also the tie.)

Philosopher: There are those who live in a twilight world, that is to say, not beyond this world, but living only half this life. They live in darkened rooms and they stumble among the furnishings of their own lives as unfamiliar objects to be feared. They ignore the naked bulb that hangs suspended always from the ceiling. They are afraid of the light. They concern themselves with putting out a smokescreen within which their lives go on. The making of this fog becomes the pivotal point of their lives. Their engrossment in it substitutes for life itself. This becomes so much a part of them that they do not even know

how their state
has come about
or even that—
such a state exists in them.
Their hearts are given over
to hiding their secret
from themselves.
They cannot bear
to doubt
the value of their lives
and any lifting in the fog
becomes a crisis.

He gets up and climbs the stairs purposefully. The clerk arises and comes forward, duster in hand, he is a young man of about twenty-eigth. He is wearing a dark blue suit and a yellow badge with the number seventy on it in big black letters. He dusts the chairs, lower rail of a staircase, edges of shoeboxes.

Public Address

Speaker: Clerk Number Seventy, Clerk Number Seventy, please finish dusting and begin stocking latest merchandise.

As if animated, the clerk gives a final swisp to the chairs, places the duster in a lower rack of the counter and begins to sort out the shoe boxes. Three at a time, he picks them up, checks the ends, and repeats their contents, e.g. "Six and a half brown pumps," He puts away a dozen boxes like this. A woman, rather non-descript, appears at the top of the stairs. She is wearing a green and brown housedress and a white coatsweater. A little boy with her is wearing blue jeans and a faded red jacket and cap. He jumps down the stairs two at a time making "zoom, zoom" noises as he swishes his pin wheel. The clerk straightens, stands stiff for a moment.

Public Address

Speaker: Clerk Number Seventy, Clerk Number Seventy, please wait on customers.

Clerk: Good Morning, may I help you, Madam?

Woman: Yes, I want a pair of black shoes for him, size 9.

Clerk: Of course, will you take a seat. I'll be right back.

The woman and boy sit, the boy half stands up in the chair, one leg swung along the back. He swooshes his pin wheel. He notices the P.A. box. The clerk turns around with three boxes of shoes. The boy asks:

Little Boy: Hey Mister, what's that box?

Clerk (surprised): Don't you know?

Little Boy: Uh, uh, what's it for? Is it for a special kind of shoe? It looks like the box we have in school that the principal talks through.

Woman (annoyed): Tommy, sit down and don't ask so many questions.

Little Boy (plumping down): O.K.

They try on a pair of shoes.

Woman (pinching toes of shoes): How do they feel, Tommy? Are they too tight? Walk a little more. Maybe we should get them a size too big so you can grow into them. (to clerk:) He's growing so fast!

Little Boy: They're O.K. Mama, why can't I get sneakers? All the other kids have them. Johnny Brown wears them and Dickle and Bucky . . .

Woman: You know very well why. Are you sure they're not too tight?

Little Boy: I said they're O.K.!

Woman (to clerk): I think we'll take these. You're sure they'll last a while? How much will that be?

Clerk (starting to put shoes in a bag): That'll be \$3.98, Ma'am. These are on sale this week, and a very good buy.

Little boy (running over): Can I have the box, Mister? I need it for my rock collection. (Clerk smiles) I've got lots of rocks. I found a real piece of mica the other day. Have you ever seen a real piece of mica?

Clerk: No, I don't think I have. What is it?

Little Boy (excited): Well, it's all nice and shiny and flaky in parts too. It's kind of goldish. Hardly any of the guys have it.

Clerk: That sounds very nice.

Little Boy: Say, I only have one piece of mica. But I have a double of rose quartz. Here you want it? See, it's pretty.

Clerk: Yes. It is very pretty. I'll put it right here on top of the cash register where everyone can see it. I'll be sure to tell them what it is and who gave it to me. (He finishes putting the box in a bag, rings up the price, and hands bag to the woman)

Little Boy: We're going to the circus now, but tomorrow I'll go find you a piece of mica. O.K.? And I'll come back and tell you about the clowns and the lions and the acrobats. O.K.? I like the clowns best, don't you? (imitates clown) "Ho, ho, ho, hello children. I'm Booby the clown. And what's this in my collar? (pulls out from bhind his neck an imaginary bouquet of flowers) Flowers! Now how did they get there? (scratches head) I guess I didn't wash my neck! (They both laugh although the clerk is not sure why)

Woman: Tommy, come along. Leave the man to his work. We don't want to be late. Tie that shoe lace better and zip up your jacket.

Clerk: (puzzled): Circus?? Yes, that'll be fine. You come back and tell me about it.

Little Boy (sing-song): We're going to the circus, the circus, we're going to the circus. Bye, mister!

(The clerk fingers the quartz, holds it up to the electric light. Then he replaces it and stiffens.)

Public Address

Speaker: Clerk Number Seventy, please finish stock immediately.

(Again induced to action, he kneels and starts to pick up some boxes, then turns and goes back to hold up the quartz again.)

Public Address

Speaker: Clerk Number Seventy, please finish stock immediately.

Clerk (resuming work): Size twelve, men's loafers, brown.

Again this goes on awhile. A young woman appears. She wears a white linenlike dress and seems radiantly happy. She carries a pink bag and wears pink shoes and gloves. She rhapsodies down the stairs.

Lady in White (joyously): Good morning!

Public Address

Speaker: Clerk Number Seventy, please wait on customer.

Clerk (unstiffening): May I be of service to you, Miss?

Lady in White (sitting): You certainly may! I want a pair of white wedding shoes, size seven, with a two inch heel.

Clerk: Do you wish them with a pattern or plain? We have quite a variety of styles.

Lady in White: Oh, I want to see them all please!

Clerk (bowing slightly): Of course.

(He goes to back stage wall to get shoes. She radiates and sings in shreds.)

Clerk: I think you'll find something you like among these. They're our very best. (He opens box and starts to put a shoe on her)

Lady in White (astonished): But these are black!

Clerk: Oh no, that's impossible—I'm sure . . . But I . . . I'm quite certain I . . . Lady in White: Oh please, it's all right. If you'll just get the right . . .

Clerk: (to himself): I've never done anything like this before. How did it happen? What's happening to me?

Lady in White (standing up): Are you all right?

She puts out her hand to touch his forearm. He draws back, holding the arm she has just touched. He stands a moment looking at her in awe.

Lady in White: Is there anything I can do? You really don't have to be so upset. Anyone can make a mistake. We all make them once in a while. I forgot to put paper in my typewriter this morning. It happens all the time to everyone.

Clerk (beginning to recover): A mistake? . . . Yes, I'll get your shoes for you, Miss.

(He moves slowly, get shoes, returns)

Clerk: I can't understand this. It never happened before. I'm sorry. Really sorry. Lady in White: "It's nothing to take so seriously.

(They try on the shoes)

Lady in White: Oh, I like those! Let me try them! (switches shoes) Oh these are what I want! (She sits admiring them)

Clerk (ill-at-ease, hesitatingly): Miss, may I ask you something?

Lady in White (sympathetically): Yes, I suppose so. Go ahead.

Clerk (hesitating again): What is a "circus"?

Lady in White (surprised): Oh . . . you must be new in this country, but you speak excellent English. Don't they have circuses where you come from? But how would you know if you don't know what a circus is. Let me see now, how can I explain a circus to you. Well, it's a whole lot of entertainment, all at once. There are animal acts: lion tamers and trained seals and bears and horses that dance. And there are daredevil acts like diving into a fiery hoop or walking a thin wire way above everyone's head. You'd really have to go to one to appreciate it. Have I made it any clearer?

Clerk (confused): What's a lion and a bear?

Lady in White: A lion is a large wild cat from Africa, very ferocious with a huge mane and huge teeth . . . a bear (holding up shoe) . . . Ah dear, next you'll be asking me what is a wedding! Gracious, I'm sorry, but I don't have time to define everything for you. Don't you have a dictionary?

Clerk (brightening): Oh yes, of course!

(He runs over to the counter, returns with a little pamphlet-like book)

Lady in White: This is only about shoes!

Clerk: Oh no, it tells about chairs, and boxes and cash registers and, and . . .

Lady in White (rummaging in her purse): Wait a minute. I think I have a pocket dictionary. Here it is! I don't know why I carry it. I never use it. Now you can look up whatever you like.

(She sets the dictionary on the chair and they finish transacting their business at cash register.)

Clerk: \$8.98. Thank you! Would you like anything else?

Lady in White: No thank you. I hope you find what you're looking for in that dictionary. It's kind of hard at first. Bye.

(Lady in White looks over her shoulder sympathetically as she exits—then regains her joyous mood. Clerk goes over to the chairs, picks up the dictionary and sits down.)

work'bag' (wûrk'băg'), n. A bag for holding implements or materials for work'esa., a reticule for needlework.
work'bench' (-bench'), herein or which work is performed; as by me baic, don't list. etc.
work'day' (-dā'), n. 1. A day on which work is performed, as distinctished from Sunday, festivals, etc.; a working day. 2. the performacy work work is performed. Worked (wûrkt), adj. That has been subjected to she process of treatment, manufacture, or the like.

Syn. Worked, wrought. Both as past and participle, work implies preparation or (esp.) operation by labor; wrought subjected to she work'er (wûr'kêr), n. 1. One who or that while works; laborer; toiler. 2. Any citizen of Soviet Russa, other than a soldier or sailor, who works either with hand or brain for his living; — used in contrast to catalist or bourgeois. 3. Zool. One of the neuter, or strile, individuals of the social ants, bees, and termites. The workers are generally (except in termites) females a aving the sexual organs imperfectly developed.

work'house' (-hous'), n. 1. Obs. A worksho. 2. In Work-house' (-hous'), n. 1. Obs. A worksho.

work'folk' (wûrk'fōk'), work'folks' (-fōks'), n. l. Work-people.
work'house' (-hous'), n. 1. Obs. A worksho. 2. In England, a poorhouse.
3. U.S. A house of correction in which petty offenders, as drunkards or vagrants; are confined and put at work.
work'ing (wûr'kĭng), adj. 1. Doing work; engived in lahor; as, a working woman. 2. Of, relating to, od upied by, or taken up with, work; as, working hours. 3. Adequate to permit work to be done or to accomplish a cessary results; as, they had a working majority in the large lature. 4. Twitching spasmodically, as if moved hy gratteeling; — said esp. of the face or the muscles of the face. — said of liquor, cider, vinegar, etc. 6. It to facilitate other or further work; as, t, hypothesis. — n. 1. Now Rare. the making of something by labor; ill, or manner of making something. 2. Man. 3. The process or solving, as a mathematical gitated movement or contoror fashioning things, esp. with so f solving, as a mathematical gitated movement or contoror fashioning things, esp. with so f solving, as a mathematical gitated movement or contoror fashioning things, esp. with so f solving, as a mathematical gitated movement or contorory gradually made by or as if by nst the current. 7. Any exunneling, etc.; — chiefly in pl. uor or yeast.

RKING ASSET. Accounting. Inpermanent character: — a term some imes, thing. 2. Man d. The process of kill. 4. The act roblem; calculation. 6. Progressifort; as, his wo vation made Fermental king a tell

RKING ASSET. Accounting. In-npermanent character; — a term

Accounting. Excess of quick assets thilities. 2. Finance. The portion of the husiness which is not invested in plant, etc.,

day. a A workday. b The number of hours, ded by law or custom, during which a workman, hired ated price per day, must work to be entitled to a

y.

-day', adj. Pert. to, or characteristic of, worki, workaday; hence, plodding.
drawing. Arch. & Mech. A drawing made to
nded to be followed by the workmen.

man' (wlr'kine.man'), n. A laboring man.

Apers. Official documents, such as an age ceralizing the employment of a minor.

bstance. Mech. The substance, usually a
ding fluid), under pressure, that actuates the
es, etc., in an engine or the like.

(wlrk'les; -lis), adj. Without work; unem-

(wûrk'măn), n. A man employed for wages ten, a skilled artificer or laborer.

man, laborer, artisan, mechanic, craftsman. Workgeneral term; it often applies to one who does relatively a laborer's work demands strength or exertion rather
isan is esp. one employed in an industrial or mechanic is now commonly restricted to a workman or using machinery; a craftsman is

ence by acting upon; to induce. 12. To practice trickery upon (one) for one's own ends; as, he worked the management for a ticket. 13. To excite; provoke;—often with retrement, as liquor cork one's pessage. To pay for a passage by doing work on board or about the conveyance.— work out a 10 effect by labor and exertion. B To solve, as a problem, work on board or about the conveyance.— work out a 10 effect by labor and exertion. B To solve, as a problem, as the conveyance of the provided of the payment of the pay

world'ling (wûrld'ling), n. [world + 1st -ling.] A son engrossed in the concerns of this present world. world'ly (-li), adj.; world'ling (wûrld'ling), the concerns of this present world. World'ly (-li), adj.; world'ling (-ling); world'ling (-ling); world'ling (-ling); world or existence in this heavenly or spiritual. 2. Specif., of or relating concerns of this life as distinguished from those of to concerns of this life as distinguished from those of to concerns of this life as distinguished from those of to concerns of this life as distinguished from those of to concern the concerns of this life as distinguished from those of the concerns of this life as distinguished from those of the concerns of this life as distinguished from those of the concerns of this world, world'ly—wise' (see Pron., § 2), adj. Devote engrossed in, worldly interests. ——mind'ed·ly,—mind'ed ness, n.

world'ly—wise' (see Pron., § 2), adj. Wise as the concerns of this world.

world power. A state or organization powerful

and ways of this world.

world power. A state or organization powerfut to affect world politics by its influence or action world, or world's, series. Baseball. A series ball games played in the fall of each year be champion teams of the two major leagues to decifessional championship of the United States. world soul. A spiritual being having the same to the world that the soul has to the individua world spirit. The animating spirit of the unite world war. The international conflict which ultimately involved the principal natworld.

18) the

world'—wide' (see Pron., § 2), adj. Extend out the world. ugh-

out the world.

worm (wûrm), n. [AS. wyrm, wurm, sern 1. An earthworm or angleworm; also, a larve got. 2. Any of numerous small, elongate creeping or crawling animals, usually soft-and limbless or nearly so. 3. A being like by reason of its humility, debasement, etc. spiral, vermiculated, or conceived of as lifthe thread of a screw. 5. Something that ments or devours in a way suggesting the worm. 6. pl. Any disorder due to the pristic worms in the body, as in the intestines 7. The spiral condensing tube of a still. 8 MIFORM PROCESS a & b. 9. Mach. A screw, the threads of which gear with the wheel or a rack. 10. Mech. An Archiva a conveyer working on the same prince LYTTA. rm.] mag-nder aked, worm m, as ly torag of a f parathiasis. VERvolving a worm rew, or 1. Zool.

verdure (118); K = ch in G. ich, ach; bon; yet; zi azurc. mations of Abbreviations, etc., precede Vocabulary m Word. Clerk (reading): "wedding, n. a marriage; nuptial ceremonies or festivities." But what's "marriage"? (Looks it up) "marriage, n. the act of legally uniting a man and woman in wedlock; marriage ceremony." What's "wedlock"? (throws the dictionary disgustedly, lets his head sink into his hands)

Public Address

Speaker: Clerk Number Seventy, Clerk Number Seventy, please continue stocking. Clerk Number Seventy, please continue stocking merchandise. (The young man stands, looks at the box . . . then he goes quietly back to his work.)

Clerk: Size two, white baby shoes.

(A man is seen and heard. He is whistling happily. He is about thirty-five, is wearing very thick looking glasses. He carries some books and a huge bouquet of pink roses. He appears slightly idiotic at first. He practically hops down the stairs. The clerk turns and rises. He looks at the man and smiles. Then slowly he begins to stiffen but never gets as stiff as previously.)

Public Address

Speaker: Clerk Number Seventy, please wait on customer.

(The clerk does not move)

Public Address

Speaker: Clerk Number Seventy, Clerk Number Seventy, please wait on customer.

(The clerk relaxes, shakes himself as if from a stupor and comes forward.)
Man with Flowers: Hello there.

Clerk: Hello.

Man with Flowers: I want size ten loafers.

(He seats himself and his parcels and hums 'Oh what a beautiful day.' Then he stretches his hands over his head. The clerk returns with boxes. They proceed to try on shoes. While the man is running up and down trying the feel of the shoes, the clerk sinks exhausted into the last chair. The flowers catch his attention.)

Man with Flowers: Ha, interested in botany? I bought these over at Conover's. Good buy too. But then, it was a good year for the rose family.

Clerk: I've never seen one before. What did you call it?

Man with Flowers: A rose? You've never seen a rose before? (He comes back, breaks off a rose and hands it to the clerk)

Here take one. I got two dozen this time. I had a whopper of a fight with my wife last night. It'll do her good to find only twenty-three there. Stirs up the old jealousy.

(The young man grins wonderingly. The man with flowers looks at him, muttering under his breath, "Never saw a rose?!")

Clerk: Thank you!

Man with Flowers: Yes sir, you've got to keep 'em guessing. Are you married?

Clerk: . . . No, I don't think so . . . (More firmly) No.

Man with Flowers: 'Shame. Greatest thing in the world. If you know how to handle it that is. I've got it down to a science by now. Yes sir, to get a gem of a wife, you have to give the old oyster a little irritant now and again. I make it a policy to have a fight with my wife once a week. Do you have a ten and a half in this? It feels a little tight.

Clerk: No, I'm sorry. We should be getting them in by about Wednesday, though. Man with Flowers: I'll come back then, O.K.? No sense getting them too tight, is there? You ought to go out and get yourself a wife, fellow. Greatest thing in the world. Great time of year for a honeymoon.

Clerk: Honey . . moon . . ?

Man with Flowers: Yeah, you know—wedding trip. Niagara Falls should be great this time of year. Well, I've got to be running along. Ethel always fixes something special for lunch after a fight. So long . . .

(As he is ascending the stairs, a boy with a book in his hand starts down. The two meet about half way up)

Boy with Book: Hi, Mr. Ross.

Man with Flowers: Hello, Tom. Say, how's the paper coming this month?

Boy with Book: Fine, sir. All put to bed. I just left it off at the printers. It should be a fine edition this month. We worked pretty hard on those layouts. Oh by the way, Bill King will be setting up an interview for the Bio Club's next report, so he'll be around to see you.

Man with Flowers: Yes, he's already spoken to me. I'll be looking for this issue. You know, I used to be editor of my high school paper, so if there's anything I can help you with, just let me know. And say, don't forget your dissecting kit Tuesday!

Boy with Book: No, Sir, I won't-not this time. Goodbye, Sir.

(Man exits, boy comes down)

- Boy with Book (to clerk): You know there are more former editors in that school than in U.P.! Someday I'm going to check their records and see how many are making it up. What I really came for, was a job. I thought you might be able to use someone before Christmas for after school and on Saturdays. Any chance of it? I know you don't usually hire anyone for the season, but it looks like an extra big Christmas this year. I'm reliable and I can give you good references.
- Clerk(confused): Job . . . Christmas? . . . I don't know . . . ? . . .

Boy with Book: Well, is there someone else in charge that I could talk to?

Clerk (quite miserably gestures to P.A. box, lets hand drop) I don't know.

Boy with Book (not unfriendly): You don't know?? What do you mean? Is there someone around here or not? You're not the boss, so who is? If he's not here, I'll come back later. Do you know when he will be here?

Clerk (anguished, realizing): You don't understand . . .

Boy with Book: What don't I understand? Are you the boss or aren't you? Or where is the boss? I can't talk any more clearly than that, can I?

Clerk: I don't know. That's the point. I don't know anything. Don't you see? I don't know who's the boss or who I am or what I'm doing here or what's out there . . . I don't know anything!

Boy with Book: You mean you've never been out of here? I don't get it. Did you spend your life in this shoe store? Didn't you know what you were missing? How do you know now? I just don't understand it. It's the craziest thing I've ever heard.

Clerk: It's that box. I've been listening to that box and it never told me anything about the outside. It cheated me. Just this morning things started happening. Things happened to me—a little boy, a woman, that man that just left. He gave me this flower. I started asking myself questions. But I don't know where the answers are. What shall I do?

Boy with Book: There!

(He points up staircase, then holds out his hand. The clerk tries to move forward, then turns away. The boy shrugs and as he trots up the stairs, calls back:)

No one can help you but yourself.

Clerk: (calling after him): I . . . can't

(Slow movements. He picks up the dictionary and takes the rose quartz from the cash register. He sits in one of the middle chairs.)

Clerk: (holding them in his hands): This is a rose quartz. This is a dictionary, (fingering) this is a rose. But where do they come from. The Little Boy said he'd find some flaky rock—but where? The man bought those flowers. Is there a store that sells something besides shoes? Everything but shoes comes from the big catalogue, doesn't it? (flipping pages of dictionary) Do all these things exist? Niagara Falls, what's that, what's that? (Looks for it) It's not here. Why would that man mention it, if it doesn't exist? Honeymoon? (reads) "honeymoon, n. the first month after marriage; the holiday spent by a newly wed couple before taking up domestic life." Life?? "Life, n. animate existence; vitality: union of soul and body; period between birth and death."

(tosses dictionary again)

It's a vicious circle. What are "soul" and "birth" and "death"? and how is it I never knew about any of this before?

(Suddenly he sits up straight, turns and looks at the P.A. box which is silent) Why didn't you ever tell me there was something outside? Why didn't you tell me about flaky rocks and roses and marriage and circuses and honeymoons? Why, why? (Silence, then pitifully) It's not fair. I deserve to know, don't I? Tell me about what's out there!

Public Address

Speaker: Clerk Number Seventy, Clerk Number Seventy, please finish stocking merchandise. New shipment arrives tomorrow. Clerk Number Seventy, . . . (keeps repeating the same message)

(The clerk goes to the end of the rack, gets the shoe pole and comes back threateningly)

Clerk: Tell me! (starts striking the box) What's Niagara Falls? Where do roses come from? Where is the circus? Where? What? Why? Tell me! (All this time the box has been repeating its message as above—during the outrage, the clerk finally knocks the speaker from the ledge. The voice dies suddenly in mid-sentence.)

Public Address

Speaker: New shipment will arri . . . (Silence, the clerk drops the pole)

Clerk: Why didn't you ever tell me?

(He kicks the remnants through the chairs to downstage center. Suddenly hysterical again in the silence, he yells.) I'm all alone. Tell me what to do. (jumping on box) Tell me, Tell me!. (He sits for a minute, exhausted, on one of the chairs. He stares dejectedly at the mass of wood and wires. Then he turns and eyes the staircase somewhat fearfully. He gets up, walks around the chairs, holding onto the backs of them for support. He wets his lips anxiously and walks towards the stairs. He pauses at the foot and feels the railing. He mounts slowly. He reaches the fifth step but is frightened and runs back. He shudders in fear, then calms down as he feels the familiar chairs and shoe store floor. He remembers the box and gazes at it.)

Clerk: Tell me what to do! I'm all alone. (more slowly) I don't know what to do. (During this last sentence his voice fades but is still audible to the audience. He begins to stiffen. The curtain drops: our last view of him, he is ramrod straight—waiting?)

FESTIVAL DIRGE

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The tenement sneers
            in a neon sky
    webbed in plaster
    woven with the warp and woof
    of socks
    frosting the wind
    and armless sleeves
    exulting . . . .
    The stale wind sirens round a
    corner
    buffeting garlic laughter
    chile . . . psalms . . . and smoke . . .
    over the iron railing
    onto the hopscotch tar.
    A pinata spatters
                    holiday
    down
    the
    wailing night
    at cats sifting silent
    into shadow,
    shrieking to the confetti moon.
    Under the wheezing windows
    sheets
    snap.
Fiesta
      crumbles
              into
                  morning.
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Suzanne Looney '66

Travelogue of a Southern Coast Town

Irene Shortall, '67

Plattville, Georgia is my home town, but I will understand if you miss it on your way along the coast road from New York to Miami, especially if you are racing to get where you are going or to forget what you have left behind. On your way back, though, you won't be in such a hurry, so you should notice the turn-off and the speed limit signs that say thirty-five m.p.h. If you stop at Plattville, you will feel at once alien and strangely drawn to the hypnotic pace of the town. But you will not feel alien merely because you are a tourist, for the town is used to the tourists' business. And you will not feel drawn merely because you are a responsibility-ridden Northerner bursting into an undemanding, sleepy Southern atmosphere.

If you take the turn-off into Plattville, the first thing you will see is the market. It is the big block of a building beside Sandee's Specialty Shop, ("we carry Lord and Taylor"). And the fishermen's wives and the wives of the inland farmers stop to look in Sandee's window before they go to market for ten-pound bags of rice and grits, seven pounds of salted fatback, and bushels of okra and collard greensif they're fresh. They probably won't stop on the way home. Not that they don't have time, but they will have heavy bundles and a long walk ahead. By that time, too, it will be later in the morning, and the town women will be going in. Not all the town women shop there, you understand, just the society women, who speak only to each other; any new-comer to the shop will be ignored until she goes away.

The society women all belong to the Women's Club, and their husbands run Atlas Pulp and Paper Company or Lane Shrimp Plant. The hangers-on belong to the Junior Women's Club, and their husbands work at Atlas or at the Shrimp Plant. But their children go to high school together, where the society children and some few ordinary-but-nice kids join fraternities or sororities, and where everyone can smell the Shrimp Plant if the wind is from the sea, or Atlas if the wind is from the west.

The fraternity boys meet at the Pig n' Whistle on Friday nights and drink beer. The junior high boys drink any time, though, and in the summer you will find them stretched out on the beach, sweating as they throw up in the hot sand. The fraternity boys don't get sick; they just get high and have a good time chasing each other on foot or by car, throwing eggs, ducking eggs, crushing eggs in their fists, and rollicking all over town. In the fall they save all that until after the football games. Everyone in town goes to the football games—even the negroes have their section, down toward the end.

Our schools are integrated now and have been for a year. There was some unpleasantness, and a girl was beaten up, but the police stood by and saw to it that Plattville didn't get a reputation for rioting. The high school is right in the middle of colored town, the oldest section, because it was founded in the eighteen hundreds. Early in the morning or late in afternoon the children passing by in yellow busses can see the colored people sitting on their

unpainted porches, surrounded by a riot of bright geraniums, rocking back and forth in the heat and dust from the road.

Plattville's negroes' came from a great tribe in Africa to work the cotton plantations along the Georgia coast. From their ancestors they retain a huge frame and powerful limbs; from their slavery they retain a cocoon of passivity, of apathy, which is sometimes cracked open by the growth agonies of their hot-blooded young men. But the old talk to them until they either go north, escaping to a more subtle intolerance, or settle down beneath an honest hatred which they can understand. The small black children ride their rusty bicycles in the streets of colored town, darting in front of white men's cars, forcing them to slam on the brakes. Then they pedal off furiously on their tin tanks, relieved and certain that they have struck their blow for the big, black, warm animal circling in the moist southern dark and walking abroad still and wall-eyed in the day-

If you do not turn off at Plattville, you can take the causeway over the marshes, stretching flat in a magnificent monotony which is broken in spots by groves of live-oaks. "Ye marshes how candid and simple/And nothing withholding and free . . ." says a big brass sign set up by the Junior Chamber of Commerce. The lines are by a minor American poet, Sidney Lanier, from his poem, "The Marshes of Glynn." You may not have heard of it, but everyone in the county has. The island at the end of the causeway has several small night clubs, a teen-age club, and four package stores. If you like night life, this is the place to go on a Saturday. There is a restaurant too, the Wagon Wheel, where the town's magnates bring their frumpishly seductive secretaries while the society women sit home and watch Huntley-Brinkley on T.V.

On the south shore of the island is Plattville's historical monument, an old English fort dating from early colonial times. The tourist is introduced to the story of Fort Saint George by an artfully rustic building which bristles with bright cloth flags, postcard racks, and bits of broken crockery or weapons dug from the fort grounds. Passing through this "museum," you

step out into the heat, wipe the icy perspiration from your face, and set out to explore the field. The grey ruins are like a sketched street plan done in white ink on green construction paper at a late hour when the artist works under a very, very hot light bulb. The only buildings standing complete are the tombs of the dead, where a carelessly thrown cigarette may startle you with its thin wraith of smoke. But the people of Fort Saint George still live in their high-built graves; for late at night, when the exhibition is closed, some few high school boys brave enough to look have seen pale faces peering at them from the round beams of their flashlights.

Another causeway leads from the fort grounds to a resort island where the rich people come at Christmas to go golfing and in the summer to go to the beach. Sometimes the town women go shopping there to meet one of the rich ladies and tell their friends how she was dressed or what she bought. Now and then the local women get a real laugh because these rich old Yankees do the craziest things with their money. But if you get to know them, you might be invited to their club for bridge some day when laughing children are running up and down the beach and their mothers need a "fourth." Even then, when you ring up your friends to tell them where you went and who you went with, they will not be more than mildly excited.

And this is why you will be an alien, the only breathing creature in a cardboard town. It is not only the heavy humidity from the marshes, although the weighty air has something to do with it. But there is, most of all, a lack of wonder. There is no wonder in the eyes of poor women looking at Lord and Taylor suits; there is no wonder in the eyes of children peering from school buses. The women do not find zest for life in their T.V. sets; the boys do not find joy in their beer cans. But a poet once drew his inspiration from Plattville: and there is an unthinking peace, a rhythmic movement which, although it does not go forward, does not go backward either. There is a secure sameness, a predictability, a relaxed, pleasant stagnation.

SPAYNE STAYS MAINLY IN THE PLAIN

Christine Wroblewski '65

An Editorial Memo from ERR-TV:

Here at ERR, the words "the vast wasteland" are not merely empty words. ERR is known throughout the state for the quality of its programming. And in keeping with ERR's unique programming policy, we take pleasure in presenting Spayne Stays Mainly in the Plain.

Cast: Big John Spayne

Doctor Ben Stacy Leader of the robbers

Second robber

Horse

Time: 1846

Place: Last Gasp, California

Big John Spayne rides in from the prairie. He is tired and thirsty. His horse, Ferdinand, is splattered with mud.

As Big John dismounts, a horde of villains rounds the corner and stops in front of the bank. Big John watches them closely.

Big John: "Hmmmmm. I'd be worried about those fellers, 'cept they're a-wearin' grey hats, not black ones."

(John is a thinking man.)

John steps into the saloon. As he enters, silence reigns. Everyone stares at him. He ignores them all and sidles up to the bar.

Barkeeper: "What'll ya have, stranger?"

Big John: (In a lion-like manner) "Milk."

Barkeeper: "Milk?!!"

Big John: (Snarling) "Milk! Everyone needs at least three glasses of milk a day. It provides calcium for bones and teeth. Besides, it's good for upset stomachs; and this plot nauseates me."

As the barkeeper puts the glass of milk on the bar, shots ring out from the bank. Big John carefully swallows his daily vitamin pill and then rushes into the street. The horde of villains rushes from the bank. Immediately Big John fearlessly pounces on the nearest robber.

Big John: "Gotcha!"

BREAK FOR STATION IDENTIFICATION AND SIX COMMERCIALS, THE HEADLINES, AND THE WEATHER REPORT.

Fade back in to Big John saying:

Big John: "Gotcha!"

Then it happens. Instead of fighting and shooting his way out of the predicament, the robber falls to his knees.

Villain: (Pleadingly) "Please, oh, please! authority figure, don't hit me!"

Big John: "What??!"

Villain: "You see, I had no other chance to be anything but a robber. We came from an underprivileged and culturally deprived area. No one sent us CARE packages. What else could I do but become an obsessive repulsive, a product of my environment!"

Big John: (Soothingly) "There. There. Why don't you tell me all about it."

Villain: "Well, my ma was so busy dealin' faro and blackjack to my pa that she dint have no time to fetch us up. Please, authority figure, don't punish me; rehabilitate me."

But Big John doesn't have time to promise anything. The leader of the grey-hatted villains, who wear grey because they are not totally to blame for their maladjusted psyches, steps up behind Big John and, in the most non-violent way possible, smashes him over the head with a rock. Big John sinks to the ground and the two robbers escape.

BREAK FOR STATION IDENTIFICATION, RECIPE FOR MARSHMAL-LOW-SARDINE SANDWICH SPREAD, HUNTLEY AND BRINKLEY.

Fade back in to Big John sprawling on the street and the townspeople gathering around.

Townsman: "Call the doc!"

Townsman 2: "Git the sheriff!"

Townsman 3: "Where's the whiskey?"

Big John: "Yeah, git the whiskey."

Townsman: "Who said that?"

Big John: "I did."

Townsman: "Who are you?"

Big John: "I'm Big John Spayne. Who are you?"

Townsman: "I'm the doc."

Big John: "Whaall, give me some whiskey and let me git after them bank robbers."

Doc Stacy: "Now hold on there. I can't let you jest walk away from the scene of a accident. You got any Blue Cross or Blue Shield coverage?"

Big John: "No, but I got Medicare."

Doc Stacy: "Hmmmmm."

Big John: "What does 'Hmmmmm' mean?"

Doc Stacy: "It means you'll have to cum to my office to be operated on. You got a sub-dural hematoma."

Big John: "What's that?"

Doc Stacy: "A trichloroethylene angiogram brought on by innervated bromine dissopropylflourophosphate, complicated by sodium salicylate."

Big John: "What are you-some kind of a nut?!"

Doc Stacy: "Obviously your brain is affected if you don't recognize the great Doctor Ben Stacy."

Big John: "I don't care if your name is Zorro; hurry up and operate. This show is only an hour long and I still have to catch those crooks."

Fade out. Fade in to Big John anesthetized on the table. Cut to Doc Stacy, masked, sweating profusely. A hand dabs the perspiration from his forehead.

The camera cuts to a shot of Big John's agonized expression. He moans, manfully. His eyes roll slowly up to Doc Stacy's face.

Big John: "Ah . . . ah . . . you were . . . the robber, I . . . remember your . . . face."

Doc Stacy: (Smirking evilly) "I'm sorry you thought of that, Big John. Now I'll

have to take care of you."

The doc's eyes shrinkle up. A pang of conscience shoots through his face.

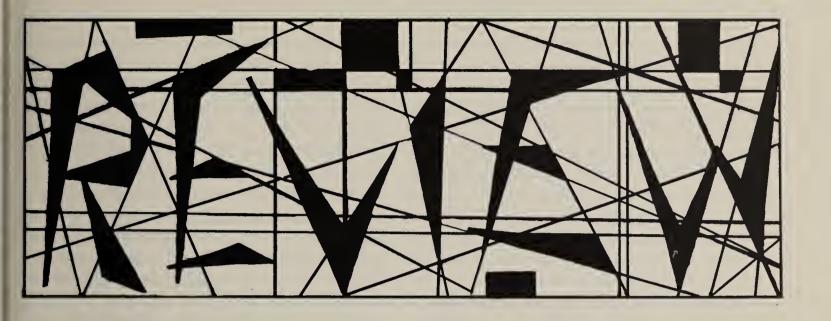
Doc Stacy: "No. I'm a doc. I promised to save lives with my hypercritical oath."

But, as the doc bends over Big John, he notices something is wrong. Big John has passed on. The doc took too much time arguing with himself.

Doc Stacy: "O well," (ripping off his mask), "you win some, you lose some."

THE END





Council Speeches of Vatican II. Edited by Hans Kung, Yves Congar, O.P., Daniel O'Hanlon, S.J. Deus Books, 1964.

In selecting the speeches to include in this book, the editors, three eminent theologians, were guided by their concern to "show some of the diverse variety of peoples and problems which is so characteristic of this Council." Their achievement of this end, while a source of deep joy and enlightenment for the reader, can be a source of frustration for the reviewer. Which of the problems presented in fifty-five short speeches does one highlight in order to convey some of the richness and complexity of this book? Having selected the main issues, does one then treat the book as a theological treatise, as an historical document, or with a little imagination as "The Drama of Vatican II?" Perhaps the most fruitful solution is to view the book on all three levels, theological, historical and dramatic, at the same time stressing the underlying concern with one basic question, "What is the nature of the Church?" In this respect the Council is clearly contemporary, for just as modern man asks himself, "Who am I?" "What does it mean to be a man?" the Church is asking, "What does it mean to be the Church of God, established by Christ?"

The recently published Constitution on the Church proves the Council Fathers' concern for this question. In these earlier speeches we discern at least three changes of attitude as the Fathers work toward a definition. There is a

decided stress on deemphasizing the hierarchical image of the Church and substituting instead its "fraternal reality." Cardinal Suenens, for example, suggests that the Church must not be defined as "an administrative apparatus with no intimate connection with the charismatic gifts of the Holy Spirit." Instead, she is "a living web of gifts, charisms, and ministries." The decline of a contemptus mundi attitude toward the social order in favor of an attitude of "profound understanding and sincere admiration" for the world is clearly discernible. All Christians must "accept the responsibility to renew the temporal order." The third concept, the Church as "the people of God on pilgrimage through time," is deeply relevant, for the pilgrimage implies that the Church is "not without fault, not without sin."

The concept of the Church's guilt because it is "not yet being as catholic as it should be," lends a new dimension to historical occurrences, such as the schisms and the first Reformation. As an historical document, the book reveals the movements of the present moment, such as ecumenism and liturgical renewal, while offering new perspectives on the past. These speeches reflect the bishops' recognition that "unworthy" or "defective" historical accretions may have distorted the true image of the universality of the Church. As the Patriarch of Antioch points out, the "press of those countries which have nothing in common with the civilization of the Mediterranean" should bring a

realization that a "contingent fact of the Christian West should not be made the rule for the universal Church."

In the speeches revealing the encounter of East and West, the drama of the council is most vividly expressed. Perhaps this is because the Fathers from the East, such as D'Souza from Bhopal, India, and Maximos VI from Antioch, offer some of the most fruitful insights into the nature of the Church in the twentieth century. Throughout the speeches and particularly in the controversial or pointed ones, the reader is constantly aware of the drama of the scene, and always senses the speaker-audience relationship. The book, ultimately, is not just a string of speeches, but a living presentation of the intellectual, theological and historical dynamism of Vatican II. In presenting the diversity of the Council, the editors have enabled the reader to "sense the spirit" of the Council. As they themselves suggest, there is no better way to do this than to read these speeches of the Council Fathers in this, the Church's second Reformation.

Alice M. Mack, '65

Bad Characters. Jean Stafford. New York: Farrar, Straus and Co., 1964.

The title of this short story collection is perhaps misleading. No satanic scoundrels slink through the pages; Miss Stafford's villains are pervasively pernicious, but operate in petty, selfish ways. Qualifying her title in relation to the characters of her stories, she says, "Some of them have wicked hearts, but as many of them are victims." Some are even victimized by benevolence, as is Angela who dedicates herself like a vestal virgin to her beauty, because people recognize only this aspect in her and idealize it. When her hands start showing her age, and she realizes that her beauty, which has become quite literally her person, is doomed, she dies of that anachronistic disease — a broken heart. In another story the same fear of losing all love through losing her office of guardian of the mystery overwhelms the child Hannah. A pawn in her parent's infighting, her father sacrifices her to his jealousy of her mother by cutting off her beautiful hair because it symbolizes her mother's beauty, both to him and to the rival he fears.

The really bad characters, to return to the title, are hiss-provokingly vile. Grandma Placer, the autocrat of the boarding house table, perceives life as a continual insult in which all living beings not resident under her roof collaborate. She manages to corrupt to her suspicious belligerence, the two orphaned sisters whom fate and their father's insurance policy had thrown upon the hardness of her heart. But even worse than she, and surely the most obnoxious character to come down the literary pike in many a day, is Frau Persis Galt, a faux-devot convert to Catholicism and an elegant psychological bully who holds onto her disillusioned young lover by threatening to expose him to his Nazi commanders as a Jew.

Miss Stafford has an extraordinarily graphic consciousness of time and place, and in her fiction, environment has the force of another character. This awareness, which has led her to create a town and recurrent characters, and her central concern with change and permanence, remind one of Faulkner and Updike. As with Updike, a basic unity of experience is discernible throughout her work; in her case, childhood in Colorado, schooling in Boston and Heidelberg. She has a women's eye for the characterizing detail and an abundant invention of incident. Her subtlety and psychological penetration save her characters from being types, as they would almost surely have been in the hands of a less skilled writer. Her style is sophisticated (most of the stories appeared first in the New Yorker) and witty (which trait the reviewer has not dwelt upon in the recognition that wit is unparaphraseable). The characters themselves, however bad, are never bores. They constantly provoke the reader to laughter, sympathy, or righteous indignation.

Anne Miller, '65

Atheism in Our Time. Ignace Lepp. New York: Macmillan, 1964.

Writing as much about belief as atheism, Father Lepp presents in this book a complex study of unbelievers in modern France. The author's background as a Marxist and his profession as a psychoanalyst qualify him to offer a distinctive and tolerant analysis of contemporary men who reject God for various reasons and in different ways.

Contending that, "Our aim is not to study atheism, but atheists," Father Lepp emphasizes the individual character of unbelief. He divides the book into chapters on neurotic, Marxist, rationalistic, and existentialist atheism. The basic tenets of each philosophy are presented and then applied to several case studies which emphasize the personal factors in each individual decision. The author describes his own presuppositions as a Marxist and the steps toward his conversion to illustrate the ways in which background, education, and personality can dispose a man either to atheism or to Christianity.

The book is directed at Christians — leveling a frontal assault on familiar platitudes and simplistic thinking. Denying on one extreme the accusation that atheists are morally unable to meet the demands of the Church, Father Lepp points out that there are unbelievers who reject Christianity because it asks too little of its disciples. In response to more sophisticated arguments against atheism, he refutes from experience the statements that all men are naturally Christian, that people are invariably concerned with ultimate questions, and that the existence of God can be rationally proved to anyone in good faith. He argues that many people are naturally atheistic, accepting the non-existence of God as credulously as most believers affirm His reality. In the modern world, it is not necessary that a man be confronted with a direct choice between religion and atheism. Many are atheists because they know nothing else, although some have rejected Christianity for a real or imagined fault. In this respect the author notes that Christianity tends to alienate people through infidelity to the social Gospel rather than through any doctrinal or ethical position.

Marx, Nietzsche, Malraux, Sartre and Camus figure in this study as influential spokesmen, but their significance is strictly qualified. Father Lepp maintains that their writings verbalize and support established feelings and do not instill new attitudes. He finds little evidence that faith is lost through philosophical studies. Apologetical arguments appear equally ineffec-

tive in restoring belief. Atheism, unlike agnosticism, is rarely based on pure rationalism, but emerges from a complex interaction of social and psychological factors.

Father Lepp's study might be more meaningful if he distinguished between atheism and agnosticism with greater clarity. It appears that the latter is treated in the chapter on rationalistic atheism, but the two philosophies are generally grouped under the loose heading of unbelief. In America, where agnostics outnumber atheists, a fuller treatment of their attitudes would be welcome. This book, however, is based exclusively on French beliefs and experiences.

Valuable simply as a discussion of atheism, the book takes on added interest in its implied critique of Christianity. The Church has failed to fulfill the social Gospel and has often emphasized devotions and dogmas which fail to satisfy the needs of modern man. In a chapter on "The Unbelief of Believers," Father Lepp treats as "atheist believers" those people "who seek primarily in religion what is only there secondarily," those who confuse accidents with essences.

By confronting thoughtful Christians with the need to purify the faith from historical accretions and to practice the message of Christ, atheists may have presented a challenge to the Church which will be a stimulus to growth. Father Lepp views their influence not only with tolerance but even with optimism in this clear and comprehensive analysis.

Jane Donahue, '65

For the Union Dead. Robert Lowell. New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1964.

Perhaps the single most impressive concern in Robert Lowell's latest book of poetry, For the Union Dead, is the problem of time. An acute awareness of the here-and-now in relation to a vivid past characterizes nearly all of the poems and a blend of personal and historical experience earmarks the volume as Lowell's.

History and tradition have always been plentiful in his poetry, but in this book the peculiarly personal aspects of these appear. Lowell's aware-

ness of the past as an expression of a multitude of individual lives gives the purely factual background an immediacy and vitality often lacking in historically-based works. In such a brief poem as "Epigram," Lowell gives us not a date, a battle, a victor, but a searing picture of flesh and blood people, about to sacrifice their own existences for a greater good:

Think of Leonidas perhaps and the hoplites glittering with liberation, as they combed one another's golden Botticellian hair at Thermapylae—friends and lovers, the bride and the bridegroom—and moved into position to die.

"Those Before Us" illustrates the poet's ability to infuse vitality into those dead and gone for countless generations:

They are all outline, uniformly gray, unregenerate arrowheads shoughed up by the path here, or in the corners of the eye, they play

or in the corners of the eye, they play their thankless, fill-in roles. They never were.

Vacations, stagnant growth. But in the silence, some one lets out his belt to breathe, some one roams in negligee. Bless the confidence of their sitting unguarded there in stocking feet.

These qualities, though forming a predominant and continuing thread throughout the volume, do not exhaust Mr. Lowell's resources and accomplishments. His language borders on the violent in its force, with a sensuousness of detail and a discipline of form. Concomitant with this concentration of expression we find a certain colloquial tone, a relaxed, informal intimacy between the poet and his subjects, whether that subject is his own myopia or the Union dead. Lowell's ability to correlate the microscopically personal with the magnificently disconcerned world at large, accounts in large part for much of the painfulness and irony of his poetry. In "The Drinker" many of these qualities are evidenced, not only as they appear in the bulk of Lowell's poetry, but as an example of the strength and intensity to which he has matured:

The man is killing time—there's nothing else.

No help now from the fifth of Bourbon chucked helter-skelter into the river, even its cork sucked under.

Stubbed before-breakfast cigarettes burn bull's-eyes on the bedside table; a plastic tumbler of alka-seltzer champagnes in the bathroom.

Is he killing time? Out on the street two cops on horseback clop through the April rain to check the parking meter violations their oilskins yellow as forsythia.

In this collection of Lowell's poems we can see the same intensity of experience and vitality of language which characterize even his earliest works. Yet, For the Union Dead reveals more than a continued excellence on Lowell's part, it illustrates the gradual development of the poet to a perfect mastery of his form. In addition to this, the volume reveals a personal growth concomitant with that of Lowell's art.

Linda McCarriston, '65

Shadow and Act. Ralph Ellison. New York: Random House, 1964.

This series of essays by the much-praised author of *Invisible Man*, Ralph Ellison, deals with three thematic concerns of any serious consideration of American culture: literary criticism, Negro music, especially jazz and the blues, and the function of the Negro-American sub-culture in its relation to the total society.

Ellison's literary theory consists of convictions which, although not fully explicated in the text, do converge into a theoretical frame. An artist is the product of his experience, and "the act of writing requires a constant plunging back into the shadow of the past." Shadow and act mutually inform one another in the creative process.

Ellison sees literature as a means of relating oneself to one's culture. It is at this point that the author's somewhat romantic and painful self-awareness of his role as a "spokesman for the Negro race" intrudes upon the reader's sensibilities. Ellison evaluates American literature in terms of social justice and the "social effect" of each individual writer. Hemingway is chastized for excluding the Negro from his

stories. Faulkner is equally reprehensible for refusing to deal with "Negro humanity" (a concept Ellison continually repeats, but never precisely defines). Faulkner is referred to as a "sensitive Southerner" with a "mixed" attitude. He is accused of reverting to "malignant stereotypes (the bad nigger) . . . and benign stereotypes (the good nigger)." While Ellison's concern with these offences is understandable in the light of his own unique involvement in his society, nevertheless his postulates cannot be seriously accepted as the *sine qua non* of all American fiction.

This subjective factor in Ellison's responses and judgments causes one to doubt their full validity and applicability. As a critic, Ellison has a bias for a socially-conscious art. He makes several references to his former involvement with Marxist theories. Although he repudiates "proletarian fiction," one suspects that Marxian beliefs about the relationship between "humanism" and literature's dramatization of the human situation influence his critical formulae.

The section of the book which claims to deal directly with the Negro sub-culture in America is also marred by Ellison's attempts to realize his self-defined position as both "Renaissance man" and representative of Negro scholars. He insists that the non-directive nature of American social sciences has contributed, albeit indirectly, to the "dehumanization" of the Negro in our society which has been allowed throughout American history. Again the author's Marxian bias informs his thinking more than he himself realizes. American movies and musical forms are also objects of Ellison's critical dissatisfaction because of their distortion of American Negro life.

In that section of the book in which Ellison describes his involvement in and perceptions about American mainstream jazz, he is least defensive, least pretentious, perhaps most successful. The sketches of Charlie Parker and the cult that surrounded him and other Negro jazz performers are delightful. They spontaneously communicate the deep meaning jazz has for Negro Americans.

Because of America's current interest and involvement in civil rights, *Shadow and Act* is assured of a large reading public. One can only hope that the reader approaches Ellison critically, fully conscious of his subjective biases. Despite

his implications to the contrary, Ellison is not presenting the definitive stance of Negro leadership or of the Negro population. The book has value as a subjective documentary of opinion at a historical moment.

Marsha Madsen, '65

The Far Field. Theodore Roethke. Garden City, New York: Sheed and Ward, 1964.

In this slim volume of poetry which marks the last published work of one of the finest contemporary American poets, Theodore Roethke uses the subhuman universe as the main analogue for his thematic pursuit of being. Mr. Roethke continually affirms in his lyrics of the self that the creative process of becoming is the sole source of meaning in a world stymied by nihilism. The quartet, "Meditation at Oyster Bay," is a dramatic monologue — typical of the longer narratives — in which the poet finds solace and revitalization by witnessing the twilight activity of seashore specimens:

Now in the waning of light,
I rock with the motion of morning
In the cradle of all that is,
I'm lulled into half-sleep
By the lapping of water,
Cries of the sandpiper.
Water's my will and my way,
And the spirit runs, intermittently,
In and out of the small waves,
Runs with the intrepid shorebirds —
How graceful the small before danger!

Here exploration of the natural world provides a correlate for personal renewal.

In the title poem, "The Far Field," the proselike statements of self-sensibility are fused in the final image of rippling water:

The pure serene of memory in one man,— A ripple widening from a single stone Winding around the waters of the world.

Similarly in poems like "The Rose" and "The Meadow Mouse," the poet metaphorically identifies his struggle for psychic equilibrium with the instinctual growth of the physical world.

The polished precision which typifies Mr. Roethke's style is most obvious in the group of poems termed "sometimes metaphysical," Moods range from the frightening playfulness of "The Restored" ("In a hand like a bowl/Danced my own soul") to the mystic despondence of "The Marrow" ("I bleed my bones, their marrow to bestow/Upon that God who knows what I would know"). The most representative of the light, graceful Roethkean lyric is "The Right Thing" in which the poet asserts his personal integrity despite the incomprehensibility of existence:

Child of the dark, he can outleap the sun, His being single, and that being all: The right thing happens to the happy man.

The shorter, less serious section of love poems displays the poet's penchant for whimsical quips, word play, and short compact lines. "Wish for a Young Wife" with its almost nursery rhyme cadence exhibits his appealing technical skill:

My lizard, my lively writher, May your limbs never wither, May the eyes in your face
Survive the green ice
Of envy's mean gaze;
May you live out your life
Without hate, without grief,
And your hair ever blaze,
In the sun, in the sun,
When I am undone,
When I am no one.

Other poems — "The Shy Man," "Light Listened," "The Happy Three" — reveal a candid and genial personality finding complete satisfaction in human relationships.

Mr. Roethke's major achievement in this posthumous book of verse is his supreme lyrical control which allows him to overcome his earlier restless compulsion for self-expression at the expense of artistry. The wholesome simplicity and directness of his vision, and the casual, unassuming elegance of his lyrics afford a unique and refreshing poetic experience. The Far Field is the final memorial of a sensitive, vulnerable poet who was always engaged in the process of becoming — always becoming the wiser man.

Carol Shea, '65



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CREATIVITY: A ROUND-TABLE DISCUSSION

What is creativity? What are its conditions? In the late winter and spring of 1965, ETHOS sponsored student-dialogues on these problems as they occur in the academic milieu. Since such a study brings into contact the many characters of psychology, literature, art, and science, we invited representatives from various disciplines, ranging from physics to Russian, to contribute their ideas and experiences. In general, the discussion focused on the problems of the creative process, disciplinal concepts of creativity, and factors that shape all modes of creativity. The edited transcript of these conversations that appears here indicates that our participants were more concerned with the creative process rather than with its products. In this was the essential continuity found.

ETHOS wishes to thank our participants: Priscilla Colwell (physics), Diane Corcoran (math), Eveleen Johnston (psychology), Anne Miller (Russian), and Claire Vignaux (art.)

Mary Alessi: I would like to open this discussion with a brief restatement of our purpose in meeting together. The subject, factor, or force, if you will, of creativity has become a rather nebulous, non-defined concept. It's something that we talk about very often but always with more lyricism than precision. We say very lyrical and beautiful things about it - "Creativity is a power, a force, a participation" or use other such metaphors - but when it comes to the actual intellectual definition of creativity we are very inadequate or at least have been so far. So the purpose of this discussion is essentially to try to discover how to answer this basic question: Is an intellectual definition of creativity possible? By an intellectual definition I mean a precise definition, a definition that utilizes both symbolism in a certain sense as well as the more predictive concepts of science, an interdisciplinary definition. As an English major, I can intellectualize about what creativity means to me and write something about it, but I don't feel that this is at all adequate. Creativity is a problem in its academic ramifications that needs to be answered by many disciplines and not just by one. Essentially then this is the reason we're together. For an opening question, since what we're attempting here is definition, let me ask this: What are the factors you consider essential to creativity or at least involved in some sense?

Anne Miller: Mary, before we start on that, would you like to try to delimit the area in which you consider creativity to be the synthesizing or enabling force? For instance, do you consider that creativity is a factor in intellectuality, in science or merely in literature and graphic arts? Is creativity to be identified with imagination, can we limit it to that for the purposes of the discussion? Or is it the spontaneity in the evolvement of any intellectual process, such as the creation of Newton's laws for instance? Is this creativity?

Eveleen Johnston: As a psychology major, I guess I'd say creativity is finding any new relationship between a number of variables; and the factors that underlie this are the same categorically as the factors that underlie any behavioral approach to the problem, namely, the biological, the social and the psychological. What the person was given just in terms of gray matter, how his parents handled the idea of a spontaneous approach to the problem, how his friends looked at his creative attempt in play. His social class has something to do with this. Any of the variables that influence personality as such would

influence the development of a trait, and that's what I would call creativity — a trait, a way of approaching a problem, a particular response set, a way of responding which you'd probably be able to characterize in the case of creativity as being able to look at a problem in many different ways, not getting stuck in looking at it in just one way, but being able to move around the problem and consider all the angles and maybe synthesize them into one major attack on the problem.

Mary: Certainly this is an interesting way of looking at the development and essence of creativity; but has anyone here thought of creativity in a different way, not as you have seen it as a trait or a method?

Diane Corcoran: I don't think I see it as a response set as much as you do, probably because in math you don't have a response set. We don't deal in this sort of thing. You asked before what would be essential to creativity and in math I think (and probably Priscilla would agree too) it requires an enormous amount of discipline which we sometimes tend to overlook. You have to spend so many years in trying to work up to this discipline and it's so hard because it's an intangible realm. Are you going to work so hard at this discipline that after a while you lose the goal? You don't know what you're going to do any more. You just remember that you're finding more discipline and more discipline. In math we try to make uniform very basic definitions or try to find a unity in them. This is how we're creative. But you find out after years, when you finally think you're at this point where you can make some unification, you don't have enough of this discipline and there's nothing you can do then. What are you going to do? You've worked hard, taken all this discipline, and you're sort of at a nowhere. I don't know what it is that makes someone able to create after so much, if there's a prescribed course of discipline: "take this, this, and this, and then you can create." It's got to be something innate.

Priscilla Colwell: I think you've hit upon one of the most important things, I think, about creativity and that's preparation. I can give you examples of famous mathematicians, Poincare for one, who was describing how he was trying to solve a problem. He worked on it for twelve days for two hours a day. He sat down and went through all the discipline of everything

that his mathematical training had given him, all the facts he'd known. He used these things and he got nowhere. Then he went on a picnic and he stepped on a bus and when he got on the bus, there was his theory. Beautiful! Then he sat down the next day and in four hours he had evolved his whole theory. But he couldn't have done this just stepping on a bus. What is required is an enormous, intensive amount of preparation both of your whole discipline plus your discipline of the particular problem. You'd have to sit down and concentrate on this problem intensely and do nothing except this problem for a period of time. I experienced this myself once. I was concentrating for three hours one night on a geometry problem. That's all I did and I was really intensely concentrating on it and I couldn't get it. Then I went to bed, and in ten minutes, I had the answer to the problem. But in the process of my concentrating I was recalling all my previously known facts and doing trial and error, which is extremely important. So the preparation involves a lot of reasoning, a lot of study, and a lot of trial and error. Then you sit back and wait. Claire Vignaux: I think the steps that you outlined are very much similar to the things that an artist has to do. An artist has a natural-born gift and first of all has to strive to attain a certain discipline and this takes many, many years. There are two stages of being an artist: discipline and creativity. They have to be hand-inhand and you have to develop your creativity to a certain point and this can only be done with a detachment. You have to experience things, you have to see them non-objectively. Therefore you have to go back and revise your thought; you have to think about it in order to make a real work of art. It has to be something you experience that meant something to you, something that you saw in your own particular way: if you saw things in a rational frame of mind, then perhaps you'd divide your canvas using the techniques that you have learned in a geometric way. If you were a very romantic person, you'd take the things that you learned, the techniques, and you'd use a lot of curves and things like that. But this has to come through a long time, a long period of studying art. But it's not only the techniques you learn. Creativity is the way that you put the techniques together. It's your style. You learn all these techniques but you put them together

in your own particular way and all the things that you are putting together — all the line, all the color, all the rhythm, all the perspective fuse in a harmonious unity and very few men have been able to do it That's all I can say about it because it's a kind of mystery. Eveleen: It's interesting that what you've described seems to be the creative process. There have been a number of studies done, contentanalyzing of what people go through when they create. Wallace and Patric did studies and discovered that you go through these stages: preparation, you find yourself a problem and you gather what materials you need to solve the problem; incubation, you gather all the materials and think about the problem and find you're not having any success with conscious work on it; illumination or insight, you get an idea, a new way of looking at the problem and the materials that you hadn't thought of before; in the fourth stage you evaluate the idea you got during the illumination stage and you find out if it will actually work. If it doesn't work, then you incubate a little more and wait for a new insight and if you get it, then you work it through, eliminating the little bugs, and this is called revision. This seems to be something that holds both for the arts and the sciences because the studies have used creative people from both areas.

Priscilla: How do you describe what the actual moment of creation in art or math is? What do you say? It's intuition; it's reason; it's imagination. Who knows what it is? It's extraordinary. Diane: But why did Poincare have it while someone else, who could go through the exact steps, would have no understanding?

Priscilla: That's my point. I think that someone who did go through the exact steps might get it. Eveleen: Not unless he was Poincare because Poincare had his peculiar life history. As I said, the biological, the social, the psychological variables make him the kind of person who, under these conditions, is going to get this idea.

Priscilla: I feel than anyone that's willing to go through all those conditions, having a native ability in the first place, will be creative.

Anne: Well it's harder to apply this sort of thing to the arts. You say it's been demonstrated that it has validity in certain cases. I think that's quite possible, but I must say that the arts' discipline is more intangible and the preparation is not something which can be rationally

planned or at any rate ordered with as much systematic exploration of all areas as it can be in the sciences. Last year I was thinking of this very problem, how a story begins or how some literary form, or something expressed in literary form, begins. My idea then was that it happens when an idea, an image, and an emotion conjoin in a creative moment in which all are sort of fused and unless the elements have been prepared ahead of time then the creative moment cannot occur because it has no fuel, it's sterile. But I think creativity, in literary and graphic forms is, if not different, at least less sure than in the sciences. The order of the mind is quite different and is incapable of being fueled or stocked with facts or with all the variables which can be attained in all the sciences.

Diane: I think I'd disagree because I think in science or math we're more ordered, possibly, in our learning structure, than people in literature would be, but as far as being creative in math, we have four years in college where you learn specifically your discipline. But we've all been learning to talk and write since we were very young and I think what Eveleen was saying is very important. Are you rewarded when you see something from a new point of view; for instance, when you describe a tree as such and such, does your mother say, "Don't be ridiculous. Trees aren't that." But you would never sit down and solve a differential equation the wrong way and have your mother say, "Don't be ridiculous. You know differential equations aren't solved that way." Yours isn't as ordered by the time you get to this stage where you can branch out much more, but for us to get to the stage where you would be in communication, we'd have formally or nonformally worked for eight years to get as familiar with our subject as you are with yours, so that we could create in approximately the same way.

Anne: This raises another question: how important the artist's self-consciousness and consciousness of his own past and of community, for instance, is to the creative process. I'm inclined to think that talking about creativity is more or less a lost cause because it doesn't exist apart from the creative process and you can't really define. I'd be inclined to think of the creative process as actualizing the subconscious and the experiences of the person's past both subconscious and conscious and integrating

them with conscious ideas and conscious emotions.

Eveleen: When you talk about integrating these two levels, do you do this consciously?

Anne: That's the question. Perhaps it's this creative moment, the moment of fusion, when you realize the two parts are coming together. Whether this can be consciously prepared for or whether it can be consciously achieved is something I'm not at all able to answer.

Mary: Speaking as an English major, in studying the creative process as it occurs in artists, or at least as artists have reported it, to use your phrase, Eveleen, I find there are some artists, Gustave Flaubert and T. S. Eliot, for instance, who remember a very disciplined process, a very conscious sort of creation, and then there are artists, like Pasternak and D. H. Lawrence, who experience creation in a spontaneous, intuitive, inspirational kind of way. So it's neither totally one way or the other. I don't mean to imply a categorization here because I would feel from this evidence that the creative process is unique and individual and beyond this you really can't say anything categorical.

Eveleen: Maybe the people who experience it, as you say, spontaneously, are just the kind of people who, when they reflect back, don't pick up this preparation-incubation stage unless you probe for it. It'd be an interesting question to explore whether no matter what artist it was, no matter how he defined his creative process, if it somehow could fit into the steps. I don't know. But I don't think you could say that it's quite so idiosyncratic to the individual until you've actually explored it and probed for what you were missing, so to speak, in terms of the steps of the creative process.

Anne: One thing to consider is that the whole life of the artist, especially the literary one's, may be the incubation stage and one small thing could be the missing factor that brings about the illumination. For instance, Nietzsche claimed that Thus Spake Zarathustra came to him in a series of practically divine revelations. He happened to be walking out on a hill and all of a sudden, there it was. He ran home and wrote it down. But it's obvious that the very ideas that came to fruition in that work had been current stock in his mind for quite a while. I think we'd be unnecessarily limiting the conversation if we try to decide what brought about the particular images or forms or whatever

aspect that it appeared under though this of course is part of the very same, I'd almost say, mystery, because the idea-content and the image-content are often quite different just by being in different forms.

* * * * * *

Mary: Eveleen, I'd like to return to one of your earlier points. You defined creativity as "finding any new relationship between a number of variables."

Eveleen: That's the best definition I could come up with of creativity. It's what you'd call an operational definition. In other words, what do you see out here, outside the person that you can work back from and say this person has been creative? And I would say that would be to find a new relationship between variables.

Priscilla: I agree with what you say. One of the things about science is that one may start with old facts, or facts that are known, and find a new way of looking at them, or a new model and this model leads to new facts and then another model comes along and replaces it. In the meantime we've had more experimental facts that have been developing and another new model integrates them, so we have the aspect of order coming in here. But new ways of looking at the universe seem to be essentially the scientific outlook, a new conceptual frame, a new concept. The facts may not be new, but they probably lead to new facts. But the newness is a concept, a model.

Diane: In mathematics, of course, we're not even concerned if the model has any physical validity. Priscilla would be more concerned with whether a model for the universe will hold true with experiment. Our objective would be more to find a model which, when we take all the other things we've developed, will fit in and this is a simpler model. The highest objective in math isn't to program on some Univac but to find the very simplest expression that will enhance all the truth you know and be that truth at one time. You never try to go farther. Actually, you're trying to get down more, in a way. You're trying to reduce everything constantly and the more you reduce it the better you're doing.

Priscilla: This seems to be saying that you are trying to find an inherent principle that gives an order to unlike things. I feel the word order is very important to me and to you. I'd like to know if a writer who tries to

define or write about reality is looking for an order of reality. I've heard Morris West claim that he's trying to define reality as an artist and he's also trying to find an inherent principle in it, a way of organizing all the little facts of life to give it some meaning, and out of this meaning he hopes that other people will find life easier. I wonder if you would say that the artist is trying to grope for order as well as beauty.

Anne: Yes, I'd definitely say that order is a large part of his aim. However, there's more than one way to define order in this context. One is to reduce patterns to a variable. One way the artist has is to cast over in his mind the experience he's had of a type he wants to define, for instance, and of these make a pattern; or he can make, and this is rather a riskier thing, he can create or formulate patterns of conduct which can give one an insight into the central meaning of a person's life. What, for instance, motivates him in most of his actions and gives some idea of consistency? This is the sort of order that is more important to the artist. While he is trying to create individual types, he tries to structure a greater order. Coordinating all these types and this order is perhaps something

like Joyce's achievement in *Ulysses*, in which, by the very fact of trying to find a new order, he found a new form. Some synthesis is essential, one that will, in the expression, save the phenomena, that is, account for the individuality of each thing, its motivating or enabling idea and fit elements together into some great order, and that's finding a meaning in existence at large besides finding the significance that each has. Meaning has to be a central concern if the artist wants to create art rather than social work cases.

Mary: There have been two principles that everyone seems to agree upon: one is that creativity implies a newness, or an ability to find a newness; and the second, part of this, too, is that creativity or a creative attempt aims at finding a meaning through the production of something new. These seem to hold true for both sciences and arts. Certainly these two principles are basic and rudimentary enough to be shared. Possibly they are also obvious. But in recognizing them we link, to some degree, our different understandings of creativity and have a basis for future inter-disciplinary probing.

Ceremony of Remorse

Forgive me Thomas, two-edged sword of my soul, this ultimate infirmity which cannot be undone. You lie in this unyielding vault forever fled from the world's red ways, and I, bound by your flame to the end, come like a common thief under an arch of windy stars to see you cold. Ah, Thomas, reed among shallow grasses, you of the snow-sharp eyes darker than December, (Remember when we met—at Christmas?) how swiftly you caught my heart in your mind's quick meshes—and blue and gold you burned through the days of our trampings, as we shot like two matched stars

(not equal, I admit, but flaming just the same). How soon our little nights of passion saw us flee the face of morning at the cock's long crow, and how we used to race before our hawks, spitting in the wind's eye, roaring in the sun's ear—and you forever pushing on for more.

I damn the fate which caught me by the hair the day I gave you wealth— just wealth of duty, to be sure, but who'd have thought you'd love it more than life—and me. Oh, Thomas, how I curse the whole wild episode—the gray Archbishop and his gray-eyed King contending through the pages of the years—and who the victor?

Even our last meeting—
under a gull-clawed sky at the sea's edge—
was it a game of kings or jesters?
Did either of us want to win?
The end was surf and your voice sighing,
"My heart tells me that I part from you
as one whom you shall see no more in this world."
Then your spur in the wind's flank
and the heavy clop of hoof on sand
as my parting cry went wheeling like a stricken gull
and fell into the sea.

Oh, the blunt irony of it, Thomas a suppliant king kneels at a vassal's tomb. History will grant your restitution, who will see to mine?

ANN DAILEY, '67



He blocked my path, insolent eyes daring me to take one step further. I tried being brave—I stamped my foot and spoke fiercely to him: Scat, go away! Stupid, fat ugly pigeon.

He didn't go.

I took a step forward, then another. But before I had a chance to take a third, the pigeon apparently lost interest; he only jumped up, flapped his wings in my face, and flew off laughing into the sunset. I watched him until he landed where some person, no doubt a witch, was scattering bread crumbs. I breathed a prayer of thanks at my escape, and vowed never to cut across the Common again.

This, of course, is only one instance of the consistently bad behavior of pigeons toward me. I cannot understand. I have *tried* to understand them, even to be their friend. I've often thought to myself: How would *you* like to be a repulsive, lopsided, malodorous, low I.Q. pigeon? And I've thought in reply: I wouldn't. Acting accordingly, I have opened my heart and, on occasion my home, to members of the pigeon race. If now I appear bitter, I have reason

I was four, I had never been to Boston Common before, and I had just fallen

in love with a certain white pigeon.

"Please, Mommy," I begged. "Please let me have some peanuts to feed the pigeon." I was also spoiled. My mother gave me the peanuts and set me upon a bench. The pigeon sidled up to me. I tempted him with a peanut, and he sat in my lap. I was overjoyed; he was not afraid of me, nor I of him. Peanut after peanut I fed him, and when there were no more peanuts, he left. I never saw that pigeon again, I never wore my pink knitted leggings again, I never again asked to feed the pigeons on the Common.

Two and a half years later I made the acquaintance of a second pigeon. A Cub Scout pack had, in the course of their wanderings, come upon a young pigeon suffering from a broken wing. My brother, the Leader of the Pack, was chosen to nurse him back to health. Twas the season to be jolly, and we installed Pidge (we called him Pidge) in a wooden box under the tree. Several days went by; I fed him Cheerios. A steady stream of Cub Scouts came bearing gifts of lettuce, lima beans, and other foods one might reasonably suspect a pigeon of eating. On the fourth day Pidge seemed to rally, and I decided to bathe him. Under the circumstances, I thought it a rather noble gesture. But the pigeon was not grateful. No sooner had I dried him off than he leapt up and bit me. On my ear. This sudden burst of energy apparently took quite a bit out of him, for the next day he seemed to suffer a relapse. He took his time dying, however, and succeeded in making that year's Christmas as unpleasant as possible. But at least I had the satisfaction of knowing that anything that bites me dies a horrible death.

Even when I am away from pigeons, they continue to torment me. They have invaded my subconscious, and I never know when they'll crop up in my conversation. Just last night, I had the most dreadful dream

I sat up in bed, unable to sleep. I reached out to turn up my electric blanket, and instead of the smooth hardness of the control, my hand fell on something alien. Something all feather and . . . bone . . . and pigeon wing. I screamed, and tried to escape, which was stupid. Everyone knows that you can't run in a dream. The pigeon, now some nine feet tall, stood there in that puffed-up and loose-necked stance, blowing in mockery at the delicacy of my situation.

A couple of stars drifted by, and I realized I was flying, or, more accurately, being flown. I was indignant, and stuck my tongue out at the cow in the moon.

"Where," I asked that pigeon, "the hell do you think you're taking me?"

"Coo," replied the pigeon. Then, with a sarcastic grin, he added, "Trrbrrb." "Trrllrrllbbt." "Tddttddttndt." (Oh, well. You know the sort of noise a pigeon makes. Whatever it was, it sounded very rude.) Pretty soon the monster pigeon tripped on a cloud and sort of stumbled out of the sky. We walked the rest of the way, if you can call it walking; he seemed to have a problem with his feet. Always putting one on top of the other, and subsequently falling down.

Eventually, we got to his cave, and his wife came rushing out to kick me in the head. When I came to, I was stuffed and mounted on a plaque underneath a Christmas tree—surrounded by dozens of admiring pigeons. I woke up in disgust as they began to tickle me under my chin.

I no longer have any doubt that I am the object of a city-wide pigeon conspiracy. Why, I'll never know. I know only that I must persevere, for I have a plan. I will continue to befriend pigeons, and eventually perhaps I will gain their love and confidence. Then, someday, when they least expect it, I will have my sweet revenge.

Picture a spot on the Common, a spot normally frequented by thousands of pigeons; maybe near where Park St. meets Tremont. A little old lady stands there, alone except for a large paper bag that accompanies her. She opens the bag and sets out a beautiful three-tiered cake, splendid with orchid frosting; then she steps back and waits. First one, then three, finally eight pigeons run up to nibble at the cake. Then, one by one, they turn away, stagger a few steps, reel, and fall to the ground. Still the lady stands there, surveying with benevolent eye the pigeon-corpsed scene before her. Nothing coos, nothing moves. She smiles, content at last.

YEATS AND JUNG: AN IDEOLOGICAL COMPARISON

MARY ALESSI, '65

William Butler Yeats and Carl Gustave Jung occupy rather singular positions in the respective fields of poetry and psychology. Yeats was, by critical consensus, the greatest poet in his time and is, as Richard Ellman has pointed out, "the dominant poet of our time."1 Critic after critic echoes this judgement, yet final praise is nearly always withheld. Almost always there is reservation when Yeats' mythologies and occultism are considered. Beach, for example, speaks disparagingly of the "pick-me-up mythologies . . . that . . . Yeats was inclined to take with a grain of salt," and suggests that he was driven to these mythologies "for lack of an adequate humanism."2 Reuben Brower finds the "preposterous 'system' that embraced history, the individual and the universe . . . a systematic fantasia. "3

Carl G. Jung enjoys and suffers a similar reputation. In their book, *Theories of Personality*, Calvin Hall and Gardner Lindzey give Jung the highest praise:

Carl Jung is acknowledged to be one of the greatest thinkers of our generation . . . His learning and erudition both as to breadth of knowledge and depth of understanding, are probably unsurpassed among present-day psychologists⁴

And like Yeats with his critics, Jung's unorthodox ideas have raised a barrier between him and his fellow psychologists which for many is impregnable. If Yeats' mythology and occultism are a source of embarassment to his critics, so is Jung's insistence upon the spiritual and historical sides of man an embarassment to his. Freud considered him a mystic rather than a scientist and intended no praise in the epithet. And many psychologists have felt that as a scientist, Jung's approach ought to have been purely rational and materialistic.

Yeats and Jung are, to their contemporaries, unique. It is my contention that their uniqueness, expressed in idea-form, is the most stimulating and valuable part of their work. Their mere deviation from the intellectual norm, however, is not nearly so significant as the fact that their "deviations" are so very similar, and that they are independently arrived at.

In order to demonstrate this similarity with some degree of fullness and clarity, I shall limit myself here mainly to three concepts, known as the *Spiritus Mundi*, the Mask, and the play of opposites, in Yeats' terms; and as the collective unconscious, the *persona*, and *enantiodromia* — that is, the play of opposites, in Jung's. These concepts are illustrated and explained throughout the works of both men, but I have chosen in every case examples or explanations that seemed to me the clearest and most readily understood of many possible choices.

Yeats explained his belief in what he called the Spiritus Mundi — an idea drawn from his theosophical readings — as early as 1917 in his essay "Anima Mundi." The importance of this concept cannot be exaggerated inasmuch as it gives direction and universal significance to his imagery, which for many readers has been considered too private, too personal, too far removed from the common experience of man to be widely meaningful. But the Spiritus Mundi performs in such a manner that Yeats' imagery achieves an effect exactly opposed to intimacy; that is, the images are racial, impersonal, and at the very core of human experience. The Spiritus Mundi is to Yeats the spirit or soul of the universe with which all individual souls are connected. It is also called the "Great Memory," the "general mind where that mind is scarcely

separable from what we have begun to call the 'subconscious' "5 The "Great Memory," then, is a storehouse of the accumulated wisdom and experience of humanity, passed on from generation to generation. Indeed, Yeats even suggests the possibility of this memory's extension into prehuman, animal experience. The relevance of this idea to Yeats' poetry is almost incalculable, for the concept came to be very nearly a guiding principle with him in the creation of his images. Significantly, he also considered the *Spiritus Mundi* "the general cistern of form," for past experience is always recalled as image, and so lends form and order—and therefore meaning—to the experience.

Imagery created in this principle of accumulative, universal experience imbues the resultant poetry with an all-embracing unity: time and space cease being barriers to understanding. "Have not all races," Yeats asks, "had their first unity from a mythology that marries them to rock and hill . . . ? Nations, races, and individuals are unified by an image, or bundle of related images symbolical or evocative of the state of mind, which is . . . the most difficult of that man, race, or nation "6 Such imagery is, of course, at the very farthest remove from privacy: it draws from the common inherited experience of all men in all times and reaches all men now, for we all partake of the Great Memory just as we all contribute to it.

In order to demonstrate the thesis, it will be well at this time to examine certain ideas held by Jung. It is significant that while he holds ideas which are astoundingly similar to those of Yeats, the huge body of his writings is filled with empirical evidence to support his views in the best scientific manner.

His concept is so nearly a counterpart to the *Spiritus Mundi* that his explanations alone may perhaps suffice to reinforce Yeats' view on the subject. Jung's depth psychology is based on the acceptance of the "collective unconscious" as demonstrable. Moreover Jung clarifies and illustrates the Yeatsian idea so well that his statements concerning the collective unconscious are positive definitive aids to the interpretation of Yeats' poetry. Generally stated, the collective unconscious is:

the storehouse of latent memory, traces inherited from man's ancestral past, a past that includes not only the racial history of man as a separate species but his pre-human or animal ancestry as well. It is the psychic residue of man's evolutionary development, a residue that accumulates as a consequence of repeated experience over many generations.⁷

An indispensable correlate to this idea is the archetype or primordial image. Archetypes are "collective images," "inherited thought patterns," "universal images that have existed since the remotest times."8 They are "the most ancient and universal 'thought-forms' of humanity."9 Considering them to be "desposits of the constantly repeated experiences of humanity." the existence of archetypes explains, for example, "why certain motifs from myths and legends repeat themselves the world over in identical forms."10 These motifs also recur, and perhaps most often, in dreams. It is this well, or to use Yeats' term, "cistern" of thought-forms from which man has raised his gods and devils, and all "those potent and mightly thoughts without which man ceases to be man."11 The value of archetypes to the poet, then, should be evident. As a means of capturing and embodying experience and presenting it in meaningful images, archetypes are without doubt the poet's treasure house, and Yeats, perhaps more than any other poet, has realized this. Not only does the archetype capture and lend form to experience, but it relates - emotionally and through the collective unconscious — one poetic experience to all human experience.

Yeats' short poem entitled "There," for example, makes use of four separate but related images to capture poetic experience:

There all the barrel-hoops are knit, There all the serpents' tails are bit, There all the gyres converge in one, There all the planets drop in the Sun.

The last three images are archetypes, as Jung clearly and graphically demonstrates in analysis of specific dreams. The image of the snake biting its own tail is known as the Uroboros, an ancient alchemical symbol of unity, dating from the tenth or eleventh century. In a patient's dream which he describes, Jung demonstrates the manner in which the Uroboros continues to function as a unifying symbol:

A snake describes a circle around the dreamer, who stands rooted to the ground like a tree The fact that the dreamer stands rooted to the center is a compensation for his almost insuperable desire to run away from the un-

conscious. He has succeeded in establishing a protected . . . area where he will be able to meet the unconscious. His isolation, so uncanny before, is now exalted into an aim, endowed with meaning and purpose"12

The dreamer has achieved then what Yeats and Jung both call "unity of being," and the experience presented in the poem is that same search for unity that the dreamer felt, and that man at all times has felt and expressed symbolically in a manner identical with Yeats.

In a similar manner, the gyres in line three and the sun in line four are also ancient symbols of unity. For Yeats, the gyres, conceived as cones or spirals, are symbols of unity as in the poem under analysis. Jung calls the gyre a spiral and describes it archetypally as "moving spiral-wise around a centre, gradually getting closer, while the characteristics grow more and more distinct It acts like a magnet on the disparate materials and processes of the unconscious and gradually captures them as in a crystal lattice." As for the sun, it is, says Jung, "the classical symbol for the unity and divinity of the self"

Neither Yeats nor Jung has arbitrarily selected such symbols, nor have their meanings been arbitrarily assigned. Such symbols, as both men note, occur widely in mythology, alchemy, astrology, primitive religions, and early art, and their values and significance have accrued over generations, as the collective unconscious — the Spiritus Mundi - grows and becomes increasingly richer in content. A list of Yeat's most often used symbols should prove to be an interesting sidelight on the problem. In a letter to T. Sturge Moore dated September 6, 1921, Yeats listed the seven images which he used as his main symbols. These were tree, bird, sea, house, tower, mask, and rose. The roses die soon after the turn of the century, but the rest remain in his poetry from almost the very beginning to the last poem, and with the possible exceptions of the house and the tower, all are archetypes from the collective unconscious from the Great Memory of man - and can easily be demonstrated as such by a reading of Jung's works.

One of these great archetypes from the collective unconscious is the Mask, or the *persona*, and it acts as a symbol for another concept important in the thought of both men. "It is perhaps because nature made me a gregarious

man . . ." Yeats once said, "that I love proud and lonely things." This statement gets at the heart of the poet's view of the structure of the personality, a view first put forth in "Ego Dominus Tuus" in 1915. A man always seeks what is opposite to the natural self, he felt, and so he creates his anti-self. In effect, he wears a Mask which is "an emotional antithesis to all that comes out of his internal nature." ¹⁵

This idea is developed and expanded in AVision, wherein he examines and explains the various types of personality. Yeats seems first to have been struck by the idea of the Mask as a symbol of the antithetical nature of man while looking at pictures of sixteenth-century Venetian costumes, in which "all fantastic bodily form was hidden or disguised."16 From this beginning, he constructed a view of man which showed him at odds with himself, torn, as it were, between his public and his private selves. He conceived of the private self as the "Is" and the public self as the "Ought (or that which should be)."17 Therefore, apparently, man develops a Mask which will correspond to an ideal of what is expected of him, and this is the view of himself which he presents to the world, so that his private self will be protected from its searching gaze. In "Ego Dominus Tuss" he explains the concept in this way:

By the help of an image

I call to my own opposite, summon all That I have handled least, least looked upon.

The image, of course, is the Mask, and that this Mask is a protective device as well as the enactment of a role outside the private self is made clear in the last stanza of the poem:

Those men that in their writing are most wise Own nothing but their blind stupefied hearts. I call to the mysterious one who yet Shall walk the wet sands by the edge of the

And look most like me, being indeed my double.

And prove of all imaginable things
The most unlike, being my anti-self,
And, standing by these characters, disclose
All that I seek; and whisper it as though
He were afraid the birds, who cry aloud
Their momentary cries before it is dawn,
Would carry it away to blasphemous men.

But perhaps Yeats' clearest expression of the idea appears in the poem entitled "The Mask," a poem which may well serve as a key to all

his poems which deal with the ambiguities of personality:

'Put off that mask of burning gold With emerald eyes.'
'O no, my dear, you make so bold To find if hearts be wild and wise And yet not cold.'

'I would but find what's there to find, Love or deceit.'
'It was the mask engaged your mind, And after set your heart to beat, Not what's behind.'

'But lest you are my enemy, I must enquire.'
'O no, my dear, let all that be; What matter, so there is but fire In you, in me?'

This is Yeat's first poem examining the image of the Mask, which comes to be one of his major themes. Here the poet toys ironically with the lady who would like to have the Mask removed, but the Mask which first called forth her love can be removed only at the risk of having her love destroyed by what lies beneath it. Even though the Mask's emerald eyes and burning gold surface may hide deceit, to remove it may possibly destroy the excitement, the glamorous love she has visualized because of it. What is behind must not be important for her, except that this hidden self gives rise to a curiosity which must not be satisfied if the lady's feelings are to remain as they now are.

A concept of personality such as this affirms Yeat's psychological astuteness, in spite of the statement of Louis Macneice that Yeats lacked "intuitive knowledge of people" and "declined to accept the explanations offered by professional psychologists."18 I can only point out that Yeats would surely have considered Jung a kindred spirit, a friendly light shining in the darkness of the skepticism that enveloped him. For ideologically, at least, these two men are akin, as a comparison of Yeats' Mask with Jung's persona will show, for the persona or the nucleus from which it develops — is an archetype and like all archetypes it originates out of the collective unconscious, out of the collective experience of the race. In this case the experiences consist of social interactions in which the assumption of a social role has served a useful purpose to man throughout his history as

a social animal. It has no reality of its own, Jung says, but is:

a compromise between individual and society as to what a man should appear to be It is only a secondary reality, a product of compromise, in making which others often have a greater share than he. 19

The relevance to Yeats' poem is clear: the emerald eyes and burning gold are indeed only as secondary reality, but they are that part of the poet with which the lady must be satisfied; they are also that part of him in which she has "a greater share than he."

The protective function of the *persona* is also clear to Jung who points out that while it is designed on the one hand to make a definite impression upon others, it is, on the other hand, to conceal the true nature of the individual. As a protective device the *persona* often misleads the observer with an impression of individuality. The gold mask with emerald eyes does appear to be highly individualized but its individuality is only apparent. Jung observes:

A mask simulates individuality, pretending to others and to itself that it is individual, while it simply plays a part in which the collective as distinguished from the personal psyche speaks. ²⁰

That Yeats, too, was aware of the deceptive nature of the Mask, of its attempt to create the illusion of individuality, is clear from his description in the *Autobiographies* of his attempt to wear clothing that would set him apart from his world and mark him as a special being, a poet. But his assumption of the brown velveteen coat, the loosely flowing tie, and the very old Inverness cape was a very conscious act on his part, an adherence to a collective, impersonal image of what a poet should look like, just as the emerald eyes and gold surface of the Mask really conform to an archetypal conception of glamor and exoticism.

A final comparison is the concept of opposites, an idea closely related to that of the Mask but which is presented in much broader—one might say cosmic—terms. This concept lies at the base of their final views on man and his ultimate destiny. For Yeats and Jung the tensions created by conflicting elements are the essence of life itself.

Yeats felt constrained to put his ideas down in systematic form in *A Vision*, a work which

has disturbed many because of the means by which the poet attained his knowledge. But what is of much greater importance is the similarity that this strange unorthodox system bears to Jung's conception of psychological types. The key to Yeats' system lies in the tension of opposites which he symbolizes by the "phases of the moon" and by the gyre, or cycle. Under the moon-phase image, types of personality are placed in a scale that runs from the dark of the moon, that is from objectivity, to the full moon, or subjectivity. Historical movement in one direction is always followed by movement in the opposite direction. Thus, in the Graeco-Roman cycle ending with Christ's birth, men and their culture became more and more "objective," until the individual personality was of no consequence whatever. The advent of Christ then initiated a movement toward the "subjective," with an ever-increasing emphasis on the individual that reached its climax in the Renaissance.

But Yeats' most famous symbol for this process in history and in the individual is the gyre, a cone-like spiral, a whirling motion that expands as it revolves. It, too, describes the movement from subjectivity — the point of the cone — to objectivity, its base. And, as in the symbol of the phases of the moon, progress in one direction is always counteracted by progress in the opposite direction. "The Second Coming," a poem so well known as to require no explication, is the best poetic example of this view of history.

Yeats did not, however, restrict his belief in opposites to *A Vision*, nor to the two symbols mentioned. Everywhere he looked he saw the play of opposites, as a careful study of "Among School Children" will prove; in the poem, meaningfully opposed are youth and age, man and woman, attainment and the unattainable, body and spirit, dream and reality. And again in "Vacillation," he states even more directly the human tragedy as he sees it:

Between extremities
Man runs his course;
A brand, or flaming breath,
Comes to destroy
All those antimonies
Of day and night....

However, implicit in both these poems also, is the means to avert that tragedy, for Yeats believed man's salvation lay in his ability to pull the fragments of his personality together into a whole, to celebrate the whole man, to set "blood, imagination, intellect, running together," to achieve what Jung as well as Yeats had called Unity of Being. In order to achieve this unity man must first recognize, then reconcile, all aspects of his being: the bad and the good, the beautiful and the ugly, the trivial and the sublime. In the last stanza of "Among School Children" Yeats presents in the image of the chestnut tree — a symbol of creation — the final position he reaches in his principle of opposites:

Labour is blossoming or dancing where
The body is not bruised to pleasure soul,
Nor beauty born out of its own despair
Nor blear-eyed wisdom out of midnight oil.
O chestnut tree, great-rooted blossomer,
Are you the leaf, the blossom, or the bole?
O body swayed to music, O brightening
glance,

How can we know the dancer for the dance? The blossom cannot be separated from the bole, nor from the leaf, for all three partake of the same being and can only be realized together. Separately, they do not exist for without the strength and ugliness of the bole the delicate beauty of the blossom cannot come into being. Yeats reiterates in "Anima Hominus":

We must not . . . create by hiding ugliness, a false beauty as our offering to the world. He only can create the greatest imaginable beauty who has endured the pangs, for only when we have seen and forseen what we dread shall we be rewarded by the dazzling unforeseen wing-footed wanderer.²¹

Once again, Jung concurs in almost every major belief of Yeats in this matter. Yet neither of these men claimed originality for his ideas; rather they had synthesized meaningfully ideas which were uttered first by Empedocles and Heraclitus, and which have been reiterated through the centuries by the philosophers, alchemists, historians, poets, and artists of succeeding ages. They have drawn from the experience of the world and have put the experience to modern use.

Jung, for example, claims Heraclitus as the source of this concept of opposites:

Old Heraclitus, who was indeed a very great sage, discovered the most marvelous of all psychological laws: the regulative function of opposites...a running contrariwise, by which

he meant that sooner or later, everything runs into its opposite. 22

Jung has put forth his concept of opposites most fully in Phychological Types, a book devoted to the empirical presentation of introverted and extroverted behavior. In a method similar to Yeats', he uses as his examples of introversion and extroversion, what Yeats would call the subjective man and the objective man, men drawn from all ages of history. Where Jung uses a psychological term Yeats uses a "phase of the moon." Like Yeats, he saw paganism as objective and Christianity as subjective, although he did not attempt, as Yeats did, to elevate this perception by making it a theory of history. But the play of opposites is there, for Jung felt that paganism's sensuality and lack of restraint paved the way for the asceticism of Christianity.

His views on the nature of personality rest solidly on Heraclitus' early view: opposites have a regulatory function. When one extreme of psychic energy is reached, it passes over into its opposite; rage is followed by calm, hate can turn into love. "Nothing exists," he says, "without its opposite; the two were one in the beginning and will be one again in the end."23 But these opposing forces in the personality, in the conflict between the persona and the collective unconscious, for example, result in what both men call fragmentation or the splitting of the self. Jung sees this fragmentation as the great tragedy of modern man, and has directed all his efforts as a psychologist and scientist toward helping him to reassemble the fragments. But what is more important is that Jung, too, believes that man can be put back together again. He not only can be, but must be, if he is to be saved.

And, like Yeats, Jung believes that the "self," and Yeats' "whole man," can only be actualized by recognition and reconciliation of all facets of his personality.

Their greatest similarity lies in their optimistic view of man's destiny. Unlike his contemporaries and successors in poetry, Yeats does not see man inevitably exiled to a spiritual wasteland where his end can only come in a whimper. Man has an alternative: he can learn to sing of his own magnificence. The tragedy

of man can be averted, but only by the individual himself. Only by his own efforts can he be saved; only in self-realization can he avert his tragedy.

Man is made of flesh as well as of spirit. He must deny neither. If his flesh is weak, then it is weak. Both Yeats and Jung think the answer to his tragic dilemma depends upon bringing to light the true nature of the individual human being — the real man as opposed to the statistical man. His tragedy will end only when he becomes aware that he cannot separate "the dancer from the dance."

¹Richard Ellman, Yeats, the Man and the Masks (New York, 1958,) p. 1.

²Ibid.

^{3&}quot; William Butler Yeats," Major British Writers, ed. G. B. Harrison et al. (New York, 1959), II, 788.

[&]quot;Jung's Analytic Theory" (New York, 1959), pp. 78-79.

⁵Autobiographies (London, 1956), p. 194.

⁶Mythologies (New York, 1959), p. 343.

⁷Hall and Lindzey, p. 80.

^{*}Archetypes of the Collective Uncon-Scious (New York, 1953), p. 4-5.

⁹Ibid., p. 65.

¹⁰Ibid., p. 64.

¹¹Ibid., p. 66.

¹²Psychology and Religion, p. 281.

¹³Ibid., p. 53.

¹⁴Ibid., p. 207.

¹⁵Autobiographies, p. 171.

¹⁶Ibid., p. 189.

¹⁷Quoted by Norman Jeffares, W. B. Yeats: Man and Poet (New Haven, 1949), p. 161.

¹⁸The Poetry of W. B. Yeats (New York, 1941), p. 126.

¹⁹Hall and Lindzey, p. 84.

²⁰Ibid., p. 190.

²¹ Autobiographies, p. 190.

²²Psychological Types (New York, 1938), p. 308.

²³Psychology and Religion, p. 71.

Somewhat Less Than Wonderful

he walked up my street in the morning and down my street in the evening and in between he worked in a building adding numbers—but that's not so bad for fate often forces us to the trivial.

he lived alone and his home lacked the love of woman and the lilt of children but that's not so bad, for fortune often denies man the perfection of his being.

his years knew no seasons:
fall meant the coming of winter
and winter was colds and slushy streets
spring meant the end of winter
and summer was two weeks to sit on his porch
and watch the people watching the people.
and that's very bad
for an unseasoned life is hardly a life at all.

he died yesterday and I am sad—not that he died, for death is as natural as birth and life—I am sad because . . . in life he didn't ever know the oh! of things.

Louise Schuler, '65

BROWN ROAD

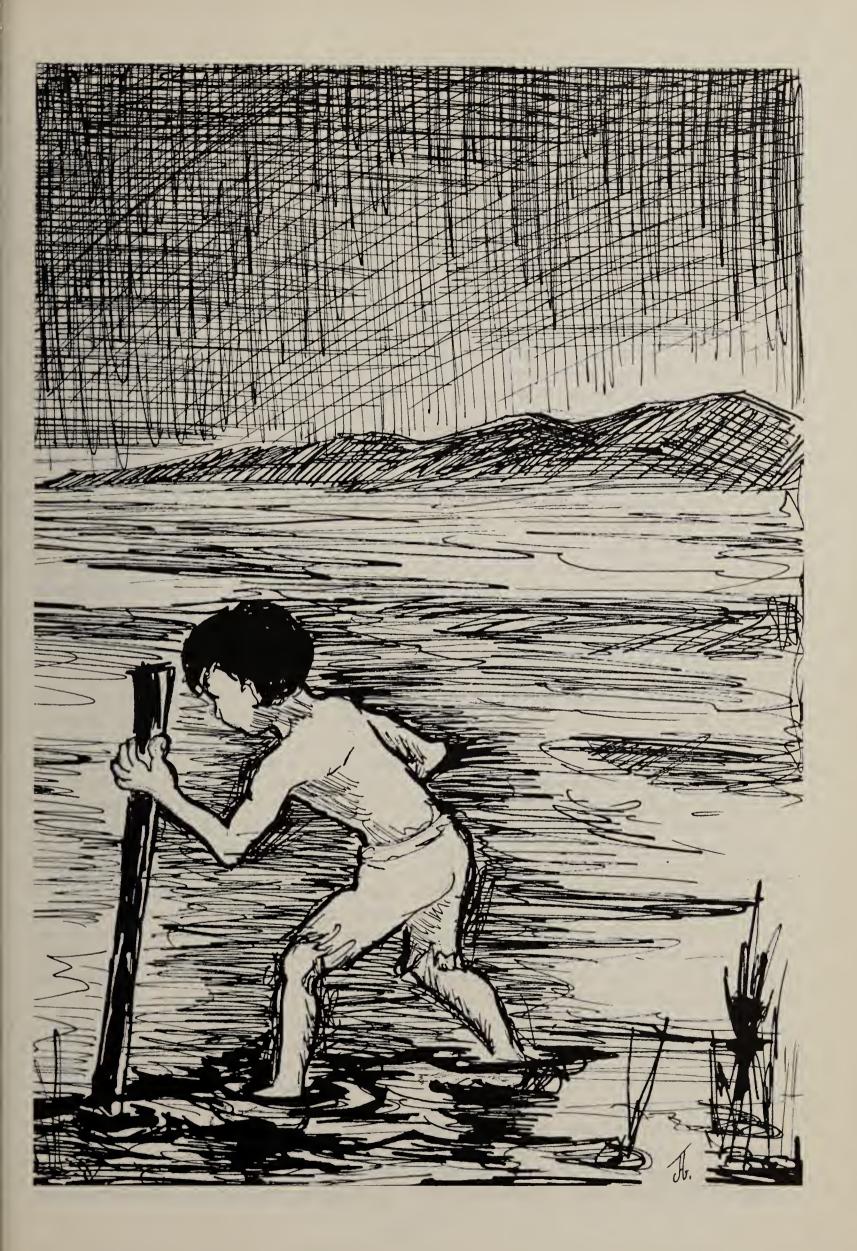
MARY C. SMITH, '66

Manuel opened one brown eye cautiously. Yes, everything that he could see belonged to the night. The tired clock on his dresser burped and groaned like Uncle Jose when he had a bellyache. His parents were snoring loudly in the next room and his little brother's even breathing told him that now was the time to leave. He eased his sturdy, brown body into the darkness. Naked, he stood shivering beside his bed. For many nights, Manuel had planned how he would quietly leave behind everyone and go to the cities of big men-big men who drank good wines, who wore shirts and pants without holes. He, too, could be a big man. Nobody would dare to laugh at him then. Out there in the darkness, this new life waited. So he must hurry—must hurry—must hurry. But first, he had to get his little bundle under his bed. Bending over noiselessly, he searched until his fingers touched the coarse blanket—the blanket which held all things for his new life. Wait! What was that noise? Manuel stiffened into a slim shadow. Ah, he thought, that is just the father making the bed to cry out. Farewell to you who sleep. He did not give himself time to think any sad thoughts, but moved quietly over to the window. He had left it open before he had gone to bed. It was still open so Manuel thought, Ah, this is good that I go. God must want me to go for he has let the window stay open. Then, without any other thoughts, Manuel concentrated on slipping out into the blackness. He eased one leg over the other until he felt himself dangling in space. His legs groped until they found the safety of the shed roof beneath his window. Now it was easy. All he had to do was to jump onto the earth and then—

He was free to go to his new land. No time to think, Manuel. This is the time to leave my people—to learn the ways of big men. Maybe I will have much money. Then, will I come back. I will help my people to live like some

who think they are more people than us, because they are whiter or because they have lived here longer than us. But the night will leave me soon. The tide will not wait. I must hurry. Clutching his blanket close to his breast, Manuel began to walk quickly. No one could stop him now. He knew where he was going-he was going to the sea. He was glad that he lived so close to the sea. It made him feel something tingly inside—not in his belly but in his head. His head was dizzy now. His legs walked quickly and straight but his head was throbbing. Oh God, let my head stop beating! He breathed in some air. His young chest swelled, his eyes grew brighter and he began to walk faster. He walked so quickly that he soon left behind the monotonous rows of paint-starved, wood-thin houses. Everyone sleeps well, he thought, but as he passed the last house, he stopped and smiled. Yes, all sleep well, but not Uncle Jose. I am outside and yet I hear his belly. But no, I cannot think this way. I must forget all this and hurry to the sea—the sea which gave him fishes, wihch gave him the clean feeling inside, the sea which would make him free.

He felt free now as he neared the sand. He wanted to sit on the sand and feel its cool dampness against his skin. But there was no time. Ahead, he could hear the bay leaving her bed—stealing out to meet the Ocean. In his plans, he had counted on the bay to leave a smooth, brown road for him. Across the bay, there was an elbow of land where many ships came and left for distant worlds. Manuel had no boat to cross with, he dared not to steal his father's small fishing boat. How would his father live if he took the boat? No, he must cross when the tide was visiting the Ocean. Manuel walked down the beach quickly. How black the night is, he thought. Only the small lights of the highway shine. His bare feet sank softly



into the sand. As he got closer to the water, a cold breeze wrapped his body in a blanket of chills. Ah, Manuel, where are your thoughts tonight? You stand here with only a piece of cloth about your body. You will die from the sea if you do not think. He threw his bundle onto the sand, kneeling down to unfasten its knot. Rolling the blanket open, he searched for his ragged pants. At last his fingers touched them. Someday I will wear good pants. I will have good shoes not like these sandals here in my blanket. I will leave my sandals in the blanket, Manuel thought. When I get across the bay, I will put them on. They will be clean then. He straightened himself up and looked across the bay. A red prick of light far, far on the other side showed him the outline of the land—the land where ships sailed, the ships that would make him free-

I will be free, Manuel vowed to the black. No one can stop me. Ah, Manuel, you forget the sands that swallow men that lie out there. You forget too quickly. Pooh. But I am not afraid. I shall find a long stick and test for the sands that swallow men as I have seen the clammers do. I waste too much time. I must find a stick. His eyes searched the darkened shore. He could see nothing. Maybe in the grass he would find one. Guided half by instinct, half by the dim highway light, he picked his way up to the high grass. Jagged glass and rocks all waited to pierce his flesh. He was careful. He pulled the high grass apart and swept his eyes along the sand beneath the grass. I must find one. He moved more quickly now. At last, Manuel saw his stick—the stick that would keep him safe. He reached over the grass and pulled it hard. It was stuck in the sand. His fingers encircled the roughness and yanked it free. "Come, stick," he murmured softly, come with me." He smiled foolishly at the stick. Here was something to keep him company this old piece of wood. He grasped it firmly and turned back towards the sea. He had everything now. All he had to do was to cross the bay. The tide was almost all the way out. He would have to hurry. With his stick swinging at his side and his blanket under one arm, Manuel strode down to the brown road—the road to big men-the road which would make

"How free I am now," Manuel whispered to everyone. "How alone I am. Even the gulls with their scratchy voices do not trouble my freedom." He was walking quickly now. His feet enjoyed the luxury of being bathed in the rich ooze. He moved like one alive with the wind. He pretended to be a sailboat. His direction depended on the mercy of the wind. He was blown wildly about and then lured into a lull. He knew that he had to think many thoughts to keep his feet moving, to keep him from turning back—back to where he would be just another fisherman, another foreigner to be hated, to be cheated by those who were pure white. If he left now, he would have a chance. He was young and willing to work to be free. He despised the father for being so stupid. He loved his father for giving him all that he could. But it just wasn't enough. He had to leave. He turned around to look at the shore. He wanted to see if it were the same, if maybe something had changed. No. Nothing had changed—not even one star had crept out of its bed in the sky. "I must keep on this road," Manuel decided.

So he walked and walked, testing the mud as he went. He had to be very careful. Opened clam shells and sea litter lay strewn on the road. Clumps of sea weed waded about little pools of brine. Sometimes Manuel would come very close to falling into the deep clam pits that neither sea nor man had bothered to close up. He could tell that he was really way out into the sea's den now—now that the clam pits grew fewer and fewer. Only the very brave clammers would dare to go out this far for clams. Even the gulls hung back. Manuel began to sweat as he realized how far out he was. But he would not go back. "Little stick, you are not afraid, are you? No, I can see that you are not. I will not be afraid either." He moved more slowly now. He knew that once he got three-fifths of the way out, he would be safe. It was just the middle strip of the brown road that was dangerous. Once he was past that he would truly be free.

Once more, Manuel looked toward the shore. It seemed so far away—thousands of miles away. He was in a new land now. "Good God, I am free," he shouted. He walked a little faster. He could see that the tide was beginning to turn. Very rationally, he decided that he must have been walking for about two and a half hours. Oh yes, he was more than three-fifths of the way across. "Maybe I could move a little

faster," he thought. The mud was getting softer and softer. Manuel didn't like this feeling. His feet were freezing now and his hand blistered from clutching at the stick so tightly. He would throw away the stick, he didn't need it. He was safe from the sands. No, he wouldn't throw away the stick. It might be useful to him. How tired he was though. If he could just sit down for a minute. He eased his tired body onto the road. His blanket fell at his side along side of the stick. Manuel covered his face with his hands. How good it felt to close your eyes and forget everything. He could even forget the unpleasant feeling of the cool mud seeping into his pants and chilling his body. He could forget everything, if he could just sit there and rest. He opened his eyes, dulling staring at the floor of the bay. His eyes gradually widened at what they saw. Little trickles of water were edging up to his body. "Oh my God," he thought wildly, "the tide—the tide is coming in." Hastily grabbing his stick and his blanket, he jumped up. The sky had cracked open a pocketful of light which fell noiselessly upon the crawling waters. Manuel began to sweat once more. He felt like a clam - cold, moist and trapped. He was a strong swimmer, but he knew he could never swim to the other side to his freedom. He had only one choice. He must run—he must run to be free—

But he could not run. Once more he looked and saw the tide's approach. He would never make it. He was a fool to think he could. No, he would never be free, he would be dead. Dead? Pooh. I will not die, I will run. So he ran with all the strength of his youth. Mud spat at him as he fled down the road. He could feel the ooze trickling down his face, blinding his dim view of what lay ahead. He knew that the tide was coming in from the right. He must run to the left where the ships waited for him. He began to breathe heavily now. His heart beat furiously against his chest. He thought his heart would explode within him, it was beating so terribly. Run, you fool, run. Pick up your feet-land lightly on your toes-breathe in and out evenly. This is the way to save yourself. The only way. Now run, Manuel, run. He flew along the road. He glanced back now and saw that he had made a good decision. The tide would take another hour to come in. He could win yet. So he redoubled his speed. Intense pain smothered his body in agonizing convulsions.

He shivered and sweated simultaneously. He could run no more, he told himself. If he could just stop for a minute. All right—one minute. He had a difficult time trying to slow down. Run—run—his brain could not stop the machine that it had set in motion. Run—now run a little slower. That's it—slower now—slower. There, there, now you are almost walking, Manuel. Stop.

Manuel stood upon the mud breathing heavily. His heart refused to stop pounding. He felt his feet sink into the soft mud but he didn't care about cold feet and mud and tides and ships. He just wanted to stop that crazy beating. He could feel his feet sink even deeper into the mud. So he moved them a little. Still deeper. A horrible thought crept across his breathing brain. Quicksand! No, impossible. I am more than three-fifths across the bay. Ah, Manuel, you think wrong. You think like a boy, not like a fisherman. Can you not keep time? Because you are tired you think you have walked far. Manuel, you are stupid. He could feel the mud tugging and tugging at his feet now. He was up to his knees in it. Think, Manuel. What are you to do to get out? He tried lifting one leg up but that only made it worse. He sank even deeper. He must do something. He remembered hearing to rid himself of all excess weight. All right, stick and blanket-I must throw you aside now. But as he raised his arm to hurl the blanket, he felt the sands suck him under some more—he was up to his thighs. What an awful feeling this is, he thought. It reminds me of the way I felt when my friends used to bury my legs in the sand when I was young like my brother. I just can't move them. Oh God, send me an angel or somebody to help me. He looked out to the sea and saw how it danced towards him. In about twenty minutes the sea will be here. Maybe it could release me from this mud. Maybe it could float me free. Free. Dear God, I was trying to be free. I am trapped. They will never find my body either. They won't even care. They won't know. He could feel tears starting to drop down his face. As he felt them, he grew ashamed. Pooh. He tossed back his head. I cry like a chicken. I am almost a man. Pooh. I cannot die. God, you will not make Manuel die. You will make him free. The mud was growing more and more persistent. Manuel, surrender—give yourself up. But he stubbornly refused. If only the sea would

hurry in. He was up to his chest now. There was no use in struggling—it would only make him sink more quickly. I wonder if I could breathe under all this ooze, if I go all the way under. Oh, please God, make me free. Please help.

The sun was beginning to stretch. He could see the water ambling toward him. He could feel the mud clutching his shoulders . . . his neck . . . sealing his mouth—persuading him to sink down . . . deeper . . . deeper . . . now silence . . .

Entity

In the deeper hours I became a tree. My feet caught in the earthen crust and my long body writhed as a dancer confined. I grew used to the tortured motion of my trunk. I came to love the pure, ceaseless reaching of my limbs and this constant clawing at the sky's skin. I came to see the serene power of being an entity, a pillar parting sky and earth and in my injured freedom I came to know the psalmody of motion.

Catherine Griffin, '65

The Meaningful Use of THE in Milton's Paradise Cost: A Study

Louise Manfredi, '67

It is probably obvious to the linguistic scholar that in both the spoken and the written word there is meaning, purpose, significance, sense, connotation, denotation, and, moreover, conveyance of a concept. So it is not odd that in the written word THE, which John Milton uses adequately in his poem, *Paradise Lost*, there is meaning, purpose, significance, sense, connotation, denotation, and, moreover, conveyance of a concept. Milton is, indeed, a great poet. The unique Miltonic style derives from such things as his gargantuan sentences, grand rhetoric and individualistic use of the word THE. Milton is the master of the *mot juste*; and the use of words in *Paradise Lost* demonstrates this laudatory technique.

In composing *Paradise Lost*, which is a vast poem, John Milton called upon his learned mind to provide him with an abundance of colorful and exotic words. His cranial suitcase answered, and his storehouse of knowledge providentially supplied him with many words, *plein de couleur*. Because of this, the Miltonic scholar recognizes that the only adequate listing of the important linguistic forms in *Paradise Lost* is the poem itself. But since this enumeration is epical, it is more expedient to study one of the more largely connotative terms in *Paradise Lost*. I propose therefore a study of the meaningful use of THE in Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

In studying the greatest of Milton's poems, we notice (almost immediately) the frequent use of the word THE. Being aware of the method of meaningful reading, we can try to appreciate the various meanings which the author intends this word to have. Yet, the fact that *Paradise Lost* is not a short or skimpy poem hinders the effort to be technically thorough. But by classifying and grouping the multiple significances of the word I hope to make the task somewhat less complex and perform a scholarly and, hopefully, complete research task. In this study I shall concentrate on three primary categories or divisions of the Miltonic THE: 1) the argumental THE, 2) the invocational THE, 3) the bodial THE.

It seems that Milton utilizes the argumental THE in just about every one of the arguments which he places at the beginning of each of the twelve books of *Paradise Lost*. The argument to Book III is most obviously aggressive because of the presence of 22 argumental THE's. In contrast to the belligerent tone of this passage is the argument which opens Book VIII and which displays the minimal number of argumental THE's, only one. The argument to Book V has 6 argumental THE's; that is the argument has one more THE than the name-number of the Book which the argument precedes. And, finally, both Book I and Book X have 19 argumental THE's in their arguments, a factor indicative of parallel construction between the two Books.

In the argument to Book I the THE is hyperbolic in tone, as is evident from the first sentence:

This first Book proposes, first in brief, THE whole Subject.

Now we can see quite readily that Milton exaggerates when he says that his purpose is to tell the entire story and, moreover, to tell it concisely. This sentence, furthermore, achieves a high pitch of emotional and argumental expression, for Milton is defiant in his declaration that he will put forth the complete contents of Book I in a limited space of seven, rather short, argumental lines. The argumental THE affects a quarrelsome and disagreeable mood in the preface to Book I. The following illustrates this:

They rise, thir Numbers, array of Battel, thir chief Leaders nam'd, according to THE Idols known afterwards in Canaan and THE Countries adjoyning.

Although twenty-one other words are used in this sentence, the two THE's are superlatively efficient in creating a bellicose atmosphere. The argumental THE embraces various and sundry meanings in its several appearances in each of the arguments which precede every Book of *Paradise Lost*. However, it is of gravest import to note that even the most ambiguous argumental THE is, at least, an argumental THE.

Because *Paradise Lost* is classical in form, John Milton takes heed to use the invocational THE. This THE is the THE which finds itself in the first twenty-six lines of Book I and in the first thirty-nine lines of Book VII (which sections are both invocations). There are fourteen invocational THE's in the beginning lines of Book I. Taking into account that two of these THE's are contracted into TH', we can concentrate our attention on the remaining twelve THE's. Milton soars to the height of colorful word-use in his first invocation—and all in two sentences! When he says:

What in me is dark Illumine, what is low raise and support; That to THE height of this great Argument I may assert Eternal Providence, And justifie THE ways of God to men.

he obviously intends the two THE's to play a significant role in extending to the reader the meaning of this expressive phrase. The first THE implies tallness and the second, with its quality of righteousness, modifies *justify*.

In the second invocation Milton employs fifteen full THE's and three contracted ones. It is noteworthy for this study that five of the least colorful and least meaningful lines of this invocation contain but one THE, and moreover, it is a contracted, invocational THE. The lines read:

Return me to my Native Element; Least from this flying steed unrein'd, (as once Bellerophon, though from a lower clime) Dismounted on TH' Aleian field I fall erroneous, there to wander and forlorne.

It seems that in this statement the word *Aleian* which follows the contracted TH' deprives the latter term of its meaningful usefullness.

Finally, the bodial THE is the THE of the body of this magnificent masterpiece; it is the meaningful THE which we can glance at on every page of *Paradise Lost*. (The presence of this word on every page of the poem further emphasizes Milton's ability to choose apt words and a possible affinity for this particular word. However, not wishing to bore with the examination of every page, of this great poem, it seems expedient to limit the study of the bodial THE to a certain section of a specific Book of this epic. In the last verse paragraph of Book XII there are twelve bodial THE's. Each of these in some way connotes the meaning of semi-happy ending. The Miltonic, bodial-felicital THE is that which Milton uses in connection with such words as "Cherubim," "Archangel," and "Hastening Angel," and Milton employs the bodial-final THE in phrases like, "Led them direct, and down THE cliff as fast."

By this examination of the THE's in *Paradise Lost*, I hope that I have illustrated an important point which has, perhaps, been overlooked (or ignored) by previous Miltonic scholars. To me, it seems obvious that there is an invocational, an argumentative, and a bodial THE in *Paradise Lost*. I trust it is now obvious to the reader that Milton uses these THE's with a definite purpose, namely, to convey multiple meanings which help to clarify the poet's thoughts.

EXEGESIS

So he came and proclaimed the good news: peace to you who were far off, and peace to those who were near by; for through him we all have access to the father in the one spirit.

Eph. 2: 17-18

Apparently the response was not So much expression Shrunk inner-small As suasion Out-wound and touching many men. In Paul's later and famous lines No trace of cloister As though earlier he knew Sheltering is pitch To darken and crack a Master's work. But the same Painter-Word, Vibrant in flesh, Caught for all time The truth: Painted one world in the Shocking, pure color of election. And the mystery, the mastery, Is to find the kin To make election visible Smutching cell and sin And, too, symbolic Christ.

MARY ALESSI, '65



TRANSLATION TO LIGHT

Kristina Schweiger '67

The tanks had stopped rumbling on the cobblestones, but the Mongol soldiers were still around; silent, impassive, dumb. They looked like animals who, unearthed by a curious boy, look at the dazzling world with dirt-befogged eyes. I felt no kinship with these God-forsaken wretches. They were everywhere! they and their hard, black, brick-bread which would have broken the teeth of our sows, though they liked it well enough. So, the fighting had stopped; at least, actual, open combat had ceased. The underground and the sabotage would take some more months to soothe. It was very cold; a drywet windy, late November cold. Budapest looked awful; even before the uprising, the ravages of the last big war had gaped blindly at the dreary streets and the dreary people. But now, fresh wounds showed the guts of the apartments; what had been private a month ago was now sordid. Bathtubs and toilets stood open to the view of anyone who cared to look. Only, no one cared to look. There was too much resentment to allow such trifles to intrude.

Our family was seething with plans. We were going to leave. An underground railroad was running smoothly and expensively on the dual tracks of truckdrivers and border-guards. We had connections; the train ran for free in our case. It was all settled. We were to wait for the truck to pick us up at the corner of a street on the river bank—my father, mother, sister Kati, sister Mari and her fiance.

It was a lovely morning. Before we left we locked the door of our apartment; we had sold everything salable to get ready cash. Kati's main concern lay in the dill-pickles my grandmother had put away the summer before: there they stood, in five liter jars, and somebody else was going to eat them. I am sure that had she been able to, she would have taken them over the border with her. At any rate, we were waiting for our truck on our assigned corner. And we were waiting and waiting—for

four hours on that raw morning. We gave up then and went to a cafe. We could not imagine what had gone wrong with the schedule; my father wandered off, in search of a phone. Suddenly, Mari got up with her fiance, Laci, and with characteristic gruffness strode out of the cafe. My mother was in tears; I was lost in puzzlement. She just got up and left. She decided that she wasn't going to waste anymore time waiting for that damned truck, and that she wasn't going to take anymore of a chance than was necessary; the borders were getting tighter everyday, and she wanted to get out while she could. As for us, "So long!" She was my father's favorite daughter: at least, my father was the only one in our family whom she did not habitually wound with her prickly personality. She left without waiting for him.

Finally he came back and informed us that the assignment was postponed till the next day because all the truckdrivers had gone on strike. We went home to the apartment; it was very anticlimactical. But I was glad, for the extra day I mean. If Kati had her pickles, I had the sausages which were sent up from the country last week. They were delicious and very hard to come by. I hated to see such a fine opportunity slip by merely for the escape, but the majority had prevailed and we left them at home. In the end we ate them anyway, for there was no other food in the house. It was a cheerless meal for everyone but myself; I was having a wonderful time. Mari had always been somewhat less than kind to her youngest sister, me. I did not regret her absence. We had sausages for dinner: perfect! We were going to leave the next day. Anyway, one day here, one day there made little difference to me.

The next day was just as cold, and possibly a little darker. The sky was gray, the road was gray, the world was gray. I had on four pairs of pyjamas, slacks, and skirts; this made me rather unwieldly to myself. But we really could

not have carried suitcases, as some people did. The truck came in the end. We got on the back of it and found we weren't alone; about twenty-five others were huddled silently in the cold recesses of the tent. I was getting very cold, sitting there immobile in the unheated, too well-ventilated space. The driving was comparatively smooth, though we did meet up with a troop of Russians who were checking passports. We had our papers in order, and my father, who spoke Russian, joked around with the donkeys. The soldiers, flattered by my father's attention, did not check any further. A man, cringing in the hindmost corner, sighed with relief; having had his identification papers confiscated by the police after two past attempts at escape, one more time would have meant undefined punishments.

I was getting numb with the cold—my feet in particular. They were encased in the new high-shoes we had bought two weeks ago, but they seemed like ice boxes; instead of conserving the heat they conserved the cold. It was deathly boring to ride along with that grim and uninteresting company. They were cold too, so no one paid too much attention to me. After an immeasurable stretch of time we stopped in the last big town before the border; farther than this not even my father had government permission to travel. From now on it was going to be rough going. We had to detour into a cemetery as a Russian tank division rolled by.

God, I hated the sound of tanks. Their noise was really a sound wave. The division advanced, its sound spilled over you, and you almost drowned in it before it moved off, around the corner. They did not see us; we had crouched behind some grave stones.

Then we were going again, to the guard's tiny house by the border. He must have made enough money during those two months to enable him to retire into honorable seclusion—or perhaps he had to retire into a not so honorable seclusion of another kind. I never found out. But certainly, when we got to his one room hovel, lit by a smoky oil lamp, it was a sardine tin of cowering humanity. The guard was out on the road, conducting the last batch across. He was late. We were impatient. I was tired. I-lis wife was worried. Eventually, he came back though.

We started on the track. Not a word was to be spoken. The distance to Andau, the nearest Austrian village, was about seven or eight kilometers: three of them over mine fields and well guarded moors. But the guard, in his exalted state knew the way—he had probably set the mines himself; he knew where not to step. It was very dark, about midnight or so, but it wasn't as cold as in the morning. We were a long snake winding along the narrow path. The faithful guards' flashlights, challenges and the occasional rat-a-tat of their machine guns kept them well in our minds. We were quiet. Except for the baby—it wasn't very old, and it started to whine and moan in the cold. Six aspirins were administered, successfully.

All groped as best they could along the uneven road. Since I could not see too well I decided that the best way to avoid falling would be to step on patches of dirt which were colored the same as the ones I had stepped on before. It worked. I did not know that same color, in this near pitch night meant same level and consistency; I only knew it worked. I could keep up with the grown-ups, and I was very proud of myself. Somewhere through the all enveloping haze of cold, tired, hungry and sleepy, I could still feel proud at this accomplishment. But I was so tired; every step was taken in spite of myself. It did get taken though, because after I had forgotten that we were going someplace and not just wandering around aimlessly, I perceived some broken barbwire, an abandoned guard-station on stilts and some bleak shrubs. We had crossed. To me it made no difference, as long as I could not sit down and get some sleep. But everybody else seemed to be overcome with emotion; some cried, and if I remember correctly, somebody even knelt down and kissed the soil of Holy Austria. How ironic! our age old enemy's soil, the soil of Holy Austria! This was not what I was thinking at the time. "When are we getting to wherever we are going?" was the sole question in my mind. We did arrive at last. To the villagers we were the new troop of empty bellies and empty purses who were trudging in from the direction from which so many other empty bellies and empty purses had trudged in before—yesterday, last week, ten years ago. But they very kindly let us sit on the steps of their houses. I collapsed on one of them.

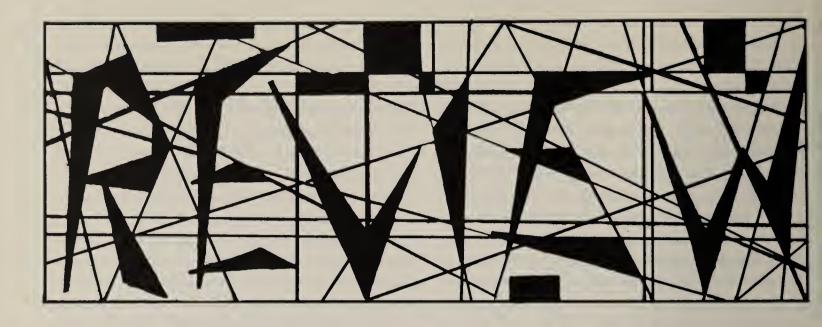
My torpor was soon pierced by a beatific

vision: a boy sauntered by with a whole bar of chocolate in his hands. He was eating chocolate; he was nonchalantly eating chocolate. I wanted some. I stared and stared and stared until he took pity on the little, skinny, blond child, broke off a piece and handed it to me. I couldn't say thank you in German. Even if I could have, I was far too hungry and dazed to do so. Kati and I were eating it when the door behind us opened, and in the light streaming from inside, stood two men, representatives from Italy, doing a report on the refugees inundating the Austrian countryside. They offered to take us to the nearest station supervising relocation of this multitude. My parents could converse with them in German; the children, Kati and I, spoke only Hungarian. We two were bundled into a tiny Fiat, and handed a bologna and egg sandwich. No words passed. The younger made an attempt at conversation with Kati who was old-sixteen. He had no success. He wanted to lie down somewhere and sleep, not in the Fiat, of course. The station turned out to be the erstwhile stable of a country inn. Somehow I found myself lying in the straw at four in the morning. There were forty other people lying in this same stable in this same straw. One of them was lying next to me, snoring. I was furious. I was so sleepy and it was because of them that I could not sleep. Was there a greater injustice in the world? If I had been a man, and if I had had the strength, I am sure that I would have strangled them all. I was not given much time to ruminate the question and its delightful possibilities, however, for an official stuck his head in the door and announced the imminent departure of the

first shift to Vienna. We were on that first shift. My mother had a letter from her best friend to a schoolmate of hers there, whose aid we were to seek.

After formalities, we went off, en masse, to look for our protectress. Vienna was also cold and gray and wet. I was hurt; I was as cold and wet here as I had been in Budapest. The Viennese are very generous; they had seen much suffering and they sympathized with ours. We passed an open fruitstall selling oranges. There were oranges sitting there as though they were tomatoes or some other ignoble fruit; there was also an old lady selling these oranges. She came out from behind the stall, handed each of us an orange, and taking the scarf from her head, put it on my sister's. It was raining. (But why my sister and not me? the eternal question) On the streets, everybody looked at us: we were refugees. We found the lady and she offered us her home, at our convenience. Kati and I went out, exploring the city, that night. It was very bright. I had never seen so many lights, red, blue, green, and white, spelling unknown words above my head. It was fantastic. We stopped by the window of a great confectionery store and ogled the magnificent proportions of the treasures within. I must have looked very hungry and wistful, for a man's voice behind us invited us in and asked me which one I wanted —the biggest, of course. He bought it with a smile, and was in ecstasy. The Viennese were very kind.

That night, Vienna, not Paris, was the city of light. Coming from my wonted darkness, its streets seemed to glow in the prism of the drizzling rain. I shall never forget it.



Pretty Polly and Other Stories. Noel Coward. New York: Doubleday and Company, 1965.

The "other stories" of this collection number two and the reader is immediately struck by a certain relationship among the three. The stories focus, in chronological order, on youth, middle age, and the approach of death. The first story, "Pretty Polly," chronicles the rise of a young girl to a position in life she never dared hoped to attain. "Mrs. Capper's Birthday" reveals the generally contented life of a middle-aged widow. "Me and the Girls" is about a man slowly dying in a Geneva hospital. This arrangement does not create an immediate impression, for although the stories do depict the successive stages in life, each story is quite different from its companions.

"Pretty Polly," the longest story, covers only a few days during which Polly Barlow's aunt dies in Singapore. Polly, a girl of cold-blooded practicality and honesty, immediately appropriates her aunt's ready money and unregistered jewelry in payment for the abuse she suffered while playing companion to her ill-natured aunt. Providing herself with a new wardrobe, blond hair, and contact lenses, the heretofore mousy Polly begins to seize every opportunity to live the life of the gay young traveler. The story is fast moving, and it does not take Polly long to discover that with her new look there is also a new opportunity — to be touched at last by something. The effect may be shortlived, but it affords some hope for the pragmatic, detached girl.

"Mrs. Capper's Birthday" begins and ends with the same action, but other than that it is an episodic story. The reader follows Mrs. Cap-

per through adventures ranging from a proposal from the local tobacconist to a rousing party at the neighborhood pub. Throughout, the presentation of Mrs. Capper as the average person reacting to rather average circumstances produces in the reader a feeling of empathy. One feels at the end that she has known this happy little Englishwoman for some time. Although the story is episodic, the fact of the birthday and, of course, the irrepressible Mrs. Capper herself unify the episodes into just the continuity of an ordinary day anywhere.

"Me and the Girls" is a journal covering about a week and a half. The reminiscences of the journal extend over years and continents. Like "Birthday," "Me and the Girls" begins and ends with the same thing — the clean, cold mountains of Switzerland. But these mountains encompass most of the vices and follies of a world of false standards. Georgie Banks is not foolish enough to exclude himself from those held up for ridicule, but with Georgie's approaching death, the reader sympathizes with him for he has revealed himself as a man capable of seeing the all too few good intentions and meaningful gestures of others.

The stories are freely interlaced with that unexpected, snappy humor one anticipates in Mr. Coward's works. However, the characters and narrator sometimes lack subtlety. Certain readers might resent the fact that Mr. Coward considers them not quite able in all circumstances to grasp the point. But, for lovable characters like Mrs. Capper and that Coward humor, the reader should be willing to suppress her annoyance.

CHRISTINE WROBLEWSKI, '65

The Essential Lippmann: A Political Philosophy for Liberal Democracy. Edited by Clinton Rossiter and James Lare. New York: Vintage Books, 1965.

In this sampling of Walter Lippman's political and social theory, the reader encounters every conceivable phase of American culture. The unity implied by the use of the word "culture" is understood by Lippmann to mean the shared belief of the public in that form of "liberal democracy" which facilitates the free expression and exchange of ideas and creeds.

Lippmann's delineation of the citizen's duties is extremely moralistic and precise; the moral responsibilities of the public are numerous and highly differentiated. In establishing norms for man's participation in the public process, Lippmann says that man is not simply an organ of "public opinion," but a moral (and preferably religious) agent who integrates tradition and the principles of the constitutional state with that "higher law" which he defines as "the denial that men may be arbitrary in human transactions." The man in accord with such a higher principle conforms to ultimately rational norms. Cognizant of the stark secularity of such a definition, Lippmann defends it in terms of an apparently self-realizing tendency of a man to seek the good. He writes,

To those who ask where this higher law is to be found, the answer is that it is a progressive discovery of men striving to civilize themselves, and that its scope and implications are a gradual revelation that is by no means com-

pleted.

This passage is typical of Lippmann's penchant for stating positivistic hypotheses in terms having religious or ethical connotations. The reader is impressed by these associations with the weight of Lippmann's conviction. One realizes that this social philosopher is not a superficial observer of the phenomena of American existence, but truly a self-designated "scholar in a troubled world" with a deep sense of his interdependence with his follow-citizens.

The format of the book is calculated to present Lippmann's most relevant and often universal political and social statement. Selections include publications from *Today and Tomorrow*, an organ of 30 years and 4,000 columns duration, as well as contributions from *New Republic*, *The World* and many other Lippmann books. The sample is thus diverse and representative both in time and in special interests. One essay dates from undergraduate days

(1909), and deals with the right of suffragettes to vocalize their concerns.

The express intent of the editors is to present not the glitter of Lippmann's "most celebrated performances as a journalist, prophet, (and) diplomatic historian," but rather "only the purest samples of his political principles . . . the gist of his message to posterity." This premise is somewhat questionable because of its suggestion, implicit in the very title of the book, that the essays form a complete and unified whole.

Too many chapters deal with the need for man to be rational and the need to value religion and tradition, theology and philosophy without committing oneself to the non-rational tenets. The stress is upon respect for these institutions rather than implementation of any belief system.

Perhaps the most valuable insights and contributions which emerge from this collection of Lippmann's views are his assertion of human dignity and his belief that if the mystique which surrounds the governmental process is replaced by man's exercise of his rational and critical faculties, this maturation "marks the beginning of the manhood, the ending of the childhood of the race." Individuals this recognize the reciprocal rights and duties which constitute their interdependence as well as their independence.

The book has much appeal for the reader interested in the development and diversity of an American ethos. It is also functional as a sourcebook for the student of American intellectual history. A reader seeking a cohesive social or ethical theory, however, may not find the requisite interrelatedness of ideas for a theoretical frame. The documentary value of the content is relevant, however, despite the lack of structured context.

Marsha Madsen, '65

Up the Down Staircase. Bel Kaufman. Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey: Prentice-Hall, 1965.

In Bel Kaufman's quietly ironic, wryly humorous first novel a young teacher's idealism collides against the brick wall of the New York City school system, heavily fortified with endless clerical work and outmoded instructional facilities. No one in America today is surprised at the official inanities rampant in Calvin Cool-

idge High School and in thousands like it across the nation, such as the removal of gifted teachers from classroom to administrative positions, apparently because they *are* good teachers. These are not new or startling subjects: the teacher who enjoys a martyr role, the teacher who lives her pupils' experiences vicariously, and the troubled teenagers themselves, who are futilely attempting to establish some link between themselves and the forbidding world of the school.

Futhermore, the novel's plot is not unusual. It portrays Sylvia Barret's great temptation: desertion of the blackboard jungle of urban New York for an English position at plush and tweedily intellectual Willowdale College, "with trees at the window."

So *Up the Down Staircase's* story itself is ordinary; but the way in which it is related is not. Miss Kaufman is a woman who somehow manages to make educational statistics meaningful. "Teachers resign from the New York City school system at the rate of a thousand a year;" and Sylvia, whose only goal is to teach, to "make a permanent difference in the life of a child," nearly becomes one of them. "Only 21% of New York City's budget goes for education, compared with as much as 70% in small communities." So Calvin Coolidge is unable to supply its students with the barest essentials for learning: sufficient teachers, books, and desks.

Miss Kaufman chooses never to appeal directly to the reader's sense of humor or indignation in an approved novel style. Instead, she

sustains the thin thread of narrative by conversation, pupil comment, the written communiques of officialdom, and her alterego's letters to a placidly married former college classmate. The resultant personal tone, coupled with a keen ear for dialogue and dialect, create living personalities. Pupils disarmingly and completely reveal themselves through the safe medium of the Suggestion Box: "George Eliot stinks, even though he is a lady;" "Is it possible to change my seat next to Linda Rosen because of my eyesight?" "I know school is supposed to help me with my life, but so far it didn't;" "I'm proud to be of African decent but I can't stand the Portoricans." There is J. J. McHabe, that universally recognized (and feared) whistleblowing watchdog of authority; and the Olympian "Dr." Clark, who descends from his cloudy heights only on great occasions - and then only in windy bundles of officialese at blissfully ignorant odds with the sordid realities of his students' world.

Up the Down Staircase approaches a serious problem — the failure of the schools to teach — with the only attitude possible: one of sane humor and passionate involvement. It is obviously the work of a veteran teacher; the story could have been written as it is only by someone on the inside. Bel Kaufman shows insight into the nearly insuperable obstacles in teaching in the big city and offers the reader the challenge to try it. Up the Down Staircase is no less than a "must" for anyone who is or hopes to be a teacher, or who is interested at all in the problems of educating the adolescent.

Anne Kavanagh, '67











